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TOUCHING OUR PRIVATE PARTS
FRANK MOORE IS A PERFORMANCE ARTIST, PAINTER, MUSICIAN, TALK-SHOW HOST, SEX SYMBOL AND SHAMAN.
NOT BAD FOR A GUY WHO CAN'T WALK OR TALK.
BY WILL HARPER
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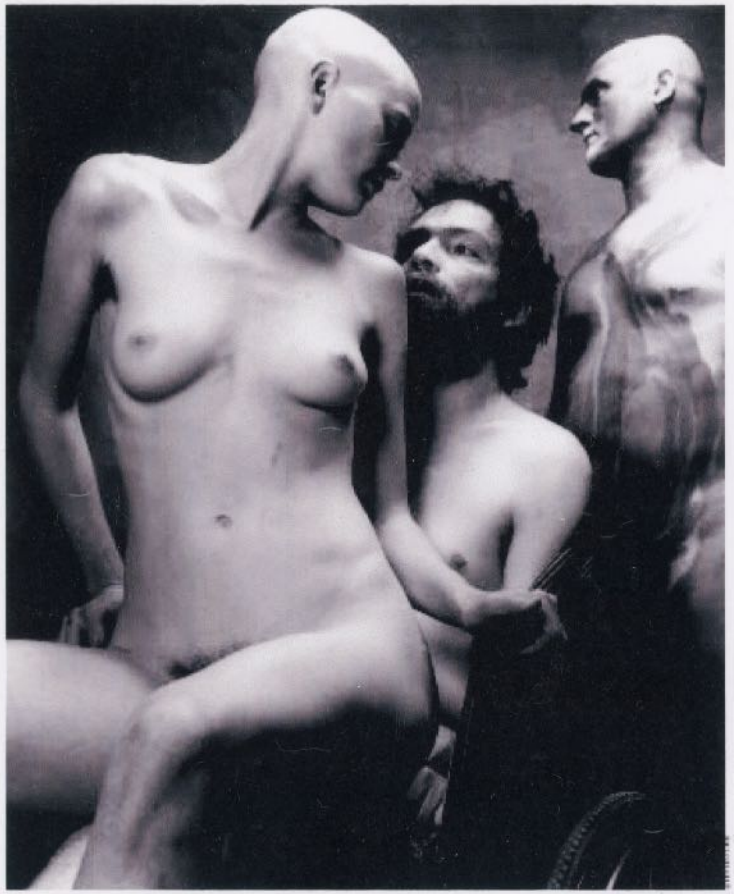

TOUCHING OUR PRIVATE PARTS

FRANK MOORE'S PERFORMANCES FEATURE NUDE GROPE-A-THONS WITH NO PLOT OR APPARENT POINT. IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THEY'RE ART? BY WILL HARPER

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"When I was born, doctors told my parents that I had no intelligence, that I had no future, that I would be best put into an institution and be forgotten."
— Frank Moore

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Touching Our Private Parts
Frank Moore's performances feature nude grope-a-thons with no plot or apparent point. Is it possible that they're art?
BY WILL HARPER

The handful of people onstage in this tribal music show share at least one attribute: They're all displaying their private parts. Even the guy in the neon-green-and-pink wheelchair is naked -- well, except for his mismatched high-tops and bright yellow socks. His head is clean-shaven, and a microphone is wrapped around his ear so the audience can better hear him bellow like Chewbacca.

Gregory Roden
The man and his medium: Moore and his wife Linda Mac communicate almost intuitively.

Others use anything they can to make noise. An attractive young brunette wearing only Tevas beats her pubic region with drumsticks. An older woman dressed in a provocatively tattered red dress escorts the drummer girl over to the guy in the wheelchair and sits her down atop him. She begins rocking slowly back and forth in his lap, while the other woman gently embraces her. The pace of the rocking steadily speeds up, until it is almost frantic. The woman in red meows like a cat. Meanwhile, the man getting all the attention lets loose his Wookiee-howl.

It's a peculiar scene to say the least, and it's not really, you know, entertaining. But there's something seductive about it -- mysterious even. The man in the wheelchair: what's his deal? Can he actually feel the chick writhing on top of him? Can he get a boner? Is he being exploited? Does he even know what's going on?

Not only does he know what's going on, he's the guy who orchestrated the whole thing. His name is Frank Moore, and he is a 56-year-old Berkeley artist with severe cerebral palsy that left him spastic, unable to walk or talk, and horny for attention. The performance, a two-hour-long affair titled "The Free Tribal Hot Skin Passion Music/Dance Jam" that Moore staged in New York City in September and later aired on his local cable-access TV program, is but one bullet on his thirteen-page résumé. The document also lists academic degrees that include a Master of Fine Arts from the San Francisco Art Institute, dozens and dozens of published articles, feature-length videos he's directed and starred in, teaching and music gigs, exhibits, plus his cable and Internet radio shows. It doesn't even include anything about being a shaman or starting his own church.

During the span of Moore's decades-long artistic career, he's been described as the Stephen Hawking of performance art. He's influenced the likes of porn-star theorist Annie Sprinkle and bass player

Flea of the Red Hot Chili Peppers. He's performed at New York's Franklin Furnace, an avant-garde basement space that helped launch the careers of performance artists such as Karen Finley, notorious for her use of nudity and grocery items. Moore's works have managed to offend everyone from former US Senator Jesse Helms to liberals on the Berkeley City Council.

Linda Mac

Moore's performances have been known to last 48 hours and usually feature nudity and improvised "erotic play" between he and whomever else wants to join in. They have been called "obscene," "outrageous," and "difficult." People always ask him: "What do you say to those who might suggest you are using art as a means to get naked women to rub against you?" Moore has heard this one so often he refers to the query as "FAQ #5." His standard answers:

Michael Labash

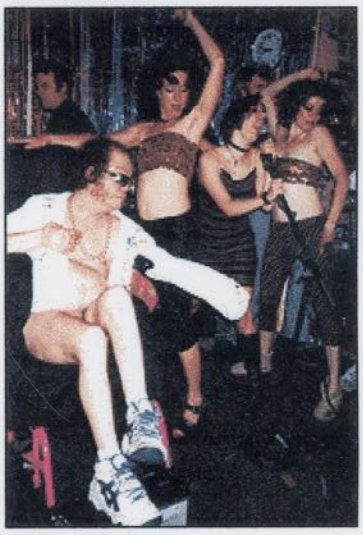
1. They are jealous.

2. I don't need to work *this* hard to get THAT.

3. So?

Linda Mac

Yes, Moore has a sense of humor. A wicked one. But behind the funny guy is an intense and serious man. A man who spent the first seventeen years of his life trapped inside his head and intensely isolated, unable to communicate with anyone outside his family or instructors. His erotic performances -- and practically everything else he does -- are triumphs over the isolation that so long kept him hostage. His disability is the driving force behind his creative urge. Although his work isn't really about being disabled, it springs from his long experience as a disabled man -- ignored, stared at, isolated, dismissed as a freak, and told what he couldn't do. Ever since Moore has transcended that isolation, he's made it his mission to inspire, cajole, heal, arouse, stimulate and, quite possibly, piss you off.



Michael Labash

Moore's performances need to be understood in the context of his early physical isolation. "My art is rooted in breaking out of isolation," he explains in his autobiographical tale, *Art of a Shaman*. Evidence of Moore's aversion to seclusion is everywhere in his West Berkeley house -- the purple one with the "tie-dyed" SUV out front. A video camera is always running in the front room where Frank and his partner Linda Mac peck away at their computers, an image updated every thirty seconds on his Web site (**www.eroplay.com**). Because e-mail allows Moore to communicate like an ordinary person, he is an Internet junkie, hosting an online salon of more than one hundred members with whom he shares ideas. Their house also serves as the home of Moore's radical Webcasting initiative, Love Underground Visionary Revolution (**www.luver.com**), a kind of low-rent KPFA.

Details

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"I can't be modest," a very naked Moore says through his interpreter and partner, Linda Mac, while getting ready for a Sunday night interview for his talk show, *Shaman's Den*. Frank needs to go to the

bathroom before his guest arrives, and for this he'll need help from Linda and Mikee Labash, the third cog in their romantic troika.

Moore has invited me to watch him interview a woman he calls his "wacky neighbor," Kathleen Stuart, a history professor at UC Davis. When Stuart arrives, she is polite but puzzled. "I have no idea what we're gonna talk about," she says while waiting for Frank. That's okay; neither does Frank. As with his performances, he likes to improvise his interviews. It keeps things fun and mysterious.

After about five minutes, Frank emerges from the bathroom, dressed in his trademark tie-dyed shirt, mismatched sneakers, and thick, square glasses. His tongue seems to have a mind of its own, wiggling restlessly.

The mere act of having a "conversation" with Frank Moore is something out of this world. He uses a wand strapped to his head and points it painstakingly at letters and some basic words painted on a wooden board in front of him. Fortunately for the "wacky neighbor," who is finding it hard to follow her interviewer, Linda is there to facilitate things. After more than 27 years of near-constant companionship, she often can anticipate what her partner is going to say and finish his sentences.

Linda reads aloud what Moore spells out on his board. If she guesses wrong when trying to finish his word or sentence, he shakes his head to let her know. "If ... u ... think ... about it," Linda says ever so slowly while following Moore's joking question to his guest, "who ... is ... the ... 'w,' 'a' -- wacky neighbor?"

Moore met Linda, a former substitute teacher from Philadelphia who had dabbled in but become disenchanted with the personal growth movement, in 1975 while she was working at a Berkeley travel agency. When he rolled in looking to buy a plane ticket to New Mexico, she leaned over him to read his board -- obviously not wearing a bra, to Frank's delight. Inspired, he quickly suggested that she'd be perfect in a play he was working on. It eventually became clear that there really was no play, but Moore promised he'd create one if necessary.

Although initially taken aback by his appearance, Linda quickly found herself charmed. When Moore rolled into Don Travel, she had been waiting for a big change in her life. "I really knew on the spot that this was the breakthrough I had been anticipating," she says. "I could feel it within minutes of meeting Frank. And somewhere in me I knew that if I didn't take this opportunity, then I was full of shit in terms of wanting more in my life."

They've been together ever since, with Linda serving as his caretaker, translator, lover, and artistic collaborator.

The wacky neighbor interview runs longer than two hours, and covers topics from macrobiotic foods, to the obscure case of a 16th-century cross-dresser Stuart is researching, to Frank's upcoming performance series at UC Berkeley (he is a shameless self-promoter). It is an exercise in patience for all those involved -- from interviewer to guest to listener.

Conducting my own face-to-face three-and-a-half-hour interview with Moore was like nothing I had ever experienced. My usual preparation techniques -- scribbled notes suggesting key questions to ask -- were almost futile, and Moore repeatedly teased me about how *he* didn't need notes before conducting interviews. To "listen" to him, meanwhile, required me to stop taking notes and read his methodical letter-by-letter responses. If I got too wrapped up in my note-taking, Frank would kick me to let me know he wanted me to look at him while he was talking. I was in his world now and he wanted my direct fucking attention.

Some people find these challenges too extreme. Take the time when a listener tried to endure Moore's archived audio interview of UC Berkeley Professor Peter Dale Scott, a well-known antiwar figure in academia. The listener, unaware of Moore's disability, asked in an e-mail, "What's with the

really annoying, halting reading of questions to Peter Dale Scott? I wanted to listen to the interview but couldn't stand it for more than a few minutes."

"True, I'm no Larry King, but who wants Larry King?" Moore replied via e-mail. "I have cerebral palsy. I talk via a pointer and a communication board. I'm the voice of the suppressed that you may have not heard on the radio before. Try harder. Expand your listening beyond THEIR programming and training."

The listener responded with understandable embarrassment and contrition: "I had no idea. I thought the questions were coming across a slow electronic connection."

Count yet another person for whom Frank Moore had "expanded the frame," as he likes to put it. According to the rules of polite society, people who don't talk can't host a talk show. But Moore does; it's just one of the ways he fucks with the frame.

If Moore was offended by his listener's comment, he certainly didn't show it. "I didn't get where I am by having thin skin," he says. If he did, he'd probably be dead and long forgotten.

Doctors didn't give Frank Moore much chance of having a life. His severe cerebral palsy prevented him from walking or talking. As Moore tells the story in *Art of a Shaman*, "When I was born, doctors told my parents that I had no intelligence, that I had no future, that I would be best put into an institution and be forgotten." His parents refused to discard their first-born son, thank you, and Moore is convinced that had they fallen for the doctors' pessimistic assessment he would have died long ago.

He was born during the postwar baby boom and lived the transient life of a military brat. His father was a master sergeant in the Air Force, his mom a housewife. His mother used to "spell him out," reciting letters of the alphabet until Frank gave her some kind of recognition. But he spent the first seventeen years of his life unable to communicate with anyone outside of his family or the people he encountered in a series of generally unwelcoming classrooms.

Moore is not paraplegic or quadriplegic, a mistake people often make when describing him. Nor is he paralyzed. He can move his arms and legs (and yes, he can get a hard-on), but the movement is limited because he's spastic. His head is more steady, which is why he uses a head-pointer to communicate and operate a computer. At age seventeen, Moore devised his communication board and head-pointer, which first enabled him to begin his break from isolation. He also took up painting, using a brush attached to a hardhat. Because of his limited range of motion he could only reach a quarter of the canvas at a time, so he was forced to learn to paint sideways and upside down.

In high school, he showed overt signs of an antiauthoritarian streak when he debated a GI about the war in Vietnam, which Moore opposed. Afterward, Moore recalls, his teacher took him aside and warned him that if he was too political he would "ruin it" for all the disabled people who followed him. Moore recalls looking at the situation rather differently: "If I was not political, that would be limiting it for those who followed."

At Cal State San Bernardino, Moore began playing pranks such as rolling into the Marines' recruiting office and asking to join because he wanted to "push the button." He also began thinking about doing an all-nude play. To his surprise, school officials gave permission, but he couldn't find any actors. Perhaps people didn't want to expose their bodies in public or paint themselves with baby food.

Although his communication board had enabled him to interact with people outside his family, Moore still felt like an ugly freak. He bought into the idea that doctors and society had pounded into his head since birth -- the "frame," as he would later call it -- that he was an "ugly cripple, a burden no woman would want." But one day in his late twenties he had an epiphany: He turned off all the negative voices in his head and decided to view himself as beautiful. He also stubbornly chose to

remain independent as possible, henceforth relying on loved ones to do the dirty work of feeding and clothing him.

In the early '70s, Moore headed east and moved into a 300-person commune in Massachusetts known as the Brotherhood of the Spirit. There he met his first wife, Debbie, who later went on to form her own nude performance troupe called the X-Plicit Players. Debbie had come to the commune after dropping out of Princeton. One day while walking through the hallway she passed Frank, who got her attention by pointing frantically at his board. After a while, she figured out he was asking her, "Would you look into my ear?" It may have been an excuse to get her attention, but nonetheless they went on a hunt for Q-Tips.

"The first time I saw Frank I felt curious about him because his body seemed so different and I love different bodies," Debbie recalls. Still, says Frank, he had to chase her for a good while before she finally fell for his charms. "He had an intense ability to listen," she says. "I fell in love with the quality of communication we were able to have." When they decided to get married, Moore wrote in a poem, his future mother-in-law was not pleased with her daughter's choice, suggesting that she "marry somebody else ... and adopt Frank."

Eventually the couple left the commune and moved to Santa Fe. They paired up with a man and a woman and started a four-way marriage, which ultimately grew larger, and included Linda Mac. Although a side effect from a bladder operation in college left Moore unable to father children, the communal family, which unraveled years later, produced two boys who consider him to be one of their parents. "When my kids were being born," Moore recalls, "we found out that the hospital wouldn't even let me on the ward. A crip would upset the other mothers!" A midwife friend of Frank's came to the rescue and delivered the two babies at home as he watched.

The defining spark of Moore's artistic vision was kindled during the Santa Fe years, when he painted a nude commissioned by a local rich woman. The experience made him realize that art gave people permission to do what is usually forbidden. So he began seeking out strangers on the street to pose nude for his paintings. Eventually, however, he came to consider painting too static; he wanted something more direct, more engaging. He literally wanted to touch people. Moore experimented with what he called "nonfilms," a series of private performances in which he and his artistic subjects "played" with each other. Still, there was something missing in these private duets. Moore wanted to do things on a grander scale; he wanted to take his act public. And what better place to do it than the anything-goes Bay Area?

What he did when he got here even shocked the country's most open-minded region.

Bay Area rock promoter Dirk Dirksen still remembers the day he met Moore. Frank and his partner Linda rolled up and asked him if they could stage a production at the San Francisco club for which he served as producer, the Mabuhay Gardens. The Fab Mab, as it was known, was best known as a pioneering venue for punk rock acts such as the Dead Kennedys. But Dirksen considered his club a creative breeding ground for all kinds of artistic misfits, and he agreed to give Frank a chance.

One of Frank's ideas was to stage a spoof beauty contest using his troupe of misfits. What was supposed to be a one-night performance turned into a three-year run. It was called the Outrageous Beauty Revue, a freaky variety show that attracted lots of press attention and, well, a few perverts. "Frank has a fond spot in his heart for scantily clad maidens," Dirksen recalls. "There would be a lot of old leches sitting there wearing raincoats."

Nudity wasn't the only part of the show that created a buzz. It was, as the title promised, outrageous. A dominatrix preyed on a wheelchair-bound paraplegic man. Frank and Linda did a duet of Sonny and Cher's "I Got You, Babe," with Frank bellowing his parts.

One particularly gruesome skit made a deep impression on a young musician by the name of Flea, who would go on to fame and fortune as the bassist for the Red Hot Chili Peppers. As Dirksen tells

the story, Flea came early one night to the Fab Mab to play a gig with the punk band Fear, and wound up with a front-row seat for the opening act, Moore's Outrageous Beauty Revue, while tripping on acid. Flea happened to catch the notorious "meat act," which began with Frank singing "Sympathy for the Devil." Also onstage were two vamps wearing scary face paint. The vamps pulled a pregnant woman from the audience -- actually an actress Moore had planted -- brought her onstage and appeared to cut her open, pulling out intestines and a bloody baby doll. The "meat act" usually grossed out all the tourists, Dirksen recalls, but the musician loved its over-the-top showbiz flair. "Flea just thought it was the greatest," he says.

Moore insists his intent wasn't -- and isn't -- to shock people. "If I did it to shock and offend, that would not be good art," he says. To Moore, the Beauty Revue was an extension of his private performances. They were playing, having fun. All too often, he says, artists think they have to suffer. Artists should have more fun, he says. After the Outrageous Beauty Revue finished its run, Moore moved away from the cabaret format, in spite of his success with it. He wanted to do something more intimate, and the variety show wasn't that kind of medium. He returned to the ideas he developed in his private "nonfilms," but now he called his naked public group encounters "erotic play" -- "eroplay" for short. Moore stresses that there is no sex in his shows, just consenting adults playfully exploring each other's bodies. Performers might get turned on, but they don't per se have sex, Moore says.

Porn-star-cum-performance-artist Annie Sprinkle -- who credits Moore as "one of my early guides into art" -- remembers participating in one such show in New York City in the mid-'80s. In that piece, one of his "rocking and wrapping" performances, Sprinkle recalls that Moore wrapped himself, the audience, and a woman rocking on his lap in toilet paper. "He's certainly showing people can be in wheelchairs and still be interested in sex, nudity, and eroticism," Sprinkle says.

Yes, but is it art?

Outside of perhaps mime, performance art alienates, irritates, and bores people more dependably than any other creative medium. Performance art doesn't so much entertain, as it confuses and provokes. You mean to say that rolling around naked in honey is art? As radio commentator and author David Sedaris put it in a story poking fun at artistic pretension, "It occurred to me that a performance piece was something like a play -- a play without a story, dialogue or any discernible characters. *That* kind of a play."

The performance artists who have pierced the consciousness of the mainstream public -- such as Karen Finley, Spalding Gray, and Eric Bogosian -- tend to do glorified monologues or stand-up routines. Finley, of course, will always be remembered for doing her shtick in the nude and smearing chocolate all over her body. But she also has a gift for making audiences laugh during one of her extended rants, as she did during her critically panned show earlier this month at the Berkeley Repertory Theater.

Since he can't talk, monologues aren't really an option for Moore, although if dared he might do one just to prove that he could. Still, it's a moot issue, since he dismisses monologues as boring and safe. But even within this already inaccessible medium, Moore's work can be harder to swallow than liver doused in radiator coolant. At his shows, sometimes there are more people in the cast than in the audience. That doesn't seem to bother him. If only one person came to a show, Moore would be happy to have a chance to expand that person's frame.

To the untrained eye, Moore's eroplay and ritual performances don't resemble art so much as they resemble an orgy after a Grateful Dead show. In 1990, when Jesse Helms launched his attack on the National Endowment for the Arts for funding "obscene" work, Moore's work came under scrutiny. Moore had received a performance grant from the NEA in 1985. Following an order from Helms, the General Accounting Office asked the director of New York's Franklin Furnace for information on artists such as Moore and Finley who had performed there in the '80s. In a report titled "The National Endowment for the Arts: Misusing Taxpayer Money," the conservative Heritage Foundation indignantly described a Moore performance at the Franklin Furnace: "In his show *Intimate Cave*,

audience members are invited to shed their clothes and pair up to touch one another's bodies under his guidance."

In spite of the unwanted scrutiny, Moore's work proceeded unabated without any renewed threats of censorship for more than a decade. Meanwhile Finley, who had a grant pending, had her funding yanked, along with that of three other artists -- they later became known as the NEA Four.

Then Moore's work got some unwanted attention again, this time in the unlikeliest of places.

A couple of years ago Moore decided to start airing what he describes as a weekly two-and-a-half-hour variety show on B-TV, Berkeley's public-access cable television station. With his video library bulging with footage of his performances and public appearances; episodes of his Internet show; plus a handful of films he'd written, directed, and starred in, Moore had plenty of material to use. He dubbed the show *Frank Moore's Unlimited Possibilities*.

Then reports surfaced of upset Berkeley parents complaining about their kids seeing sexually explicit material on Moore's show or another explicit public-access program, the *Dr. Susan Block Show*. Some of those offended viewers found sympathetic allies on the city council.

"When they bring a camera close to a women's crotch and try to insert a disabled man's penis into a vagina -- if you don't call that bad taste, I don't know what is," Councilwoman Betty Olds told the *Berkeley Daily Planet* last September. Not all of Olds' colleagues felt the same way. Councilman Kriss Worthington watched a videotape sent to him by a constituent showing a purportedly "obscene" shot of nude women wriggling on Frank's lap and concluded, "It looked pretty boring to me. ... To me, it was more like performance art than pornography." Moore himself says he wasn't sure what Olds was talking about, insisting that he hadn't ever shown himself going all the way on the show, although the programming certainly leaves little to the imagination.

Public-access cable TV plays by a unique set of rules. As part of their franchise agreements with cable operators, cities such as Berkeley require cable companies to provide residents with television production equipment, training, and airtime. Initially, the populist principle behind cable access was to provide unique "community-oriented" programming. (Of course, some people also thought the Internet would be an educational tool and not a worldwide community of porn enthusiasts.) Local cable-access programmers steadily tested the limits with increasingly hard-core sexually explicit material. To deal with the boom in "adult-oriented" programming, Congress has tried to either ban such shows or restrict them. The US Supreme Court, however, ruled in 1996 that public-access programs were protected by the Constitution as long as they didn't cross the line into obscenity, the definition of which was left up to local communities. The Federal Communications Commission subsequently recommended that local cable operators air adult-themed shows between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m.

Moore's show already was on after 10 p.m. But after getting complaints, Berkeley Community Media's board of directors rescheduled Moore's and Block's shows early last year to 2 a.m. to 4 a.m. Moore fought back, arguing that no one would watch the show at such a late hour. "This is censorship, pure and simple," he wrote the board. "This is keeping the programming from the people who are watching, who find the programs valuable. This is punishing these programs because some people find some of the contents challenging! It is also reactionary. Berkeley is not reactionary."

Olds and other councilmembers, however, wouldn't let the issue die. Last May, the council voted 7-1 to have the city attorney draft a law limiting "sexually explicit" programming to between midnight and 6 a.m. But by September, when the draft ordinance was ready, all the publicity had caught the attention of the American Civil Liberties Union. An ACLU lawyer warned the council that rescheduling the shows so late would deny adult viewers "access to constitutionally protected programming." In response to the legal threat from the ACLU, the council backed off of its proposal to banish Moore's show to the wee hours -- at least for now. Olds says she may resurrect the issue. But she'll have to

deal with dozens of Moore supporters who groused about the council's attempt to infringe on the artist's First Amendment right to free speech -- and even freedom of religion.

During the imbroglio, Reverend Tom Sanders wrote the *Daily Planet* that his pal "Reverend Frank Moore" shouldn't have his religious rights infringed upon by the city council. Moore says of Sanders' missive: "I will kill him for that." After all, Moore notes, he isn't even a reverend. He is a shaman.

Even after Moore escaped his physical isolation as a teenager, he didn't feel comfortable in his body. After all, he was still a freak in the eyes of uptight Western society. His breakthrough came after meeting a woman, Louise Scott, who helped Moore see his body as a gift -- one that could actually help others.

With Scott's encouragement, Moore began to recast himself and others in his world. The role he wrote for himself was that of the "deformed shaman," the wounded healer. "Primitive tribes believed that if a cripple could survive childhood, he was blessed by the gods," Moore writes in *Art of a Shaman*. "He was special. He was not really from this physical world. He belonged to the spiritual world, with an inside channel to the gods. He was not suited for the normal activities of living, such as hunting and fighting. But everything he did or said were omens from gods. He was taken care of by the tribe and lived in freedom."

For Moore, tribalism is a way of life -- from his communal lifestyle to the group rituals of his performance art. It makes a lot of sense for a man who is so obviously dependent on others for his survival. To critics who say he's stuck in a hippie time warp, Moore jokes that he's really a throwback to the days of the cave. Many of his performance spaces are referred to as "caves" where "magical" things happen transcending taboos and societal preconceptions. Moore, with his crippled body, is the conduit to that magic.

Shortly after moving to Berkeley in 1975, he and his partners officially incorporated the Church of Inter-Relations with the secretary of state: "The specific and primary purposes are to promote and develop the religious principles and philosophy of 'human melting' ... based on a core of oneness found in each spirit," the articles of incorporation state.

Although the idea of "human melting" sounds like a dated '60s ideal, spend a few minutes with Moore and Linda and the concept seems not only workable but necessary. At times they seem to be engaged in something akin to *Star Trek*'s Vulcan mind-meld, with Linda finishing Frank's sentences for him, and sometimes needing only a look from Frank to know what he wants.

To this day, Moore continues to hold private shamanistic art workshops. And even though the hippies are long gone, he still attracts wounded, searching souls. Take Jennifer Wilson, a young film student from Canada who stumbled across Frank after plugging the words "Toronto shaman" into a search engine. Moore coincidentally had just done his marathon erotic 48-hour Toronto performance, *Dying Is Sexy*.

Wilson had been unhappily working at a bank, reading Timothy Leary, and going to raves. She concedes she was "looking for something." She eventually signed up for a five-day intensive workshop with Moore at his Berkeley home. At her first session, she says in her testimonial on Moore's Web site, "I did some silly things. Some sexy things. It's like I was tight and Frank was loosening me up. I read one of his poems and started to cry." She later performed at Moore's New York City show in September, beating her pubic region with drumsticks, something she first tried at Moore's house. "I can say that I have begun to feel more comfortable with myself and the world," she writes months later.

And then there's Teresa Cochran, a 38-year-old blind musician whom Frank and Linda met at a block party a couple of years ago. Cochran, who distributes underground zines, now lives down the street from Moore with two of his apprentices and proudly calls herself one of his students, appearing in many of his performances. Often, she relies on Linda to translate what Frank is telling her. Other

times, they just communicate by touching each other. "Before I started working with Frank, I constantly and unthinkingly put myself down, placing all kinds of limits on myself," she says via e-mail. "I deprived myself of what I really wanted and needed in life, thinking I was a 'loner' and that I would never express myself through poetry and other art. But now, I'm doing things that I never would have dreamed of."

Suffice it to say that dealing with Frank Moore is powerful. His is an empathy that engulfs us because we know by seeing his pain we've seen one *really* greater than ours. As Cochran simply puts it when explaining why she chose Moore as her muse: "He is joyous, and that is an irresistible way to live."

In his autobiographical poem, "tortures," Frank Moore describes all the humiliation and pain he's endured at the hand of others: His mom's friends asking her why she hangs onto her freakish boy; his father, unwilling to "hit a crip," beats and yells at Frank's younger brother instead; overhearing nurses comment that "no woman would make love with him" following an operation at age thirteen on his testicles; the daily exercises in which nurses bent his fingers, arms, and legs into painfully unnatural positions; how his high school teacher made him eat breath mints because his breath stunk so bad; his first French kiss -- from a guy who then tried to rape him.

At the end of the poem, Moore deadpans, "but all in all, life has been good!"

And the thing is, he's not just saying that. Life *is* good for Frank Moore. Not only did he defy the odds and survive this long, he did so without going comatose like so many "normal" people -- content to spend evenings on a couch hypnotized by the TV, ignoring their spouses and kids. Moore, the man, is an inspiration for us all.

Whether his art inspires is hard to say. It obviously does inspire some. To critics who suggest he's stuck in a hippie time warp and should move on already, Moore stands -- er -- sits, defiant. Eroplay and ritual performance are the manifestation of his vision, and a real artist can't deny his vision, he reasons. Because of his stubborn loyalty to that vision, he arguably will never enjoy the acclaim of some of his peers such as Karen Finley. But Moore says he doesn't want to be famous anyway. In fact, he says he's always fought the fame-temptation, because fame, he believes, is the enemy of creativity and takes control away from the artist. Indeed, Moore has chosen to operate in mediums without commercial constraints: Performance art, cable access, and the Internet. "I have a large audience without the fame," he brags.

By Moore's estimate, he has directly reached more than twenty million people over the years through his performances, published articles, movie cameos, cable and Internet shows, and stories about his work.

After spending his entire childhood in near-solitary confinement, Frank Moore is out of isolation. He's here with the rest of us, touching us, touching our private parts.

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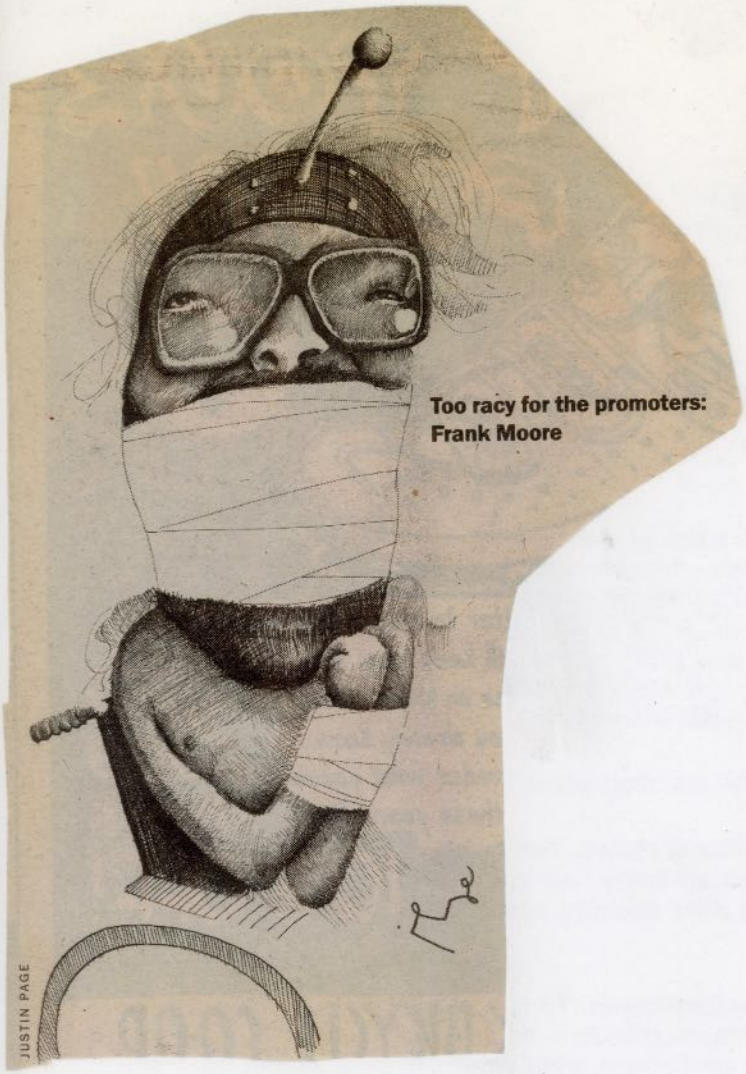
*To find out more about Frank Moore and his work, visit his Web site, **www.eroplay.com**. On January 31 Moore begins a new biweekly performance series, "Exploring the Possibilities of Passion," at 120 Kroeber Hall at UC Berkeley.*



Too racy for the promoters: Frank Moore

JUSTIN PAGE

EAST BAY express

FEBRUARY 19-25, 2003

LETTERS

Excusing it all with art;
seeing it all through spirituality;

"TOUCHING OUR PRIVATE PARTS," 1/29

FRANK MOORE'S ARTISTIC LICENSE

Frank Moore is in possession of a magic word, which I suppose makes him a shaman. By strategically invoking this word, he simultaneously gives himself incredible license, and places his actions beyond reproach. Just a little three-letter word: ART.

Eben Dodd, Oakland

FOR A NON-REVEREND HE'S MIGHTY SPIRITUAL

Will Harper's article on Frank Moore was excellent. It was both well-written and truthful. However, I should explain that in all the years I have known Frank I had just assumed he was an ordained minister since he had founded the Church of Inter Relations and had such a wonderful knowledge of things spiritual.

The one thing Mr. Harper left out of his article that is worth mentioning is that Frank's Love Underground Visionary Revolution Station (Worldwide computer/radio) does not have only musical programs and Frank's own special program. I have my own show, *Lunatics, Lovers and Poets* (those are the kinds of people I interview), on which I also play audio books, usually by black authors, and public forums. The last forum I presented was last Friday in San Francisco at the Socialist Action Bookstore with Mumia Abu-Jamal's newest attorney, Robert Bryan. Frank has let me keep my show for four years even though he could have a larger audience with a musical instead. Frank has a social conscience. Catch my show Sundays, 12:30 p.m. at www.luver.com.

The Reverend Tom Sanders, Berkeley

What good is it to gag a man who can't speak?;

EAST BAY express®

VOLUME 25 NUMBER 19 FEBRUARY 19-25, 2003

Express cover profile of Moore ("Touching Our Private Parts," January 29) and pulled the plug on his previously scheduled poetry reading at the last moment. The cover story featured a photo of Moore in his wheelchair next to a painted, naked woman, and detailed his fondness for nude "erotic play" in his performance pieces. A few days before the reading, Fletcher asked the artist via e-mail if he planned "to do any of the erotic stuff or just poetry or what?" "My firm policy is to never reveal what I'll do beforehand," he wrote back (due to severe cerebral palsy, Moore cannot speak without an interpreter). "But most places do ask me back!" That was apparently too coy for comfort, and so Fletcher canceled his reading, although she planned to still host an open mic. "World Ground has many patrons, from small children to senior citizens," she explained in another missive to Moore, "and I cannot risk having a show that would offend any of these people."

When Fletcher arrived, she was surprised to find Moore and his posse already present. "What are you doing here?" she recalls asking. "I canceled you. I need you to leave." Instead of leaving, a couple members of Moore's entourage began reading poetry and, Fletcher says, one began yelling at the host, calling her "retarded" and accusing her of censorship. "They were basically attacking me," she says. Fletcher then asked cafe owners **Martha and Uffe Gustafsson** for backup, and passions escalated further. Moore says Uffe "basically attacked" one of his female cohorts (the one doing most of the yelling) and pulled her outside, only to have her come back in crying, "He hurt me!" Uffe denies hurting the woman. According to Martha, irritated customers suggested calling the cops to break up the fracas. After the cops arrived, Moore took his impromptu reading to the sidewalk and the evening concluded without any arrests.

Moore later sent out a group e-mail titled "CENSORED," blasting Fletcher and the cafe's owners for overreacting. Fletcher, who first saw Moore do his poetry last year at the Art & Soul Festival in Oakland, says she intended only to make sure he wasn't planning anything inappropriate (like getting naked), not censor him. "It's a coffeehouse, it's not a theater," she says.

Martha Gustafsson says her cafe, which hosts many spoken word events, has a rule that artists need to disclose whether they're going to do anything explicit beforehand so she can warn customers. "They didn't respect the rules of the establishment," she says.

The thing is, Moore says, he wasn't planning on any nudity, and Fletcher should have realized that, since he didn't get kinky at the earlier poetry reading she saw. "How ironic," e-mails the artist. "After all I have done, this straight nudity-less poetry reading is the closest I have gotten to being busted."

In another episode earlier this month, Moore's series of twice-monthly performances through UC Berkeley's art department was unexpectedly canceled after just one show (eight were scheduled through May). Art department manager **Judith Coyote** says the faculty sponsor, **Katherine Sherwood**, violated department policy by not attending the show, and apparently couldn't guarantee her presence at future performances. Moore claims another reason for the series' demise. According to him, an art department heavy also read the *Express* story and put the kibosh on future performances. Apparently, some people can't handle the truth. — *Will Harper*

"HOW IRONIC," SAYS MOORE. "AFTER ALL I HAVE DONE, THIS STRAIGHT NUDITY-LESS READING IS THE CLOSEST I HAVE GOTTEN TO BEING BUSTED."

The dangers of being Frank: Although controversial Berkeley artiste **Frank Moore** likes to think of his work as dangerous, the cops rarely have to break up his act. But a couple of weeks ago Oakland police officers escorted Moore and his entourage out of the World Ground cafe in the Laurel District.

As Moore tells the tale, **Alison "Chokwadi" Fletcher**, organizer of the cafe's "Poetry Diversified" series, "freaked out into irrationality" after reading a recent

EAST BAY express
eastbayexpress.com
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 2003

COVER STORY

Culture Vulture

DJs SAY THE COMPANY BORN TO TRACK COLLEGE RADIO IS NOW SELLING IT OUT.

BY KATY ST. CLAIR

LETTERS

"TOUCHING OUR PRIVATE PARTS," 1/29

FRANK MOORE CERTAINLY EXPANDED MY FRAME

I am sitting here at 5 a.m. reading this story about Frank Moore. I really appreciate how well-written it is. I personally don't see him as anything less than an extraordinary human being no matter what his physical abilities are or are not. I really needed to read about a guy like Frank right now. I loved the whole thing! He has so many philosophies that are true to the soul, and I needed to read that it is all right to stay true to the soul about this time in my life! My favorite parts were: his belief that fame stifles creativity, but that he feels he has a large audience without being famous, and the story about his life in poem, and how he boasts that "all in all life has been good!" That just made me laugh out loud.

"PERHAPS IT IS BETTER TO SAY HE ATTRACTS THOSE DESIRING TO BE "REAL" IN A WORLD THAT DOESN'T PROMOTE REAL ATTITUDES ALL THE TIME."

I was not so sure that it was a good idea to say that he attracts "wounded searching souls"; although this may be their definition of themselves, perhaps it is better to say he attracts those desiring to be "real" in a world that doesn't promote real attitudes all the time. My frame was not only expanded by this story, it was validated.

Shauna Farris, Charleston, S.C.

EAST BAY express
eastbayexpress.com

Letters from the issue of Wednesday, March 5, 2003

LETTERS

"Touching Our Private Parts," Feature, 2/29
Maybe they just need to have better orgasms

I saw the Frank Moore show on January 31. It was wonderful, but I had to leave after the first hour due to thirst and the hot temperature. I think most people are afraid of artists who tell the truth about sex, and encourage others to do so. Truth will terrorize the liars and those who deny themselves and others full sexual pleasure and expression. UC Berkeley Art Department and that cafe are all idiots and censors. Sex is always a hot topic, no matter what. I recommend a bunch of full-body orgasms for all the prudes who wish to censor Frank Moore. I am amazed at the level of sexual ignorance and repression in the USA. Don't they all realize sex is sacred and you should never mix guilt, fear, and censorship with sex? Frank Moore should be acquitted. He means no harm.
Linda Smith, Berkeley

EAST BAY express
eastbayexpress.com
Letters from the issue of Wednesday, March 12, 2003

"Touching Our Private Parts," Feature, January 29

Yuppie-Style Conservative or Antispiritual Hack?

I was shocked by this "mainstream" piece being published by what alleges to be an alternative press. The author's "wounded" bitterness drips from every line. At best, he notes Frank's determination and spiritualism. At worst (most of the article), he whines about being "pissed off" by Frank's confrontational humor (and claims that we would be too), or alludes that much of the rituals and performances are motivated by sexual desire (and gratification).

Having attended a performance (yes, just one) and even participating (a little, towards the end), I have to say either the author is a yuppie-style conservative or devoutly antispiritual (a radically "alternative" journalistic view indeed) to so grossly misinterpret Frank's message. Is he just embarrassed by nudity outside of sexuality, as his article seems to stress through repetition; does he feel threatened?

Or does he suppose he is representing the modern meme of "post-spiritual intelligence," which presupposes that people involved in either spiritual or philosophic exploration are simple-minded anachronisms, to be mocked and ridiculed for their self-gratifying rituals and beliefs? As if the meme of "consumption gratification" and "happiness through material rewards or entertainment," presented as intelligent and modern by the merchants and media, is not motivated by the same quest for "satisfaction" and "acceptance."

That an "alternative news source" would support the bitter and almost vindictive (if not discrediting then) undercrediting of alternative groups for their nonmainstream views smacks of hypocrisy of the highest order. I, for one, felt the author was trying to put himself above those he was "covering." What about the equality and openness that Frank represents threatens him so much that he felt obliged to sneer and look down his nose?

Frank is worthy of the coverage, and your article was long enough; too bad it seemed very biased and resentful. Maybe in the future you'll do a more earnest story, which, rather than being about how smart the author is, instead tries to illuminate the issues that Frank addresses and stimulates through his work.

Nic deGroot, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY
GUARDIAN
April 9, 2003

Sonic Reducer
By Kimberly Chun
Shock and awe

OK I'LL 'FESS up: I've been touched by Elvis. I've listened to The Sun Sessions till the grooves in my cheap reissue wore out. I've made the pilgrimage, the rock 'n' roll jihad. I've gossiped with guards at Graceland. I've ooohed and aaaahed over the racquetball court out back, the bed in his jet. So as soon as I got the new Lisa Marie Presley CD, To Whom It May Concern (Capitol), I realized it was too good to keep to myself. I had to share, and who better to share it with, and who is better at sharing – his nakedness, bodily fluids, and well-embedded in-your-face attitude – than eXtreme Elvis.

On a recent afternoon visit to the Bay Guardian office, El's shock incarnation turned in a surprisingly reasoned assessment of the Presley spawn's longtime-coming album. "My first impression was, to quote her father, 'Return to Sender,' " said the king o' full-frontal male nudity, flipping through the CD booklet. "We have to remember, the profits are going to the Church of Scientology. There's something behind all this that has nothing to do with artistry at all. The fucking point is that [Lisa Marie and Priscilla Presley] are following this prefab guru when the central spiritual figure in America is Elvis. The irony is that they're as close to the source as you can get, and they're dicking around with some Hollywood fringe fucking cult."

He leaned back in his chair, exposing formidable boobs and belly, which jutted forth from his open white jacket, and watched the video of Lisa Marie's first single, "Lights Out." "I mean the most obvious thing is look at the way she moves her hips compared to her dad," he pointed out. "There's a seductiveness of rock 'n' roll that she just doesn't have."

eXtreme Elvis is used to mixing his seduction with plenty of repulsion. A few months ago he destroyed the audience in Elvis's hometown of Memphis by giving them the shock rock they came for – taunting the crowd about the town's racial

segregation and finally peeing into the mouth of his backup singer Ann Marie Taylor. Then there was the time at the Stork Club when eXtreme Elvis traded places with cerebral palsy-wracked performance artist Frank Moore, racking up the criticism from politically correct audience members who were unaware of Moore's condition and work.

And there was the recent March 22 performance at the Starry Plough, which was canceled at the last minute after the club sent the eXtreme one a set of rules barring any overt sexual behavior. So X- El did what any self-respecting Elvis imitator would do: he set off fireworks and played an acoustic set outside the club.

"I just finished a tour of Memphis and El Paso, places where people thought for sure I was going to die, and I've been asked back. And here I am in Berkeley, home of the free speech movement, and they're worried about overt sexual behavior," he complained.

What can you expect April 11 at the Hemlock Tavern? If his show is anything like last week's gig at Hotel Utah, it's likely you'll see a very large man with mutton-chop sideburns and tufts of back hair who is completely stripped of his stained, beaded white togs and plopping his naked ass on the foot of the stage – ouch, splinters – for an impromptu bull session on man stuff. Do women like bad guys or good guys, eXtreme asked, exhibiting his full-throttle sensitive side before going into "It's Now or Never" and hustling everyone upstairs to look at his vacation snaps of Memphis.

Makes you wonder how Lisa Marie can even compete with all of the other unsanctioned-by-Elvis Presley Enterprises progeny and preachers her father has created. Maybe she can blame the Burning Man culture and DIY sentiment that pervades our city and, really, an entire country, said eXtreme, 30, who got his start at B.M. and made his name chowing down on, well, b.m. Hell, why else would she want to get into the industry, barring a good dose of programming from an early age?

"Too much of culture that surrounds San Francisco has to do with that idea of no spectators. No spectators means everyone's a DJ, everyone plays didgeridoo, everyone has a band, everyone is a spoken word artist," eXtreme drawled. "There's a kind of culture of narcissism – guilty as charged, right? – that kind of pervades the Bay Area. You can see it in demonstrations – there's a lot of people drawing attention to themselves rather than to the message."

. . .

MAGAZINE

THE WORLD'S FASTEST GROWING MEN'S MAGAZINE

FHM – June 2003 (translated from French)

Hardcore Performance

Extreme artist, Frank, is paralyzed, but that's not all ….

The stage, a bearded fellow, nude and frothing at the mouth. Comfortably seated in a wheelchair, body atrophied, face haggard from twitching, he belches into a microphone. The market niche for Frank Moore, new California star in vogue, is musical-sexual performance. The show is simple: himself, his musicians and his dancers are all nude. Everyone caresses themselves, cover themselves with paint, with honey and other gooey substances. Sometimes, one of the girls rubs herself on "Franky Wheels". Of course, the audience is invited to do the same…

Strange destiny for someone like Frank. At birth, the doctors diagnosed him as a paralyzed spastic. He is incapable of moving himself around or talking without violent contractions. But one day, in a Berkeley community, Moore found his path: art. Soon, he set off on performance. It is in this way that he met his muse and companion, Linda Mac, who accompanies him on the stage, much to the happiness of his fans, who are becoming more and more numerous. Flea, bassist of the Red Hot Chilli Peppers, declared "marked forever by a Frank Moore performance" and the ex-porn star Annie Sprinkle asserts he is to blame for her vocational retraining into sexologist. His notoriety progressing, he has obtained a cable tv show. A true success, as only our American friends know how to do.

Jean-Emmanuel Dubois

From: Frank Moore <fmoore@eroplay.com>
To: Frank Moore/E-SALON <fmoore@eroplay.com>
Date: Saturday, September 13, 2003 2:32:48 AM
Subject: UMagazine - Print September's Artist of the Month JenR8 UM
Folder: Inbox/Linda Mac

jen, this is a great interview!

UMagazine from Universal Metropolis - www.u-magazine.com

September's Artist of the Month: JenR8

published on Wednesday September 3, 2003 by **Jessica VanDusen**

Here at UMagazine, we've felt the need to highlight more of the cultural interests of our community and now I am pleased to introduce the "Artist of the Month" column where we bring you the info on a chosen artist in any given media, local or international, famous or otherwise. If you have a recommendation for Artist of the Month, please **let us know** and we'll happily consider doing a piece on them.

This month we are featuring Toronto photographer, multi-disciplinary artist and writer, jenr8. For roughly the past five years she has been snapping some of the more dynamic parts of the urban landscape and has made great strides in the documentation of some of the better and more obscure graffiti pieces around the city. She has displayed her work at various kinds of sites like breakdancing competitions and clothing stores - in addition to shows at traditional galleries and photos in several magazine publications. I recently interviewed jenr8 to uncover more about her philosophies and motivations in generating such a lively body of work.

Q - You've held jobs in a lot of very corporate environments. How much of this immersion has influenced you? Would you say it

has given you the impetus to go out and document the street art that you find - or has it just allowed you to appreciate it more?

A - I never wanted to work in a corporate environment in the way that I have, as an administrative assistant. That just evolved from other jobs I had while in school. Basically working in a corporate environment has influenced me by just reaffirming for me that it can be a damaging lifestyle and its "safety" is an illusion. It has made me not want to abandon art so it has been a bit of an impetus. Although I may use one of the lowest rungs of the corporate structure to pay my bills, I see it as the corporations supporting my art. It has not only enhanced my appreciation of art in general, but it has allowed me to contribute too and, as much as I really dislike the corporations for what they stand for, I can't deny that.

Q - From some of the artists with whom you've spoken, what would you say the breakdown is among those who find it their calling and those who do I for fun or because they've got nothing better to do?

A - I've only really met about 6 or 7 graffiti artists. They're pretty cool people but like any group some of them can be more open than others. I guess the ones that feel it is their calling will probably keep going until they die. I hope that everyone doing it does it for fun because that's what it's all about anyway. I haven't met many people who just become artists because they have nothing better to do. If you're talking about just scrawling stuff on a wall which someone may be inclined to do from boredom, I'm really not into that unless it hits some philosophical poignancy. I'm into art that can be as raw as ever, but it has to be art, not just some scrawled piece of shit.

Q - In your opinion, do you think that graffiti as an outlet lessens the overall amount of inner city crime? Do you believe that if fewer kids picked up a can of paint, they would be picking up knives and guns instead?

A - Graffiti is not as attached to crime as one might think. That was a lot of propaganda that came out in the 70's and 80's to get people to stop. There are a lot of artists out there even now despite this. The only thing illegal about it is that they're marking up something that isn't theirs and it's usually something pretty boring to look at anyway like a brick wall or the side of a train. Most graffiti artists in Toronto get legal walls anyway.

I'm not into obtrusive vandalism especially when done to mom & pop businesses, especially when it's some bad tag. I couldn't care less for that shit. If fewer kids do anything creative then fewer kids will think for themselves and they may not want to subvert the system, and more kids will get frustrated and angry and may just react in a violent way, like picking up a gun or tagging cars. This may seem like subversion but it's really just what the system wants so it can make graffiti = crime.

Q - What kind of feedback have you been getting from your work?
First the negative: Do you ever get chastised for any perceived endorsement of civil disobedience?

A - I've never been chastised for any endorsement because I'm not really endorsing it, just documenting it. Because of this, a lot of people tell me how they feel about it and surprisingly a lot of people across the board like it. They always tell me where they've seen some and how colourful it is, but when it's not artistic and when it's damaging it is not respected.

Q - And the positive: Do you find that because of where you display your work (non-traditional venues), you get mostly approval of not just the work itself but the subject matter? Do people "get" the academic significance of what you're doing?

A - I usually show in non-traditional venues because it doesn't cost anything and sometimes there are large crowds like at the **Break and Enter** competitions so I get a lot of exposure. Many of the people that see my shows are used to graffiti and they like it but they also say that the photos are good. In fact, I'm amazed at the response to the photos themselves.

I just like to do it and it stemmed from a selfish desire to take the graffiti home with me in a way. Then I wanted to show to others all the little secret things I had been finding right out in the open. The response has been pretty amazing from all kinds of different people. One retired guy up in Ottawa takes photos of graffiti too and we meet up from time to time. A high school kid in the UK saw my website and we've been e-mailing each other since. A couple of college students in the UK also

did projects involving my **urban decay photos**.

Q - What's your favourite kind of graffiti? Are there any particular places or cities that have the best graffiti in your opinion?

A - My favourite kind of graffiti is the kind that is creatively executed and strategically placed. I like murals that are colourful and balanced with a good dose of humour and social commentary, but I really like stencils and small things you have to look for like the metal engravings bolted to poles and stuff like that.

Toronto is a pretty good city for graffiti, I mean, I don't leave the downtown and I only go to the places I know about. There's a lot out there and it constantly changes but not always day by day. Some of the good spots get found out and abandoned so a lot of the things I'm taking photos of now are just little pieces I stumble on while walking around.

Kensington market is always pretty good and they have graf fests in the summer in the Queen St. alleys (south side).

I've heard that Europe just blows North America away and from what I've seen they are heavy into graffiti out there. I even got a few of my own stencils published in **Non-Stop**, a Swiss graffiti magazine. Spain is supposedly covered and I've seen recent video from Germany with amazing train painting.

I've seen graffiti in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco and I think Toronto is comparably as good.

Q - Off the topic of street art - what other subjects do you enjoy shooting, and why?

A - I like shooting fun stuff like bands, skateboarding and breakdancing - all high energy. I like shooting artists at work and stuff with movement. I don't like setting anything up usually and so most of my work is hand held. Those **portraits** on my website are rare because they were so conceptualized before the camera was even loaded. I did a few but realized that wasn't giving me the same pleasure as just being at an event with my camera. I like being a voyeur or a spy to what is going on. I like being covert and hiding people's faces from the lens.

Q - What inspires you? What are your influences?

A - I'm inspired by life and I try to take in as much as possible. Youth is full of life so I'm drawn to youthful activities. Older artists who lived and created in the underground also inspire me. I was influenced by Woody Allen and the Supertramp in the 70's, pop artists in the 80's, grunge and later raving in the 90's. I've read a lot of Robert Anton Wilson. Now I'm mostly influenced by the underground and just by talking to new people all the time.

Q - You've been doing shamanic work with Frank Moore in Berkeley who pioneered the "eroplay" concept. How did you first become interested in this work? Would you say that participating in this work facilitates your creative drive?

A - I became interested in working with Frank once I read his **bio** in 2000. It has been a steady progression from there but as soon as I read what he did, even though I didn't understand it, I wanted to find out what it was and the only true way to find something out is through direct experience, so I went to one of his performances in New York. It's been getting deeper ever since. Participating in this work helps with my creative drive in the sense that it clears the channels so things can flow

better.

Q - Do you find it assists you in negotiating any challenges you might experience while functioning in a physical world when dealing with abstract concepts and imagery?

A - Totally! It assists me by showing me a reality in which mind and body are one and so any physical challenges can be facilitated with thoughts and vice versa. Seeing Frank as he is makes me realize that any challenges I may have functioning in a physical world when dealing with abstract concepts are just limitations I've put on myself by accepting certain truths.

After spending a week at his house last year, I wrote a story about it called **5 Days In Lila**. Frank, Linda and Mikee liked it so much they decided to make a movie of it. They found an actress, Kirsten Rose, in January and she is now a full-blown student training to be a shaman. I figure it's going well. When I was there this year I did some videography for it. Once it's done they'll show it on their website **www.luver.com** and maybe enter it into some film festivals.

Q - Do you personally relate to what he calls "misfit art"?

A - I think we're all misfits and that we should all be creative. If he's talking about art that doesn't fit in any kind of category or in any mainstream category as being misfit art than yes, I can relate to that. Basically, that's what graffiti is. Any art that is not sold or that does not sell could be considered misfit art.

Q - So what are you currently working on that you can tell us about? What are some future plans?

A - Future plans include a cable access show and erotic photos. Right now, I'm helping Nic [DeGroot] put together a website [to promote some of his illustrative work.]

Be sure to check out jenr8's website and be prepared to spend hours in her galleries at **www.jenr8.com**

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Found at: http://www.underdog-online.com/article/articleprint/129/-1/10/

The Dream Weaver: Frank Moore and the Art of Performance

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Author: Mark Mackintosh

Publishing date: 17.09.2003 04:13

Prolific Bay Area performance artist Frank Moore delves into his captivating past and the history and nature of performance art.

Without a doubt, Frank Moore has been one of the most original, provocative and inspiring American artists for decades. Yet his mix of erotic performance art, uncensored Internet talk shows and alternative news channels, and controversial poetry readings are particularly refreshing at a time when freedom of speech and other basic civil liberties are suffering from severe political arthritis in the Land of the Free. Frank is also a master story-teller—and an enthusiastic one at that. When we asked him to tell us a little bit more about his past, he sent in an eight-page biography that reads like the synopsis of a Beat page-turner! We were forced to edit down the interview here and there, but if you come to the end of it and want to read more about Frank's early years as an artist, check out the imaginatively titled *Frank Moore – The Early Years*.

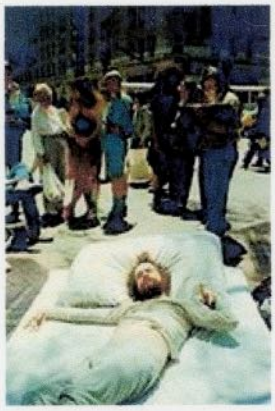
And now, let us turn to matters at hand...

Mark: Frank Moore strikes me as a particularly apt name: your personality and work are, first and foremost, about extreme honesty and superlatives. Care to elaborate on these traits and tell us a little bit about your personal history?
Frank: Great brand name, eh? But ain't being extremely honest an important part of being an artist? And I never believed in leaving people wanting more. I believe in filling them to where it may be uncomfortable, but where they are expanded.

As for my life story, my first stroke of good luck was that I was born spastic, unable to walk or talk. Add to this good fortune the fact that my formative years were in the 60s, and my fate was assured! When I was born, doctors told my parents that I had no intelligence, no future, and that I would be best put into an institution and be forgotten. This was a powerful expectation, with all the force of western science and medicine, as well as social influences, behind it. It would have been easy for my parents to be swept up into this expectation. I would have died long ago.

Instead, my parents rejected this expectation for the possibility they saw in my eyes. Their passionate commitment to how they thought things should be attracted people to me who kept opening new possibilities for me. Of course, these people were in the minority. But I focused on them, and I expected myself and the world at large to be like them. This opened up to me what is called luck. It also gave me the ability to trust and to use opportunities when they present themselves.

> Yes, I always have been lucky. I have a body that is ideal for a performance artist. And I have always wanted to be a performer. When I was a kid, my younger brother used to get mad when people looked at me when he pushed me to the movies or to the teen club. He cried. But I liked people looking at me. That is what I mean by I am "lucky." I am lucky I am an exhibitionist in this body. One time, I was working out on the jungle gym outside of our house when a kid came by and asked if I was a monster. I just roared like a monster. It was fun.
>
> Yet it was only when I was around 28 that I decided I did not want to be in a reality where I was ugly, where I could not give all I needed to give. It simply was not how things should be, not just for me, but for everyone. So I decided to act and think as if I were beautiful. I did not tell anyone of my decision. But within two weeks people started telling me that I had physically changed. This made me realize my body is a tool that other artists spend years to create. Most artists are not as lucky as me. They do not



have the built-in advantages and shields that I have. They need to resist the real world, the normal world, more than I do. They need to be more sneaky to avoid being seduced by the business and politics of art.

Mark: What is your performance art rooted in?

Frank: My art is rooted in breaking out of isolation. Until I invented my head pointer at age 17, I did not have any way to communicate except through my family members. But it took me another ten years to shake off the isolation caused by my attitudes and self-image. This early isolation allowed me to observe life and people as an outsider. I always wanted to break physical, emotional, and spiritual isolation—first for myself, but then for other people.

My personal roots are in the idealism of the 60s. That was when I broke out of personal physical isolation. I looked for a way to bring about the ideals for me and for society as a whole. The normal channels obviously would not work for me. So all I had were my fantasies. I read novels like *The Magus* and *Steppenwolf*. I started wanting to create other alternative/altered realities just like the magicians in those novels. I read the Beat writers and the French Surrealists, Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl and Abbie Hofmann, listened to Dylan, watched the hippie movement grow. I wished I could be a hip artist living in San Francisco instead of being stuck outside San Bernardino reading, listening, watching, waiting. All of this brewed inside of me.

But I didn't think I could get people to let me direct them in the rituals in my head. It was not until 1970 that I started trying to live out my inner visions. I tried to get the O.K. at Cal State, San Bernardino, to produce my all-nude play on campus. To my surprise, the college said yes. But I couldn't get any actors—I learned it can be hard to get people for weird things.

During the time of the Kent State killings, I saw my life was heading back into isolation if I did not make some radical changes. I dropped out of college and hitched to hippieland in Santa Fe. And thanks to the gentle guidance by Louise Scott, I started to see my body as a tool. I could get away with things that others couldn't. I can stare at people, laugh at them, touch their asses on the street, all because they don't think I understand. I can park myself next to them and observe them close-up without them realizing or changing. I am so visible that I become invisible.

Mark: You have been dubbed the Stephen Hawkins of performance art who "fucks with the frame." Explain.

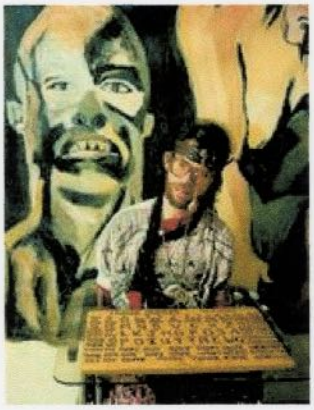
Frank: Hmmm...Hawkins and I both play with time and space...and what is beyond, outside of, and deep within time and space. We are explorers of what is not within the frame of "normal." This is one of the functions of art, science, and philosophy: to explore outside the frame and to bring new possibilities from the outside into the frame. The people who have a vested interest in the status quo see this as "fucking with the frame." But it's really evolution. This evolutionary function is usually the real target when censors go after art. They use sex, etc. as a pretense. But they want to control evolution for their profit and to eliminate what they can't control.

I think performance is an action, not a thing, not a creation or a product. You perform art. You perform magic. You perform a ritual. You do, or *we* do, or the magic/art does. I don't think there are separate art forms. That's an artificial frame designed to fragment and isolate. In performance, it may look like lines are being erased. But how can you erase what ain't really there? Art is creative action.

Mark: Where does that leave your audience, or the spectator of art?

Frank: The dynamic of seeing art is not the fundamental dynamic of art. The doing of art is art's basic dynamic. The doing of art and

having other people see the artwork are two separate dynamics, events, rituals. The seeing of art is what the viewer or listener does in her head. The doing of art is the ritual of creation, is what the artist does. In reality, this ritual has more to do with the act of doing than the act of creating. When a child first draws crazy lines on the wall, he is not trying to create something...but to do something for some effective purpose that our linear logic cannot grasp. The crazy person does his insane rituals not to express himself but to keep the sky from falling or to make pain go away. And it works.



The very act of doing changes the whole universe. This is a key principle of magic. By doing a ritual or by speaking a spell, you can effect change. Painting a picture, doing a dance, writing a poem, any act of art can be a magical ritual, the doing of which has nonlinear effects. Seen in this way, most acts of creation are private rituals done in personal caves. What we usually think of as works of art are aftermaths of art.

The problem with our modern frame of art reality is not that we make art to be seen, but that we have forgotten—or have been made to forget by those who control what is to be seen and what is not—that the power of doing art is the main power of art. The private performance is a way to regain the magical power of the doing of art. And defining what is a private performance is an interesting way to enter the magic. I define it as a ritual that is not for an audience. It is something that has to be done, something you may not even want to do. One of the easiest to frame as a private performance is a shaman going to his secret spot to do rites nobody will see, to open himself up for channeling visions that he cannot personally use or tell anyone about. We have seen other obvious private performances—the child, the madman, the artist alone doing art. We can add things like doodling, singing in the shower, playing invisible drums to the radio when you are safe alone in your room. It is something that has to come out. It is something too silly, too taboo, too sacred, too intense, too raw, too vulnerable to be done in public, to be expressed. This may be where real art begins. This kind of doing by one person is clearly private performance. It has an element of secrecy and undercover. I can remember singing on my bed along with the radio, quickly stopping when anyone opened the door, not wanting to be exposed, not wanting to lessen the magic. And now I sing in rock clubs!

Mark: What are the origins of performance art?
Frank: To find out the answer, it is important to understand the root urge of performance and of art in general, and to go all the way back to the primal fires around which humans huddled, telling one another dream stories—not to entertain or impress one another, but to keep away fearful demons lurking in the cold darkness just outside the firelight. There was no division between reality and imagination. The gods and demons were real. In this ritual of storytelling, there was no division between the storyteller and listeners. They were all actively involved in the magical battle of survival. The rituals expanded to dance, chant, music. But the ritual was to affect magically the hostile world in which the humans found themselves. The audience of these rituals were the natural world, the gods, and the demons.

When humans started living in caves, they did their rituals and wall-paintings in the bowels of the caves where no one could see. The purpose was an active change—a good hunt, sexual power, pleasing the gods, etc. Art was not for watching. This is why these humans did their rituals and paintings in very dangerously inaccessible, pitch-black bowels of caves. They wanted to magically effect change in the world (the past, the present, and the future as well as the life after death) or to communicate with the universal powers through their art.

Mark: How would you describe our own life and times in terms of performance art?
Frank: I think contemporary performance art came into existence to fill a void in Western life. The void was the lack of magic and inspiration. The two areas of creativity, theatre and religion, which traditionally were the source of this magical inspiration, have long ago moved from magic to entertainment and politics.

In the 70s and the early 80s, the calling of art became just another career path. The passion and idealism became the studying of the trends of what will be "in" next. The passionate vulnerability that creates magic was replaced by a cool and clever intellectualism. We artists got seduced by high

tech. We got seduced by the modern media, by the quest for large audiences.

I think performance art is being ruined by trying to package it as entertainment, as off-beat cabaret. Some performance is entertaining. Some performance is cabaret. That is great. But when you try to package performance into a neat cabaret format, as I think is the trend, to make performance acceptable and profitable, it becomes a hip form of nightclub watching or groovy TV watching. If you limit performance in time and space for acceptability, it stops being performance.

I like doing cabaret and video. They are great mediums in themselves. But when I am doing cabaret or video, I am always aware of the limitations built into their formats. When someone watches a video, he knows that he will remain passively watching from the outside; the video will not literally pop out into his reality, or physically drag him into the TV.

When someone goes to a cabaret, he knows there are certain limits involved such as that each act must end before another begins—but in performance, anything is possible. A performance can last for a minute or it can last for days. Performance can start in one space but then move to another. Performance can be storytelling, it can be a guy threatening you with a baseball bat, it can be a guy hanging by his skin, or throwing food, or anything. In performance all things are possible. And that is what gives you an extra edge to create dreams.

Performance, like any avant-garde art, is the way society dreams. It is the way society expands its freedom, explores the forbidden in safety, loosens up. Society needs its dream art, just as an individual needs to dream not to go insane. Our moral majority society, bent on going backwards into the violent blank rigidity of a censored mind, needs taboo-breaking dreams to get back to freedom. Performance is perfectly suited for this dream role.

At the present time, our society is at a fork in its growth. It can go deeper into high-tech impersonal isolation, or it can rediscover the magic that happens when physical and emotional humans actively and directly link up with one another. Art can either just follow society, just recording the trends, or it can take a path-breaker role. I am telling this to the artists who are not as lucky as I am to have a physical reminder that they are misfits whose job it is to push back the limits of society. This is a reminder that we misfits are still needed.

Mark: Nudity and erotic play are integral components of your performances. How does your own website contribute and/or tap into this?
When we first started www.eroplay.com (aka Web of All Possibilities) in 1996, we put my writings and photos on it. That made the work I do much more accessible to all kinds of people. But I have always been bored with just *my* work. My work has always been combinations of/with the work of other people. I have always created pipelines for these combinations to flow, uncensored, to the people. This is erotic in the broadest sense. So we quickly started putting the work of other artists who push the edges in our online galleries.

In 1998, we started putting audio and video on the site. Again, the pattern was the same. First, we posted on our on-demand page the videos we had made over the past 15 years and had put in the closet with hardly anybody seeing them. All of a sudden, thousands were seeing these videos and experiencing performances that maybe five people came to! Again we quickly got other artists and musicians to let us put up their videos and other recordings.

Also in 1998, I started doing a live internet radio show, The Shaman's Den, for FAKERADIO. LUVeR, our 24/7 web station, was born out of the show the next year. LUVeR quickly grew into a streaming video-based culture/community of cultural subversion. If that ain't erotic, I don't know what is!

Mark: Particularly important for your performance art is the exploration of shamanism. Please explain.
Frank: Shamanism came from a pre-religious state...before dogma, moral rule structure, and organized systems of power. It is the direct experience of reality. The shaman works with altered states of physical trance. Within these altered states, both acts and objects are drained of their normal meanings and qualities and are infused with new, hidden and magical meanings and qualities, so that they can be used to effect both local and non-local changes. This process is art/poetry. Shamanism is the journey into experiencing reality beyond the social frame. Historically, the shaman guided a person or the tribe outside into the unknown to have

this direct experience, using whatever visions/rituals that the magic provided during the journey. The effect of these direct experiences is healing, expanding change. The shaman also goes out alone, descending into the dangerous unknown to discover new possibilities, new ways, which she then brings back into the tribe/society—the very function and process of art.

It was just my luck to be born into the long tradition of the deformed shaman, the wounded healer, the blind prophet, the club-footed "idiot" court jester. Primitive tribes believed that if a cripple could survive childhood, he was blessed by the gods. He was special. He was not really from this physical world. He belonged to the spiritual world, with an inside channel to the gods. He was not suited for the normal activities of living such as hunting and fighting. But everything he did or said were omens from gods. He was taken care of by the tribe and lived in freedom. The court jesters in the Middle Ages came from this tradition. They were given an easy life and freedoms such as the ability to tell the king off because their babbling just might have been divine in origin. Parents were even known to cripple their children in the hope the child would become a jester, a prophet, a shaman.

Mark: What does the future hold for Frank Moore?
Frank: I never have goals—except to perform in Europe! My work has become increasingly more explicit and direct as the repression here in the U.S. has tightened. This has made it even more powerful and effective, attracting an extended community of amazing artists and musicians in this country and Canada who are committed to art as (r)evolutionary magic. I hope this feedback cycle continues. We have been doing outrageously subversive performances at the university. I hope we can continue those surreal raids on rigidity.

For about two years, we have had a 2.5-hour show, "Unlimited Possibilities," on Berkeley's public access cable TV channel in spite of attempts to get it off the air. Last week we added a new one-hour show, "Deep Core Magic," in which I reveal for the first time what I do in private/secret magical work, which makes up 80% of what I do. I'm hoping other underground stations will air these shows.

Hey, I'm just on for the ride, and what a ride it has been! But I wouldn't mind if the next stop was a European tour of subversive performance! Hint, hint!

———
Email Frank at fmoore@eroplay.com

Read more about Frank's early years as an artist.

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Found at: http://www.underdog-online.com/article/articleprint/162/-1/9/

The Graphic Graphic Art of Michael LaBash

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Author: Mark Mackintosh

Publishing date: 05.11.2003 09:23

In which we tell the story of how Michael LaBash's graphic art became truly graphic.

Vivid, erotic and always tongue-in-cheek, the illustrations and other artwork by San Franciscan wunderkind Michael LaBash have stirred minds and quite a few bodies for the past two decades, spanning the Bay Area alternative zine scene, celebrated performance artist Frank Moore's print work, and many a website. It's high time for your Underdog to get the low-down on this remarkable artist's life story...

Michael, please delight our readers with your Potrait of the Artist as a Young Man. I believe your story includes Sydney and San Francisco rather than Dublin?
I was born in Indianapolis, Indiana in 1958 and apparently, I started drawing at an early age. I remember having my father show me how to draw cars and, one night, I guess I went nuts with the crayons and filled the entire window in my bedroom with drawings of cars. My dad was a chemical engineer for Eli Lilly and got transferred to Sydney, Australia when I was about six years old. My parents divorced when it was time for us to be transferred back to the States. My sister and I stayed in Australia with our mother while my dad went back to the U.S.

I went to a private boys' grammar school and high school. It was like those stuck-up English schools you see in the movies. I spent most of my free time locked in my room doing homework and listening to music. My idea of a good time was listening to LPs and drawing covers for my cassette tapes with my jumbo set of colored markers (40 colors!). My only real exposure to art was LP covers, and I loved them. I particularly loved the art of Roger Dean — he did album covers for Yes, Uriah Heep, Osibisa, Greenslade and more — and bought many a lousy record just to own the cover art. I remember telling people, including my mother, that I wanted to become a commercial artist and design record covers. They would just laugh or shake their head and say "You can't make a living doing that!" At school, art was considered the major for the not-so-smar, it was looked down on. I bought into it all and thought maybe I'd become an architect.

My other passion was my band. I played guitar, sang and wrote songs. I planned to pursue it full-time after I got back from a planned six-month trip to the US to visit my father when I got out of high school. Well, after the six months passed he said he didn't have enough money to send me back to Australia, but apparently he had enough to pay for a semester of college at Indiana University. I was too gullible and took the bait and ended up in Indiana University for four years — I loved it! I started off as a business major but in my sophmore year I discovered they had a Fine Arts Department with Graphic Design and immediately switched my major to Fine Arts. A whole new world opened up, and I go into it! I spent hours and hours at the library looking at paintings in books and in the University Art Gallery. I took as many art courses as I could afford.

After college, I spent the summer of 1981 doing an internship at the National Zoo in Washington D.C. and then went back to Australia for a few months to see if I wanted to move back there. I didn't really care for it anymore — I didn't really like

what my old friends had become, plus I had a girlfriend from college who had moved to San Francisco, so I moved there to be with her. I didn't really do any art. Just worked 80-hour weeks as a yuppie in highbrow SF design firms. I finally started drawing again in about 1987 after I quit my job to pursue a career in music and started a band and opened a recording studio in Emeryville. I drew all the fliers, made backdrops, painted murals in the studio, etc. It was all kind of cartoonish Keith Haring-influenced stuff.

Around this time, you first met performance artist Frank Moore. How would you describe your creative relationship with him?

He's been my teacher, my guide to how life works. Frank has the amazing ability of being able to recognize, develop and put to use fully what people are good at. In 1988, my band — which later became the Counting Crows — was on a fast track to the big time, managed by Bill Graham Presents and on the verge of a record deal with a major label. I wasn't happy, though. The creative family/community that I had wanted to create was really just a bunch of yuppies looking out for fame. Anyway, we were playing at The Oasis in San Francisco, and I saw this girl out in the audience who just jumped into my awareness. It was like a spotlight was on her. I looked for her after the show, and we made plans to get together. It turned out she was a student of Frank's! She showed me some of Frank's writings, and when I read them the floor fell out from under me. Soon after, I went to one of his performances at a small record store in Berkeley and sat there with my jaw hanging as naked body-painted men and women danced and writhed with strobe lights pulsing and Frank wailing away. Needless to say, I'd never seen anything like it. I started working with Frank and quit the band a few weeks later to sing backup vocals for Frank.

When Frank learned I was a graphic designer he set me to work on lots of drawing/painting projects: posters, brochures, backdrops for performances, illustrations for his book, etc. One day while we were sitting around our living room, admiring all my art on the walls, Frank asked me, "When did you realize you could draw?" I looked around the room for a little while and pointed to one of the large complex drawings and said, "I think it was after I finished that one." He was shocked. He assumed because I was a graphic designer that I must be able to draw. It turned out my teachers in college had told me I couldn't draw, my boss at my first design job said I couldn't draw, my best friend in college always just thought my drawings were OK — there was no positive feedback from any significant others so I thought I just couldn't draw. Frank likes to tell this story to art students, and then suggests they quit art school and follow their own vision.

You established quite a rep thanks in part to your wonderful ink illustrations for alternative zines. How did this particular part of your professional life come about?

Back in the early 90s when the zine scene was really starting to get going, someone told Frank he should put out a zine. So we started publishing the zine, The Cherotic (r)Evolutionary. That introduced us to the whole community of the small press that was flourishing. Everyone traded zines, sent each other their poems and artwork and as a result, my drawings got published in a lot of zines.

And how has your visual art been extended to the world wide web domain?

I've been designing all of Frank's websites since 1996, including www.eroplay.com, www.luver.com and www.feisto.com. I get to create whatever graphics are needed for them. I draw a lot of the stuff by hand, then scan it and run it through Streamline so I can color it in Illustrator.

What's the role of eroticism in your visual art?

It was largely a product of my working with Frank Moore. I discovered my "style" when I started working with him in 1988. It was my task to try to communicate visually the experience of Frank's vision. My first exposure to eroticism in art was in college when I was taking an Oriental Art history class. We were studying Indian sculpture, those temples covered with naked guys and busty women. That stuff really turned me on physically instead of intellectually. It seems like it opened up a gate in me to something unexplored. Frank's art explores that place, and as a result so does mine.

Which other contemporaries do you admire?

John Seabury, Attaboy and Andrew Goldfarb. What blows my mind is that they are all friends of mine! I was also influenced by the poster art of the 60s, Zap comics, S. Clay Wilson, Horny Biker Sluts comics and the Quinn-Vigil Faust comic book series.

Finally, what is at the heart of your art?

Surrender. When I draw I don't think or plan. I just let the pen do the talking. When I first started drawing like this a lot of what came out was very aboriginal, tribal and abstract but soon bodies started appearing and my work was overrun by all sorts of crazy creatures, most of them generally naked.

Visit www.babylabash.com for more LaBash.

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Feb 18, 2004
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Urban Experience
SAT 2/21

What's the Frequency?
Party for underground radio

Anarchist seeks infinite love and solidarity with like-minded people for combating social injustice and censorship and honoring diversity; no hippie rhetoric or fluffy pink hearts need apply." This is probably what a personal ad from Berkeley Liberation Radio would look like. Ever since being raided and being practically shut down in 2000, the reincarnated station (formerly Free Radio Berkeley) has struggled to make ends meet in the nonlucrative industry of pirate radio. Thanks to round-the-clock work and literal fund-raising from within, LBR is making a steady if not gradual comeback and is eager to get out there and make some new friends, hence the Love Ball Dance Benefit. Saturday's event at the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship of Berkeley (1924 Cedar St. at Bonita) includes a long list of local activists and performers, reflecting the eclectic programming and heartfelt opinions at 104.1. Get riled up with speakers such as Berkeley Councilman Kriss Worthington, KPFA mainstay Kris Welch, youth advocates and performers East Bay Politix, and Andrea Pritchert speaking on Copwatch. Then, when you're feeling all juiced up, party down to local music, from the hip-hop of Rene J and Eyecue to the rock of Cosmic Mercy to silver-clad girl-powered band Space Vacuum. Even performance shock artist Frank Moore will be on hand to do his thing, all in the name of protecting your dwindling rights to free speech and the safe preservation of the Constitution. Now that's love. The benefit begins at 8 p.m. Admission is on a sliding scale, so bring what you can. -- Justine Nicole

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Best Local Nonprofit
A creative outlet for smart alecks
Berkeley Community Media

Address: 2239 Martin Luther King Jr. Way, Berkeley
510- 848-2288
BETV.org

Berkeley still has a thing for naked guys -- just check out performance artist Frank Moore's B-TV show if you don't believe it. "Don't Kill TV, BeTV!" is Berkeley Community Media's answer to media consolidation, and Moore, for one, took that message to heart. Whatever your bent, the public- access cable outfit is the coolest nonprofit around because it gives members everything needed to plan, produce, shoot, and air their own programs. BCM offers classes in camera, film editing, and in-studio production, and provides all the resources you need to get your ideas out there for only $40 a year. Local celebs have produced shows, commentary, and music videos for B-TV. Programs range from Wee Poets -- a series featuring children and their poems -- and political news program Democracy Now! Live to features that really push the boundaries of free speech -- true to Berkeley tradition, there's no censorship, although the naughtier stuff is aired late at night. The facilities, and cable channel itself, are available only to Berkeley residents, but the nonprofit aspires to expand its reach to include Oakland. That could take a while. In the meantime, donations are accepted from everyone, and anyone can volunteer. Check out the live stream on the Web site, or if you live in Berkeley, try cable channels 28 and 33.

From: RAZORCAKE Issue #15 August/September 2003
http://www.razorcake.com
PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042

Pg. 73
From an interview with Frank Discussion, Denmark Vesey, and Ben Wah of the Feederz. Interview by Megan Pants.

Megan: Who is Frank Moore and what is your connection to him?
Frank: Frank Moore! I met him at one point around Berkeley and we had talked a few times. He has got a great attitude, that guy. He's cool. I told him what I was thinking of doing and he thought it was hilarious. So, we went up there and put him in the basket up at Gilman St. He sees the fun that can be involved in using the "shock value" and "guilt value." People go through all these changes, and you can have a lot of fun with that. It's hilarious. He's got all the girls around him, and people are going, "Oh, I'm too ugly." And here's this guy, he's a quad (quadriplegic). He has to use various devices just to communicate with people. He can't even speak, and he's got all these girls. They're screaming. They're getting naked with him. It kind of puts the lie to a few concepts that people have.
Ben: When we played at Justice League, he came on and did that, too. When they brought him up – I'm sitting in the back – I can't really see what exactly is going on and I was a bit more concerned with matters closer at hand. For everybody who was, [angrily] "What was up with that!" there was an equal number of people there who had no concern, that were screaming, "Timmy" [in South Park's Cartman's voice] at him when they brought him up. I didn't even really notice it until I saw the tape of it and I hear it in the background, "Timmy!" The guilt/shock factor; there's something to be said about that.
Frank: Besides that, which becomes more interesting, is what the people out there show of themselves, more than anything else. It gets displayed. Actually, the Gilman St. one was really hilarious, because after the whole thing with Speckles (a dead dog that Frank brought to the stage with him – people in the audience got the tags from the dog's collar and called the previous owners), these people were running up to him (Frank Moore) asking if I had kidnapped him. "Are you here on your own free will? We're here to help you."
Megan: "We want to call your owners, too."
Frank: Fucking hilarious.

EAST BAY DAILY NEWS
Happily serving Berkeley, Oakland, Piedmont, Rockridge, Montclair, Albany and Emeryville

Daily News Tuesday, Aug. 16, 2005

LIVE FEED — Antonio Ortiz, a program assistant at Berkeley Community Media, makes sure there's no 'dead air' on channels 28 and 33. Known as BTV, Berkeley Community Media broadcasts every city council, school board and rent board meeting to the greater Berkeley cable television audience, and provides the opportunity for community members to broadcast material. Daily News photo by Fred Dodsworth.

Uncensored TV bothers some

BY FRED DODSWORTH
DAILY NEWS STAFF WRITER

Berkeley Community Media, located in the G Building at Berkeley High School, broadcasts local government meetings on cable channel 33. On channel 28 the same organization broadcasts locally originated or requested material, including adult theme programs that many consider pornographic, after 10 p.m.

In exchange for allowing Comcast Cable to operate as a monopoly cable service in the city, Berkeley receives 4 percent of Comcast's profits from what Berkeley cable subscribers pay in monthly fees. In turn, the city contracts with Berkeley Community Media to broadcast city council meetings. The Berkeley School Board also contracts with the organization to broadcast its meetings, as does the Berkeley Rent Board.

Historically the city has passed on a little less than 40 percent of its Comcast revenues to Berkeley Community Media for those services and for the organization to act as production studio and classroom for citizens interested in creating their own broadcast material. So few people take advantage of local access that most serialized shows run three times throughout the station's monthly programming cycle. In San Francisco, a community programmer is lucky to have their show broadcast once a month, said Crescent Diamond, BTV's program coordinator.

"They're showing red-hot porno on that thing," said Berkeley Council member Betty Olds. "We give those

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BTV

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suckers $232,000 every year to put on this crap.

"The other night they were showing this woman give herself an orgasm," Olds said. "And they had the camera right down there on her vagina showing everything!"

Olds has tried numerous times to restrict the shows being broadcast, which includes explicit sexual material. She's never been successful because the Federal Communications Commission and the federal courts have consistently ruled against any attempts to censor local community programming.

When a potential producer submits a show for broadcast, they're asked to fill out a form that requires their name, address and phone number, and clearly states that the local producer is entirely responsible for the program's content. If the material is illegal, such as child pornography, the producer is held responsible.

"We're forbidden from censoring programs," said Brian Scott, BTV's executive director. "We're not even allowed to look at it before it's broadcast. If you bring in a tape, we're required to run it. There used to be a law that restricted broadcasting adult material to the 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. time slots, but that was struck down by the courts. There no longer are any uniform community standards."

The station is not allowed to run material that is commercial in intent, thus no Home-Shopping Networks or investment "opportunities."

"We have to take all commercial programming off the air," said Diamond.

The station offers regular, inexpensive classes in filmmaking and will help the would-be producer create original shows, both as single segments and as serialized weekly programs.

"They need more community involvement," said Mel Vapour, program director of the East Bay Media Center. He and his partner, Paul Blake, were instrumental in establishing local community access television in Berkeley in the 1980s. "They need to attract or create a higher quality producer. But they aren't and they can't. Look at the programming. I don't think the people running it have the touch."

Vapour and his partner produce the annual Berkeley Video Festival every October, and show their material on the Web.

"Community television may have had its day in the sun," Vapour said. "Indy producers no longer need a facility or a broadcaster. For a few thousand dollars you can purchase a digital camera, a Macintosh computer and a program that allows you to become a producer in your bedroom. The future is in video-on-demand, Web-streaming and DVDs."

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Horse Cow town

Horse Cow Spring Festival

By Emily Page

Gallery Horse Cow is known for its performance art "happenings." And what branch of creativity is more happening in Sacramento than fashion? Everywhere you turn, someone's digging up vintage duds, transforming them from dusty thrift throwaways into salvaged couture. Vintage and DIY clothing boutiques are abloom. And some fashionistas have stepped up to the challenge of crafting designs from scratch.

Runway fashion in the roaring 2000s.

This Saturday, a powerhouse of local clothing makers—some reinventors, some full-on designers and many of them boutique owners—and musicians will come together for the Horse Cow Spring Festival. Designs by Amy Hemmens of Atelier; Lacadia Olsen of Cuffs; Liz Teebee 'ah of Ye Olde Junk Shoppe; Olivia Coelho of Olipom and Bows and Arrows; Trisha Rhomberg of Bows and Arrows; Lindsay Rickman, Miss Maude and Sapphire Cordial will line the catwalk with an aesthetic ranging from whimsical antique to modern and silk-screened.

But the name-dropping doesn't stop there. Event performers include Naik Fur, Obsidian Butterfly, Art Lessing and the Flower Vato, Chelsea Wolfe, Alas Alak Alaska!, Frank Moore and Night Nurse, MOM, Chopstick, Mike Blanchard, and the Musical Drum Key.

The event starts at 10 a.m. and goes "all night long." And with a lineup that lengthy, you'd have to.

What is Punk Rock and How Did It Begin?

an essay by V. Vale

Back in the Seventies in San Francisco, life was a lot simpler. The Punk Rock "Garden of Eden," where Punk was born in San Francisco, was the Mabuhay Gardens on Broadway, the only venue in town that would dare host Punk Rock. Why? Because the policy of Dirk Dirksen, who booked the "Fab Mab," was to give anyone at least one chance, without a preconceived, restrictive aesthetic. The Mab was open seven days a week, with three to five "acts" a night, so this was a lot of time slots to fill (this was before the rise of the DJ). Thus was created a nearly "anything goes" opportunity for anyone who came up with a live act. No other local club had this booking policy and this is the reason San Francisco Punk started at the Mabuhay.

One of the most unusual acts that played regularly through the first years of San Francisco Punk was Frank Moore's Theatre (they have not gone down in Punk history). It was whispered that Frank, along with his wife Linda (who struck me as a kind of Manson girl), headed a commune in Berkeley, and that everyone slept together in one huge bed. Their act seemed a bit "creepy." Frank, confined to a wheelchair, had the wizened, twisted little body of a geek or spastic, with flecks of drool on his clothing. He wore a headband with an antenna on his head that enabled him to communicate--usually in arhythmic shrieks and yelps that were near-impossible to decipher. But Linda seemed to understand him perfectly; she was his "medium." Frank Moore's group, which looked like Manson girl runaways and social misfits, enacted bizarre performances incorporating rants, music and dance that were definitely elementary enough to be "Punk Rock," even though most Punk Rockers had difficulty processing the act and were puzzled ... yet too baffled to show outright disparagement. Looking back, Frank Moore's show truly realized the Punk credo of "Do It Yourself/Anyone Can Do It." Because if Frank Moore could do it, truly anyone COULD do it. He took the "Do It Yourself/Anyone Can Do It" punk proclamation seemingly about as far as it could go.

Unlike in England, most of the people who started Punk in San Francisco were still under the stylistic influence of the Sixties Hippie youth movement--consequently they sported long, or at least longish, hair. (This seemed true of New York City, too.) But that changed as people adopted the Punk credo, "Anyone Can Do It," and discovered firsthand that anyone could give a haircut! Some bizarre, irregular hairdos began appearing (but no mohawks--that was an Eighties phenomenon), along with neon-bright shades of pink, blue, and green; the hair dye Krazy Kolor had recently been invented and was hard to find and expensive; however, a small supply found its way to the Bay Area. But the majority of early Punks were late adopters; their hair was on the long side. The first band to sport very short hair was the Avengers, who were students at the San Francisco Art Institute. They more consciously aped the British Punk look. Another person with very short hair was the vocalist Don Vinil, who started Grand Mal in early 1977 and then the Offs a bit later. (disclosure: I was the bass player in Grand Mal.) Don and his friend Rico had the fashion sense of cutting-edge Gays; Don came from the (gay) Castro neighborhood and worked as a clerk in a small record store there, where he read the British music publications. He already had the black leather jacket, which had long been a gay wardrobe staple.

In the early days there was confusion over who was truly "Punk" and indeed what Punk was. When a bizarre "variety show" (or was it satire?) band called Deaf School came to San Francisco in early 1977, a lot of early Punks went to see them, thinking they were a kind of Punk band. I did an interview with the guitarist Clive Langer (aka Cliff Hanger, his Punk pseudonym) for the very first issue of my Search & Destroy publication. It proved to be informative and informed, as Clive had been present for the critical transition years between pre-punk and punk (and as far as I am concerned there has yet to be a true post-punk anything, despite the assertions of certain corporately-published journalists).

I was very fortunate to meet Clive Langer in early 1977; he quickly brought me up to speed by giving me an almost "causal" historical explanation of how Punk Rock began in England. A brief interruption: Punk officially began in New York City at CBGBs and Max's Kansas City, with Patti Smith, Richard Hell, Television, Blondie, Ramones, Wayne County and others . . . probably as early as 1973 or 1974. On a visit to New York, Malcolm McLaren saw what was happening and returned to London with a vision: start a Punk band (the Sex Pistols), and the rest is history. However, because British papers had reported on early NYC Punk bands, British youth became inspired to start their own; hence the movement. Owing to their widespread distribution and influence, the British weekly music papers spread the "virus" of Punk Rock far more than American media. Because they had pages to fill every week, they gave far more extensive and in-depth coverage, and soon some excellent journalists arose who were particularly sympathetic to this "new thing" and who gave non-disparaging reporting, of intellectual integrity, to punk rock band members who turned out to have a lot to say, and who were far more intelligent than most rock musicians of the past.

Language is a virus, William S. Burroughs has written, and of course so are visual images. The Punk Rock Cultural Revolution was really a full-on, comprehensive rebellion against illegitimate authority in the domains of culture, politics, and society. Punk restored language, music, poetry, political insurgency--indeed the entire range of the Seven Arts--to ordinary folk. The ensuing process of self-liberation, happening almost simultaneously in cities all over the planet, resulted in a veritable avalanche of live shows, recordings, posters, fashions, films (not so many, because filmmaking is expensive), and other manifestations of cultural production. Unfortunately, a lot of live shows were not recorded, and the musical creativity of many early punk bands has been lost...especially bands who never released recordings, or only released a 45 or two.

Back to Clive Langer: his interview in Search & Destroy #1 stands the test of time, particularly with regard to defining the rise of Punk Rock in England. He was not afraid to reveal the "art school" backgrounds of a number of early Punk Rockers. He made note of the influence of reggae and early sixties bands like the Kinks, plus old blues and R&B. He admired the Graffiti on New York trains (that's when Graffiti Art was beginning), and identified certain Pub Rock bands as progenitors of Punk Rock: "Journalists...have become really bored, and have been looking desperately for something new and fresh, and they've fanned the flames or have helped to produce this scene...Some of the punk rock bands were pub rock bands but they changed all of a sudden; they all started wearing the same clothes. Everyone was trying to find something new, and all of a sudden it was there!"

Why was Punk music "back to basics"? "People [were] bored with indulgent musicianship. Things were getting very stale in the music business; records were very beautifully produced, with beautiful precision, like one backing track would take two days to get down in the studio. But now there's a new approach which is: ENERGY, ENJOYMENT, FEELING--an EMOTIONAL thing, really. There's definitely a big difference in approach and you can hear it." ...

"Some of the [new] bands DON'T have anything to say and they admit it, they're just bored, don't have a job, and like playing Rock and Roll, basically. And there are others who want to CHANGE THE WORLD!... they know a lot of kids aren't going to quite get the message, but LET'S DO IT! They totally believe in it, they're obsessed with it ... basically, you don't have to be able to play well to play interesting music!"

I think people are still curious about Punk because it produced a lot of interesting culture that, for whatever reasons, is still liberating, inspiring and against the status quo. And it always illustrates how easy it is to express rebellion in a creative, blackly-humorous way. Because truly, how much has the world really changed since Punk began?

Learn more about Punk Rock culture

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Governor's cuts to In-Home Supportive Services affects East Bay disabled community

By Doug Oakley
Contra Costa Times

Posted: 08/15/2010 04:45:26 PM PDT

Frank Moore, Marissa Shaw and Nick Feldman can't survive on their own.

The East Bay trio uses wheelchairs and depend on others to care for such basic needs as using the toilet, brushing teeth, eating.

They are three among the 416,000 Californians whose essential daily help at home depends on a $5.7 billion program that pays friends, relatives and professionals.

Suffering from cerebral palsy, they have little money and say they would probably be on the streets or wasting away in nursing homes were it not for the taxpayer generosity that keeps them clean, fed and clothed.

Now, they fear they may lose their caregivers if Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger and the Legislature, desperate to close a $19 billion budget gap, cut about $637 million from the In-Home Supportive Services program. Disability advocates estimate the number of people employed through the program is at least double the number of recipients, or about 800,000.

"If (in-home care) gets cut, people will die in their homes," said Shaw, who lives alone in a Richmond apartment and who has no relatives in California.

"Without my attendants, I can't get dressed, I can't get undressed at night. My attendants cook and clean for me, they bathe me. Without them I basically can't function."

Schwarzenegger has proposed cutting more than half the in-home services funding that pays caregivers $9 to $11 an hour for a maximum of 263 hours a month. Caregivers say that's a paltry

sum for people who aid loved ones 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

This spring, people in wheelchairs camped out for a month on a street median in Berkeley to show what the cuts might cause. They dubbed the camp "Arniville," after the governor. Now they plan to camp out on the state Capitol steps Wednesday.

Last year, the state cut $82 million from in-home services, which would have reduced by 36,000 the number of people receiving care. But a federal judge issued injunctions against the cuts after some disabled recipients and unions who represent their caregivers sued. The state has appealed one case to the federal appeals court, while another awaits a U.S. Supreme Court hearing.

Officials from the governor's office declined to talk about the proposed cuts, referring inquiries to the in-home program administrator, the California Department of Social Services.

"We have a $19 billion budget deficit," said Lizelda Lopez, spokeswoman for the department. "All large programs have to be cut, and this is a significantly

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large program."

Asked about the disabled community's fears of being forgotten in nursing homes or living on the streets, Lopez said the "reductions are difficult."

The department has no plan to implement the cuts, she said, so it is unclear how many people might lose their caregivers.

However, if last year's $82 million cut would have reduced recipients by 36,000, a nearly eightfold cut would drop many more.

A Berkeley-based performance artist said he fears for his future.

Frank Moore, 64, has not been able to walk or talk since his birth. He and his two caregivers, partner Linda Mac and Mikee LaBash, watch over Moore 24 hours a day, giving physical therapy, feeding him, taking him to the toilet and bathing him.

Moore just came home from six weeks in intensive care at Alta Bates hospital in Berkeley after complications from asurgery and has a breathing tube in his neck.

"We take care of him around the clock," Mac said. "You can't just walk away from Frank and say, 'Your 263 hours are up.'"

Moore said he is not worried he will be kicked out of the program with the cuts, because he is such an extreme case. But he is worried about losing the little money the three use to survive -- about $3,000 a month.

"I don't know that I would even have my life if I didn't have the care," Moore said through Mac's translation. "I am concerned about the money being cut. The amount we're getting now is barely subsistence money."

Cutting the program will cost the state more money in the long run, said an East Bay independent living advocate.

"People are going to be forced into institutions and that costs money ...," said Lauren Steinberg, of the Center for Independent Living in Berkeley. "What they really need to do is raise taxes to support the program the way it is."

Nick Feldman, a Berkeley resident with cerebral palsy, said he is able to have a life with the help of 21-year-old Chad Hillstrom and two others, who help him get out of bed in the morning, dress him and get him ready for the day. Feldman lives with his girlfriend Vanessa Castro, and the two plan to marry.

Feldman camped out at the Arniville protest in Berkeley and intends to go to the Sacramento protest Wednesday.

"What the governor needs to understand is he's not just trying to put people in nursing homes, but he's also going to destroy the jobs of the caregivers," Feldman said.

"This is probably one of the most important issues in the disability community right now. People would probably rather live on the streets than go to nursing homes. It's so discouraging."

by the numbers
$9 to $11: Hourly pay for California In-Home Supportive Services caregivers
263: Maximum paid hours per month caregiver can

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work
416,000: Californians who receive in-home care through program
800,000: Estimated number of caregivers employed by program, according to disability advocates
$637 million: Amount Gov. Arnold Schwarzenegger would cut
$5.7 billion: Cost of the program in California

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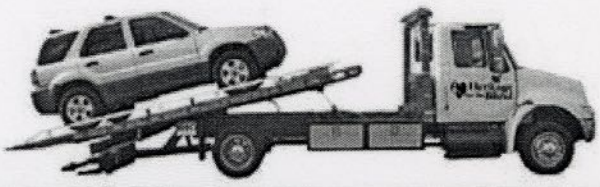

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Frank Moore, 64, center, gets ready to be lifted into his wheelchair by partner Linda Mac, left, and Mikee LaBash, right, at their Berkeley home on Monday Aug. 9, 2010. Moore, an artist with cerebral palsy who has been unable to walk or talk since he was born, is worried that a $637 million proposed cut to a program that pays Mac and LaBash to take care of Moore at home will reduce their subsistence income to virtually nothing. A group of disabled people is heading to Sacramento Aug. 18 to camp out on the capitol steps to bring attrention to their concerns. (Doug Oakley/Staff) (Doug Oakley)

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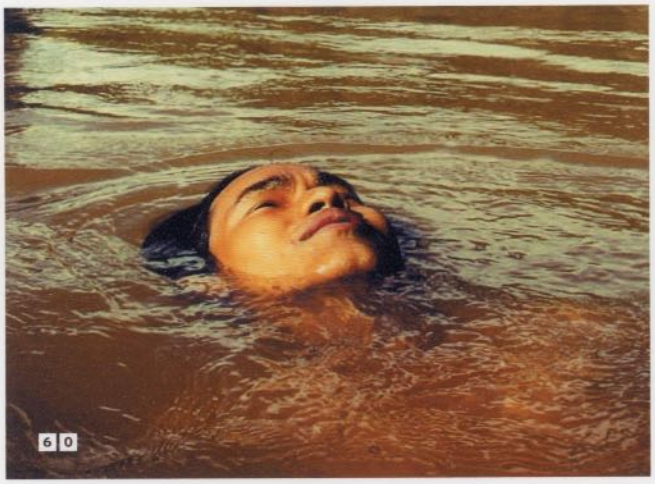
КУДА БЫ ПОЕХАТЬ, ЧТОБЫ БЫЛО ДЕШЕВО, СЕРДИТО И ГОРЯЧО? ОЧЕНЬ ГОРЯЧО. ТАКИМ МЕСТОМ В РОССИИ, ГДЕ СЕЙЧАС ТЕПЛО И ВРОДЕ УЖЕ НЕТ БОЕВЫХ ДЕЙСТВИЙ – РЕСПУБЛИКА ЧЕЧНЯ.



ДЖУНГЛИ НА ОСТРОВАХ ЮЖНОГО ТАИЛАНДА ДАЮТ ВОЗМОЖНОСТЬ СОПРИКОСНУТЬСЯ С ДРУГИМИ МИРАМИ, ПАРАЛЛЕЛЬНЫМИ НАШЕМУ. ВЕДЬ ИМЕННО ЗДЕСЬ, ПО ПРЕДАНИЯМ, НАХОДЯТСЯ ВРАТА В ЦАРСТВО МЕРТВЫХ.

МОГУТ ЛИ В ОДНОМ ЧЕЛОВЕКЕ СОЧЕТАТЬСЯ БЕЗУМНЫЙ ХУДОЖНИК, ПАРАЛИЗОВАННЫЙ ХИППИ В ИНВАЛИДНОМ КРЕСЛЕ, СОВОКУПЛЯЮЩИЙСЯ С ДЕСЯТКАМИ ЖЕНЩИН НА ПУБЛИКЕ, И КАНДИДАТ В ПРЕЗИДЕНТЫ США. ОТВЕТ – ДА И ЭТОГО ЧЕЛОВЕКА ЗОВУТ ФРЭНК МУР.

ПЕРФОРМАНС ДЛИНОЮ В ЖИЗНЬ

АМЕРИКАНСКИЙ ПЕРФОРМАНСИСТ ФРЭНК МУР ВСЕГДА ДОБИВАЕТСЯ СВОИХ ЦЕЛЕЙ. НА ЕГО ПУТИ ВСТАЮТ ВОЗРАСТ, ВНЕШНОСТЬ И ЦЕЛЫЙ КОМПЛЕКТ СЕРЬЕЗНЫХ БОЛЕЗНЕЙ, НО ЕГО НЕ ОСТАНОВИТЬ: В РАЗБИТОМ ПАРАЛИЧОМ ТЕЛЕ ДО СИХ ПОР БЬЕТСЯ БУНТАРСКИЙ ДУХ 1960-Х.

Недавно я заболел ветрянкой – ехал на перекладных электричках, и огромные волдыри, полные гноя, лопались на моем лице. У меня не было с собой никаких билетов, но кондукторы обходили меня стороной – все это слишком напоминало проказу. Люди сторонились меня, отказывались подсказывать дорогу, знакомые под благовидными предлогами избегали встреч со мной – я оказался прокаженным на целых 5 дней.

В этот момент я решил написать Фрэнку Муру: «Фрэнк, почему Господь сделал нас такими болезненными? Почему он заставляет нас страдать?»

Фрэнк – настоящая звезда Сан-Франциско и окрестностей. Я увидел его странную афишу на улицах Беркли и чуть с катушек не съехал: «Суббота, 17 апреля. «Эротические фрикции» Фрэнка Мура в центре сексуального развития Оукленда». Какой-то странный рисунок – бесконечные члены совокупляющихся тел. «Безумный художник, паралитик в инвалидном кресле, совокупляющийся с десятками женщин на публике», – отзывы из Интернета впечатляют. На самом деле, Фрэнк – один из последних здравствующих гуру 1960-х, влиятельнейший художник,

Текст: Петр Тарасов

«Мне повезло в жизни – я родился с церебральным параличом, неспособный двигаться и говорить. Когда это произошло, моим родителям сказали, что у меня отсутствует интеллект. Что меня лучше сдать куда следует, изолировать и забыть. Но мои родители и я обманули ожидания общества. Это был мой первый перформанс. Вся моя жизнь стала неким произведением искусства, представлением, борьбой с предсказуемостью. Мое непредсказуемое тело позволяет это...»

обладатель нескольких ученых степеней, друг всех калифорнийских рок-н-ролльщиков, экзистенциальный философ и протестный деятель. Очень важная персона, короче говоря.

❶ Фрэнк, расскажи мне о Боге. Почему он заставил нас страдать?

Знаешь, в середине 70-х мы собирались открыть собственную Церковь. Но в нашей стране, как известно, налоговая решает, что является религией, а что – нет. Ну, они нас и завернули, сказали, что мы не верим в Высшее существо, и поэтому не можем быть религией. Мы не сдались: подали через адвокатов апелляцию, доказывая, что я могу в состоянии транса общаться с потусторонним существом по имени Рид, который руководит моими действиями. И что высшее существо проявляется во время наших ритуалов единения. Мы выиграли тот процесс! В основном, страдания причиняет себе сам человек. Совсем необязательно страдать. Обязательно бороться! Борьба, даже сквозь страдания – часть здоровой жизни. Она и делает жизнь здоровой. Риск причинить себе боль – часть развития личности. А страдания ни к чему не ведут, они придуманы кем-то, чтобы держать нас под контролем.

❷ Как ты сейчас печатаешь эти строки?

Я пишу с помощью указки, прикрепленной к моему лбу. Недавно мы установили программу, словарь автозаполнения – это ускорило скорость письма процентов на 70.
Я придумал эту указку, когда мне было 17 – и еще целый год у меня ушел на то, чтобы дать понять родным, что они должны сделать. Они все хотели, чтобы я научился печатать пальцами – но я практик, уважаю то, что работает. Когда они наконец прикрепили эту штуку к моей голове, я начал печатать через пять минут. Они почти сразу пожалели о содеянном – ведь я тотчас начал печатать политические статьи против войны во Вьетнаме! Это не особо было похоже на типичную картинку про «бедного мальчика в коляске». Но мы же все время говорим о равных правах для инвалидов – а значит и о праве быть политическим радикалом!
Мое тело – это оружие разрушения. Разрушения вашей обычной, безопасной реальности. Когда я был маленький, брат всегда дико стеснялся возить меня на коляске – все люди вокруг глазели на меня. Я был рожден для перформанса. Это способ моего выживания, то, почему я не умер много лет назад. Я нахожусь между жизнью и смертью: моя физическая оболочка настолько ущербна, что я больше Там, чем Здесь. И люди это чувствуют, иногда боятся. Я создаю прекрасные перформансы еще и потому, что могу позволить себе все, что угодно. Я могу хохотать, корчить рожи, хлопнуть вас по заду, наблюдать за вами часами – все равно все думают, что я ничего не соображаю. А уж когда в 28 лет я решил начать развиваться в половом смысле – это было для всех очень странно. Представьте: кафе, моя жена, Линда, молодая привлекательная женщина, кормит меня с ложечки – пюре течет по бороде... Все вокруг просто охренели от такого...
Я с самой юности пытался организовывать политические перформансы. Это был единственный способ коммуникации с внешним миром, доступный мне – и я им пользовался вовсю. Например, я пытался заехать на коляске в военкомат, чтобы меня забрали в армию – тогда мне бы, может, выпал шанс добраться до «ядерной кнопки». Потом я изображал из себя побирушку на улицах Санта-Фе и заводил разговор с интересными на вид людьми. И это сработало –

«Семья Мура сформировалась в Санта-Фе, потом они переехали в Нью-Йорк, затем – в Сан-Франциско, столицу всего движения. Они придумали и исполнили вместе сотни представлений: многочасовые программы сексуальной терапии с массовыми сеансами «эротической игры», театрализованные представления с полным обнажением, странные карнавалы, имитации половых актов и сами половые акты. Людей красили краской, хоронили в гробах, завязывали канатами – фантазия Фрэнка просто неисчерпаема...»

благодаря таким случайным встречам на улицах у меня появился первый круг сподвижников, готовых участвовать в моих проектах.

❸ Фрэнк, какого было жить семьей в те времена?

Мы начали жить вместе в 1969-м, и я до сих пор общаюсь со всеми этими людьми. Знаешь, ведь современная «семья атомного века» из трех человек – это что-то совсем новое. Еще 200 лет назад люди жили огромными кланами – это в природе человека. Особенно это полезно при воспитании детей.

❹ Скажи, почему ты выбрал именно секс в качестве наступательного оружия? Это влияние сексуальной революции 70-х?

На самом деле, я никогда не делал «секс-перформансов». Меня интересует вся сфера сексуальности: иногда она включает секс, иногда исключает. Это может быть обнажение, касания, переодевания, ласки, объятия, ненасильственное насилие, но главное – полное доверие людей внутри группы. Это больше, чем секс в вашем понимании. Я использую все – музыку, свет, танец, иногда наркотики. Чем консервативнее становится политика Штатов, тем более провокационным кажется мое искусство. Нельзя сказать, что сексуальная революция провалилась, хотя я и считаю «свободную любовь» неудачным экспериментом – никто из моих друзей не стал счастлив от этого. Но ведь перед любым удачным эксперименты была череда неудачных.

❺ По-моему, твоя жизненная позиция и путь в искусстве были слишком нигилистскими для хиппи-культуры, окружавшей тебя. Вегетарианские кафе, идеалистический взгляд на природу и человека – все это не имеет, по-моему, никакого отношения к той жесткой экзистенциональной позиции, которую ты всегда отстаивал. Если бы все тогда относились к жизни так же предельно критично, как ты, то движение не развалилось бы.

Я не считаю, что оно развалилось. Большинство людей, которых я знал тогда, до сих пор участвуют в различных инициативах. И люди не были слишком расслабленными тог-

«Я был рожден для перформанса. Я нахожусь между жизнью и смертью – моя физическая оболочка настолько ущербна, что я больше Там, чем Здесь. И люди это чувствуют...»

«ВО ВРЕМЯ ПРЕДВЫБОРНОЙ КАМПАНИИ ЛЮДИ НЕ МОГЛИ ПОВЕРИТЬ, ЧТО КАКОЙ-ТО ПАРАЛИТИК ГОВОРИТ ВЕЩИ БОЛЕЕ ДЕЛЬНЫЕ, ЧЕМ МНОГИЕ ПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНЫЕ ПОЛИТИКИ...»

да – на самом деле, это одна из иллюзий, внушаемых вам масс-медиа. Вокруг было тысячи людей по всей стране, которые хотели жить по-другому, хотели найти новый, более гуманный и одухотворенный образ жизни. И они находили его. Миф о поражении 60-х – это основное оружие системы против нас. Он был выдуман, чтобы люди не думали повторить это вновь. На самом деле, 60-е определенно победили – мы остановили войну, мы основали все правозащитное движение, всю экологическую историю начали тоже мы. Конечно, были и какие-то провалы, но провалы неизбежны, когда экспериментируешь. И продуктами этих экспериментов стали сотни альтернативных школ, центров, магазинов, андерграундных газет и журналов, бесплатные клиники, бесплатные кухни для неимущих... и многое другое. Люди добились настолько большого успеха, что правительство пытается всячески скрыть его, скрыть эту угрозу. Отсюда и этот миф о поражении 60-х.

6 Расскажи о том скандале с сенатором Джесси Хелмсом, когда он через правительственное агентство добился признания твоего творчества «оскорбительным».

Да, они пытались травить меня и еще нескольких художников тогда... Я сразу написал ему письмо в Сенат, чтобы он вел себя по-мужски и высказал свои претензии мне в лицо, вместо того чтобы прятаться за спинами правительственной комиссии. Разумеется, этот ультраконсервативный трус так ничего и не ответил.

7 А твоя президентская кампания 2008 года? Чего ты хотел добиться, выдвигая свою кандидатуру?

На самом деле, кампания была очень удачной: во всех Штатах за меня проголосовало несколько сотен человек. И это при том, что за два года предвыборной гонки на всю кампанию мы с женой потратили не более 1500 баксов. Это был уже даже не перформанс – у меня была платформа и социальная программа. Это было серьезно, потому что когда в списке кандидатов вместе с Хилари, МакКейном и Обамой появляется дергающийся человек в инвалидном кресле, и этот человек говорит вещи, гораздо более вменяемые, чем все эти люди вместе взятые – это серьезный звоночек для всего американского общества.

8 Два слова для русских читателей?

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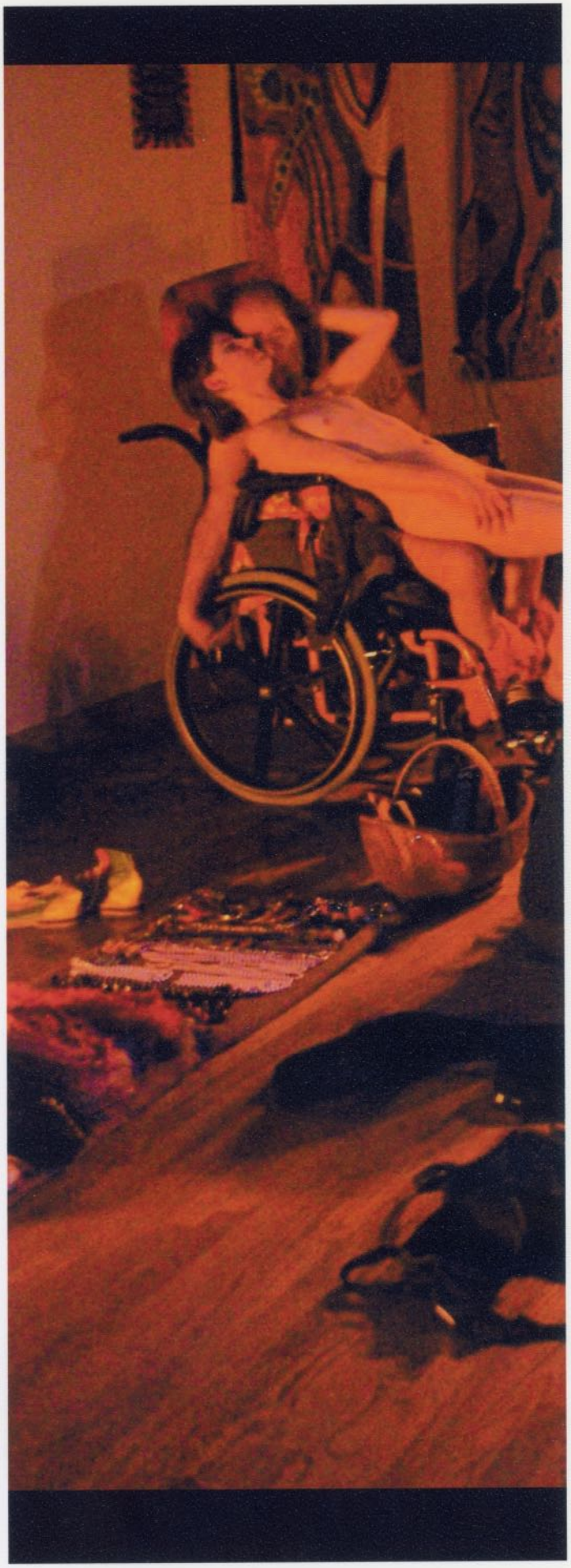


CASIO

YSERBA

As told to Kevin Army
NOVEMBER 24, 2010 11:06AM

Frank Moore And The Blind Lemon

One of the briefest punk rock clubs in the bay area was a place called The Blind Lemon in Berkeley. It had previously been a folk or hippie club, but sometime around 1980 it was taken over by disabled performance artist Frank Moore. It doubled as some kind of church for him, and he used the space for some of his longer performance pieces.

I got an appointment to meet with him. He is mostly wheelchair bound, as he was born with cerebral palsy, and he can't talk. He communicated by pointing at an Ouija board with a stick that was attached to his head, while one of the women who followed him translated.

He listened to my demo, which ended with my unfortunate and closeted song I Want To Be Gay, a sarcastic response to Tom Robinson's fine and brave Glad To Be Gay. After the tape ended he smiled and slowly pointed out i-t-s h-i-p t-o b-e a c-r-i-p t-o-o. I did not get that he had a sense of humor at the time.

Though he freaked me out, he was a pretty OK and harmless guy, considering I'd seen him do performances at the Mabuhay Gardens where women would pee in jars, pour it all over him, and then he'd roll around on the floor making inhuman sounds. Moore liked the tape, gave my band a gig, complete with a nice review in their flier.

When we got to the club to play, there seemed to be a fair amount of lesbians, who tended to Moore. We guessed they were the church members. They would carry him around and act dissociated and worshipful. The bathroom was a toilet with no lid in the middle of the room backstage. Everywhere was badly painted black, with a little florescent green, and it filled the club with an uncomfortable darkness and heaviness.

Most bad vibe punk places had a fun element, this was just weird. I don't really remember anything about our set, I do remember wanting to get out of there as fast as possible. The club had about a 6 month run. Even punk rockers have their limits. It was hard to shake off the bad vibe for a few days after being there.

Since then, I've heard about Moore in the news from time to time. I guess I have to respect someone who can't speak and can barely move, who has written books, created paintings and made a name for himself in the performance art world.

He was one of the artists targeted by Jesse Helms, and anyone who Helms disliked, well, you have to have a soft spot for. Most recently, Moore ran for president as an independent candidate. I doubt he got very far.

There is a kind of art that is just awful, and challenges everything. I have no urge to see Moore perform again, and I would never want to go back in time to the Blind Lemon, but I know the importance of freedom of expression in the arts. These people pave the way for other things to happen. He shared his space for an evening so I could express myself, with no strings or conditions. It was 1980 or so, and I was too young to enjoy meeting this strange man, or to appreciate his perseverance and strength.

Maybe our imaginations ran a bit far thinking it was a cult. And perhaps his art has evolved through the years, it's been quite some time. But there was something undeniably uncomfortable there. It could have been my suburban innocence, but I don't think so. I've been exposed to a lot since then, and not much lingers in such a disagreeable way. But that's part of life, part of the punk experience I guess.

Kevin Army
http://open.salon.com/blog/yserba/2010/11/21/frank_moore_and_the_blind_lemon

Frank Moore: "Being so visible that it creates invisibility"

04/04/2011 06:01

Jake McGee

Interview with the man behind decades of brilliant art.

Frank Moore is Art, plain and simple. From his passionate musical performances to his highly erotic live

performances pieces, to his oil paintings and digital artwork and volumes of movies he's written, directed and acted in, books he's published, lectures he's given, television and radio shows he's hosted...his profound insight, purity and wit set a high bar for artists of any kind.

Moore's creative forces are so powerful, his body is spastic like he has cerebral palsy. As everyone knows that women can't resit spastic men in wheelchairs, Moore can often be found surrounded by beautiful naked women, usually with one straddling him in his chair.

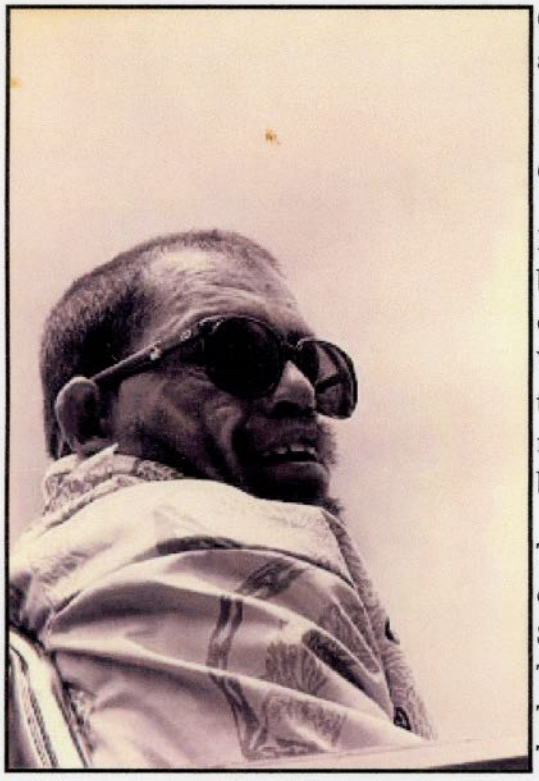
But then you look closer, and see the humanity in this connection, this deep form of communication way beyond mere words and vocal patterns. At 65, he continues to perform live near his home in Berkeley, CA, with his partners Linda Mac and Michael LaBash.

He calls himself a dangerous Player and a shaman; he writes like a modern-day Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, but with a sense of humor and better charisma. His impact can be seen across the globe...yet he still comes off as a funny, humble guy, happy to be alive, still excited about creating art after all these years.

In his new book (10 years in the making)- Art of a Shaman- he explores performance and art in general terms of them being a magical way to effect change in the world.

Talking with him, it's easy to forget that he holds two masters degrees, one in psychology, and the other in Performance/Video. He does well to mask his brilliance by slowing down to our level, even if for only the time it takes for him to know you've caught up with him.

Before I go into this interview, I should add that Moore recently watched my first film, Bob Freville's *Of Bitches & Hounds*. I play a man sold as a pet to a woman played by my girlfriend. Yes, this means I crawled around on all fours in my boxer briefs for 50 minutes as The Pooch. So now you know what Moore is referencing when he tells me to "fetch."



Check out some of his work in the gallery to the upper right. Ladies and gentlemen, Frank Moore:

What would you have done if you weren't blessed with Cerebral Palsy?

Frank Moore: That is an interesting question. I always say I could be a lawyer or an ad man. Probably not, considering the kind of non-conformist guy I am. I probably would have been drafted for the Vietnam War, but I wouldn't have gone. So I would have either gone to Canada or gone underground. I would probably have been a revolutionary. Hey, I am a revolutionary! I would probably have been an underground journalist.

That's where I started in 1965, when I was nineteen. Before that, I didn't have any direct way of communicating with the general world. So I read, watched, listened, and waited. But when I was nineteen, THEY finally tried my idea for the head pointer for typing. Actually THEY first tried a paint brush. So I was an artist before I was a writer. THEY wanted me to type the NORMAL way with my fingers. That didn't work! But with my head pointer I was typing within five minutes, writing radical political opinions! That spring our special ed class moved from a grade school to the regular high school campus in the first experiment in mainstreaming disabled.

Well, I got a political column in the school paper. I got into a debate in my column with a GI in Vietnam about the war. I, with a couple of radical students, put out an underground paper. So I was sat down by my teacher and told that by my expressing my radical political opinions, I was ruining the opportunity of the crips who would come after me. I, because of my high grades, was THEIR poster boy. But my radical political opinions didn't match that image. I replied I thought the goal was to get equal rights for the disabled (and for everybody) to be fully human and that included the right to express political opinions. SO...

In college I also had a political column in the school paper. The deal in the journalism department was the student with the highest GPA would be the editor of the paper the next year. When I was that student, they changed the deal! So I switched my major to creative writing. But I continued to write for the local underground paper. And that continued when I moved to Santa Fe in 1970. My column there was *Unicorn Speaks* (I was known as Unicorn because of my head pointer).

In reality I probably would have done pretty much the same things I ended up being and doing. I pick up things easy and know how to adapt to do things. And I am flexible. So I am a jack of all trades! Let me see... I am or have been a dancer, writer, poet, performance artist, painter, composer, promoter, director, actor, activist, producer, father, film /video editor, singer, piano player, television talk show host, publisher, critic, philosopher, dj, manager (of bands, singers, a night club [The Blind Lemon], etc., presidential candidate, shaman, relationship counselor, business counselor, clothes designer, interior decorator, journalist, teacher, lecturer, hole digger, distributor of music and publications, founder and general manager of LUVER, minister, among other things! So if having Cerebral Palsy slowed me down...the world should thank its lucky stars!

Actually, I do have my problems. As one "art expert" once wrote, I, "Seem to have a compulsion not to take no for an answer under any circumstances." I do have this disability of not knowing what is "impossible." So, I just figure out how to do it.

When I was born, the doctors told my parents I had no IQ. Obviously the doctors were wrong. So I don't pay any attention to the supposed limitations; I just do what is needed.

When I was growing up, I struggled to get educated, struggled against discrimination and prejudices. I really enjoy the righteous struggle. This enjoyment of struggle gives me an advantage when struggle is needed. When Senator Jesse Helms tried to blacklist me, when the Berkeley City Council tried to ban my public access cable show... there have been so many struggles! My enjoying righteous struggle has been a winning element. I also enjoy when struggle is successful!

And being spastic has shaped my piano playing, blues singing, etc., giving me techniques of freedom!

How has Cerebral Palsy hindered your art?

FM: Mmmmmm, I can not think of any way that it has hindered the art. But how do you actually know I have Cerebral Palsy? I had to prove I had Cerebral Palsy (brain damage which happens at birth) before I was twenty-one to get Medicare. They require medical or school documentation. But nobody keeps records anymore! So how do you actually know I have Cerebral Palsy?!

It is aging that is challenging! Like, I have grown up in this great body of mine. It is normal to me. But aging! When I used to dance, I reared up in my wheelchair so that it tipped back on the back wheels, almost tipping over, and then jamming back down. Arthritis in my knees (caused by too many nude women sitting on my lap!) put an end to such moves. But it didn't put an end to either dancing or nude women (or nude men) sitting on my lap!

You just have to adapt! Adapting is the name of the game of life. In performances I used to be on a mat on the

floor in a tent /cave and blindfolded people would explore my nude body with their bodies. This became more and more painful for me over the years. But art and pain, they go together, don't they?

But Linda and Mikee are getting older too! It was getting harder and harder to get me on and off the mat. So that bit is gone!

The actual having Cerebral Palsy doesn't hinder. But the societal attitudes are what cripple. I never have done crip art. I'm an artist who just happens to be a crip, and I use it as one of my tools to get to deeper targets. But it pisses off a lot of people (including the disabled community) that I don't do crip art. Gays should do gay art; women, woman art; blacks, black art. BULLSHIT! I knew I had made it when, two years into *The Outrageous Beauty Revue*, the papers stopped referring to me as THE DISABLED ARTIST and started calling me THAT STRANGE WEIRD ARTIST! And nowadays the papers just call me THAT SHAMAN ARTIST!

How has Cerebral Palsy enhanced your art?

FM: Yes, I always have been lucky. I have a body that is ideal for a performance artist, and I have always wanted to be a performer. When I was a kid, my younger brother used to get mad when people looked at me when he pushed me to the movies or to the teen club. He cried. But I liked people looking at me.

That is what I mean by 'I am lucky.' I am lucky I am an exhibitionist in this body. One time, I was working out on the jungle gym outside of our house---a kid came by and asked if I was a monster. I just roared like a monster. It was fun.

But on another level, the cultural expectation had won by shaping reality, making me into a physically ugly cripple, a burden that no woman would want. No matter what I accomplished, no matter how smart or warm or giving I was, I would still be an ugly black hole always taking more than I gave. I was stuck in that piece of the cultural frame that I had accepted.

The cultural expectation had won. I and everyone had lost because I bought into it.

But there was a point when I was around 28 when one day I decided that I did not want to be in a reality where I was ugly, where I could not give all I needed to give. It simply was not how things should be, not just for me, but for everyone. So I decided to act and think as if I were beautiful. I did not tell anyone of my decision. But within two weeks people started telling me that I had physically changed. I used this feedback, this sign, to deepen the reality shaping. This new reality opened up new possibilities for everyone.

I was lucky. I was never under pressure to be good at anything, to make money, to make it in "the real world," to be polished – and the other distractions that other modern artists have to, or

think they have to, deal with. So I could focus on having fun, on going into taboo areas where magical change can be evoked.

My art is rooted in breaking out of isolation. Until I was 17, I did not have any way to communicate except through my family members. For a couple of my teenage years, I was very hard of hearing. My hearing cleared up. I invented my head pointer when I was 17. My communication isolation was then dispelled. But it took me another ten years to shake off the isolation caused by my attitudes and self-image. This early isolation allowed me to observe life and people as an outsider. I always wanted to break physical, emotional, and spiritual isolation - first for myself, but then for other people.

My personal roots are in the idealism of the 60's. That was when I broke out of personal physical isolation. I looked for a way to bring about the ideals for me and for society as a whole. The normal channels obviously would not work for me.

So all I had were my fantasies. I read novels like The Magus and Steppenwolf. I started wanting to create other alternative/altered realities just like the magicians in those novels. I read the Beat writers and the French Surrealists, Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl and Abbie Hoffman, listened to Dylan, and watched the hippie movement grow. I wished I could be a hip artist living in San Francisco instead of being stuck outside San Bernardino reading, listening, watching, waiting. All of this brewed inside of me.

But I didn't think I could get people to let me direct them in the rituals in my head. It was not until 1970 that I started trying to live out my inner visions. I tried to get the ok at Cal State, San Bernardino, to produce my all-nude play on campus. To my surprise, the college said yes. But I couldn't get actors.

I was offended by such things as body doubles for nude scenes in movies and actors in live plays wearing flesh colored tights in lusty scenes. My play was a statement against this perverse attitude. I wasn't really into sex itself in my art. I just wanted to see nude bodies on stage- not sneak them in to a love scene- and see them do things like paint their bodies with baby food. I learned it can be hard to get people for weird things.

Also in college, I started doing political pranks, like rolling into the Marines' recruiting office to join, wanting to push "the button."

During the time of the Kent State killings, I saw my life was heading back into isolation if I did not make some radical changes. I dropped out of college and hitched to hippie land in Santa Fe.

Thanks to the gentle guidance by Louise Scott, I started to see my body as a tool. I could get away with things that others couldn't. I can stare at people, laugh at them, and touch their asses on the street...because they don't think I understand. I can park myself next to them and observe them closeâ€‘up without them realizing or changing. That is being so visible that it creates invisibility.

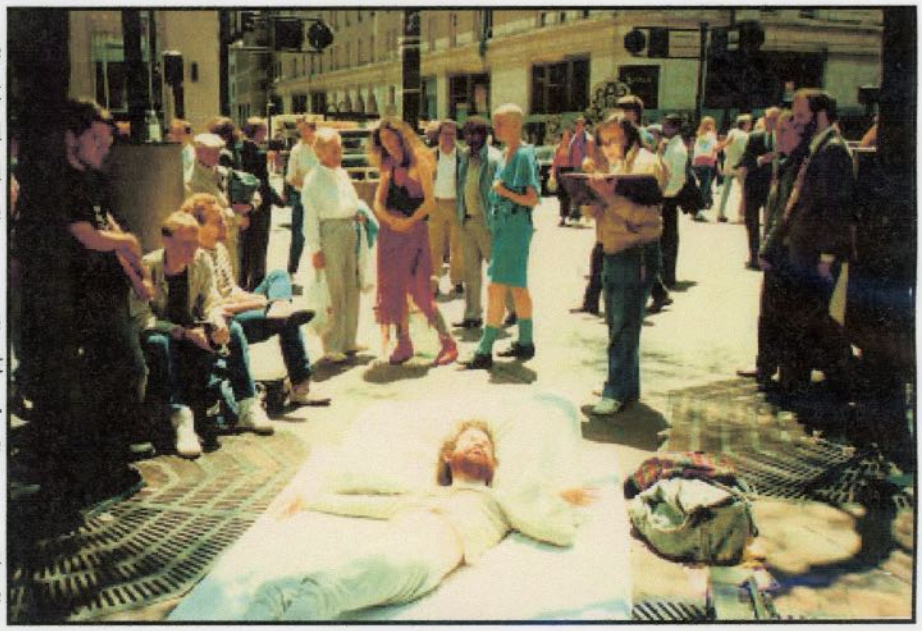
But there are other advantages to my body. People project onto me certain mystical powers - like the ability to see through their fronts to their real selves'- to see the past and the future- and what they should do. They are reacting to some symbol of the deformed medicine man. They use me as a medium for getting through to other dimensions. Because of the slowness of my communication board, they were forced to slow down. They could project whatever they wanted, misread me when it fit them. I was a symbol. I used all of this in my art.

My body gives me a tool that other artists spend years to create. Most artists are not as lucky as me. They do not have the built-in advantages and shields that I have. They need to resist the real world, the normal world, more than I do. They need to be sneakier to avoid being seduced by the business and politics of art. Moreover, I don't need to do much to reach the state of transgressive art like other artists have to do. I don't try to do transgressive art. By just getting on "stage," it calls into question everything because somebody like me

SHOULDN'T be on stage. THEN I start to do my thing!

I just included films of Otto Muehl and his German commune in the seventies on my Berkeley community public access show. They had to do extremely violent and explicit sexual tactics to reach where I start at!

What is the longest performance piece you've done?



FM: I am assuming you mean in one time/space. I'm assuming you don't mean something like my presidential campaign which lasted for two years and which I consider my most effective performance.

I have done a number of performance rituals that have lasted forty eight hours. But that was in my younger days. Nowadays they are normally from three to five hours. I like to play with time.

Once I was booked in Toronto to do a seventy two hour duration piece in the nineties. It was booked over a year in advance. During that year I ended up in the hospital with pneumonia. Then I took months to recover. So the Toronto performance was looming. I have a thing about not canceling. So I called it *Dying Is Sexy* just in case!

I shortened it to forty eight hours. I had the promoter have a hospital bed and an old fashion bathtub on wheels in the space. I did a lot of the piece from the hospital bed (when I wasn't doing things like having my nude body being twisted into strange positions by two nude male dancers). And everyone took baths in the tub!

There are tons of photos, videos, and write-ups of my performances at http://www.eroplay.com/Cave/shaman.html#PerformAnchor.

Where is the line drawn between performance art, and somebody just trying to get attention?

FM: Mmmmmm, and why do we need to draw lines? And why the "just"? And what is wrong with getting attention? Getting attention to/for what? All I can say is you made a great hound! FETCH!

What is "The Uncomfortable Zones Of Fun?" It sounds like it freaks people out- does it? Why?

FM: Well, it is the title of my monthly performance series I have been doing at The Temescal Arts Center in Oakland for over two years now. The original title was *Reality Playings: Experiments In Experience/Participation Performance*. But after I got tired of people yapping about participation didn't fit their zones of comfort, I changed the title!

Art should take you outside of your "zone of comfort" (which really is a prison of fragile control and isolation, not real comfort). They came even though (and often because) right on the flier it said:

The Underground Hit! REALITY PLAYINGS: experiments in experience/participation performance

Frank Moore, world-known shaman performance artist, will conduct improvised passions of musicians,

actors, dancers, and audience members in a laboratory setting to create altered realities of fusion beyond taboos. Bring your passions and musical instruments and your senses of adventure and humor. Other than that, ADMISSION IS FREE! (But donations will be accepted.)

But a lot of people got their dirty underwear in bunches because it actually was what was advertised! And they were righteous about their comfort zones rather than just leaving if this was not their thing. So I changed the title so I could directly confront the concept of comfort zones.

By the way, folks can always go to http://www.eroplay.com/events.html to see when/where I am performing next.

It varies how many people freak out and why. I don't try (except in rare occasions) to freak out or shock or offend. But I do what the art calls for, and I'm willing to deal with any reaction. That is my job as an artist.

Another part is to protect the art from censorious limitations. Most people who come to the performances don't freak out, but feel a deeper freedom and more connection with others and juicy fun in the tribal community which is called forth during the performance. At least that's what they say at the end of the piece.

This isn't to say people don't walk out. They do, sometimes en mass. And some of them are freaked out. But others just absorb their fill and leave. I learned that when they have come back, sometimes years later, and tell me how the performance was a turning point in their lives, art, music, whatever. Who am I to judge the audience or the art? My job is to do the art!

The nudity and eroticism are the standard hat rack to hang the challenge to the audience on. But I think it is the intimacy and the total improvisatory nature of the performances that is scary to a lot of people. I totally improvise the performance around who comes to the performance. So I never know what will happen. I like finding out!

How do you get girls to get naked with you when you're all spastic, or is that all part of the performance?

FM: Guys always ask that. And while being spastic is sexy, that isn't it. Even before I got on the track, beautiful women got into my bed to sleep with me starting during my hippie days in Santa Fe. We cuddled, played and actually slept together. But I didn't take it to the next step because I couldn't believe that they would want a full sexual relationship with an ugly duckling like I thought I was. I was that dumb! So I was careful to keep it like a brother/sister kind of thing, basically not taking responsibility for my end of the relationship because I didn't want to be a burden. That changed when I decided to act like I was beautiful!

Basically, I get the girls because I love and enjoy life and people. That attracts people and opportunities to you. I am outgoing. I want to be with people (girls are people) in a deep and intimate way, playful.

For years I was on the Berkeley community public access cable channel every night for up to six hours a night. So guys in Berkeley saw me with all of these women. When I went out guys gave me the thumbs up sign (they still do)! But when they asked me that question, they didn't like my answers.

So I put the question to my friend/presidential running mate, Doctor Susan Block, the nationally known sex expert, television personality and a hot babe. Here are her answers:

Here are 12 of the many-splendored reasons why Frank Moore gets so many "hot babes":

1) He's a musician. Musicians always get laid.

2) He has deep, warm, soulful, intoxicating eyes that always look right at you when you're talking to him, and seem to understand whatever you're babbling about. Eyes like these are incredibly seductive. Some women feel that he "undresses them with his eyes" (literally and metaphorically)...so why bother to keep their clothes on?

3) He has a way with words. Frank is a poet, a seducer, a charmer with words on paper, as well as words "translated" through Linda. He is a deep thinker, but his concise, eloquent phrasing makes it easy for everyone to understand. His depth and eloquence surprise some people, because when they first see him, they assume he's a dribbling idiot. Surprises like that are very seductive, because they cause you to let your guard down. Moreover, he is not stingy with praise. Hot babes love this. So do hot dudes.

4) He smells good.

5) He has a regular, very cool girlfriend who has been with him a long time. Women are always attracted to men who already have women.

6) He's a good dancer. Women love to dance, and too many men won't dance, for one reason or another. Also, his wheelchair is fun to ride and straddle.

7) He's a theatrical impresario. He'll make you a star! Everybody wants to be a star.

8) He's not in perfect shape, so women feel that they don't have to be either. They think: "if he can take his clothes off and parade around in public, why can't i?"

9) He is extremely confident, despite what some call "handicaps." Everybody is attracted to confidence.

10) He has a big beautiful smile. Smiling is contagious.

11) He is very childlike. People of all sexes are attracted to that, because it makes them feel young and playful. It can also make them feel motherly, like "taking care of" him.

12) He is very funny. He makes you laugh. Laughter is a mental orgasm.

Okay, there you go! It's all true, and then some. Now, Linda, you better soak Frank's head in ice water before it swells up like a big balloon!!

Dr. Susan Block

Also, women like my modesty. Just kidding!

Are men or women more likely to drop their pants for your performances?

FM: It varies according to what is happening within the society as a whole. Sometimes women are the hardest; other times men. In the seventies it was the easiest for both groups. In the late eighties it was the hardest to get anyone to do anything!

But it has always been amazing how easy it really is to get people to leave the normal inhibitions and to play. You just have to create an alternative artistic context for them to play in and don't have expectations.

In the mid-eighties I went out onto the streets and asked people to be in a video I was making that contained nudity and erotic play. Linda did not think many people would give me their phone numbers. But I kept coming home with bags of phone numbers of all kinds of people!

We ended up videoing people for two years in two hour shoots of an individual or a pair. The person usually came in saying "no nudity." But within five minutes they would have their clothes off, playing with sexy costumes, taking showers, posing like centerfolds, dancing, singing, playing with me erotically, crying uncontrollably for joy, talking intimate and open. Linda and I were blown out. The straighter the person looked (we got a lot of secretaries) the freer they turned out to be. A lot of times two heterosexual female friends (roommates, co-workers, etc) came together to be filmed. These never had a problem playing together naked. I couldn't get male pairs of friends.

But the hardest, the most inhibited turned out to be artists and punks!

I edited the footage into two feature-length videos. *Erotic Play* turned out to be a documentary about the process of the shooting of the two years. *The Nude Cave* is an abstract erotic visual journey with a musical soundtrack I created by playing with my head pointer on a couple of Casio keyboards while watching the video.

I did the music in several layers. I couldn't hear the previous layers because I was editing it, again with my head pointer, on two vcr decks with two remotes taped on a table before me.

You can watch those videos and a lot more videos of mine at http://www.eroplay.com/intimatetheater/intimate.html. Those two videos were among the ones we made and put in our closet, waiting for the internet and for Berkeley to get a public access cable channel to have somewhere to show them on! When technology caught up with me, I was ready!

Three of my more "mainstream" films can be watched at http://www.eroplay.com/feisto/index.html.

In a lot of your videos, the women don't seem to trim their pubic hair. Is this just a coincidence, or do you specifically pick hairy women so you're not fully exposing their genitals? Or, do Berkeley women just let it grow wild?

FM: Mmmmmm, should I assume your girlfriend trims her pubes? Why? Is that why there is no nudity in your *Of Bitches & Hounds*?

Ok, seriously (is that the right word for this subject?)...from what I have observed, most women by an overwhelming margin (except in Los Angeles and in the porn world) don't shave or trim to the degree you are talking about. But I am willing to be proven wrong in this. Women, send close-ups of your crotches to this magazine!

Don't get me wrong. I like pussies of all kinds. So I don't ask actresses about their pussies (do you?). I ask if they are willing to be and do what the role requires with abandon.

I don't believe in fig leaves. I don't use in my films camera framing to hide the action from the viewer. And I always have thought using a body double for scenes that the star actor refused to do for "moral" reasons, getting somebody else to do the "immoral" scenes, was unethical. Either cast someone who is prepared to do the role or do a PG-rated film.

Once I was acting in someone else's film. The director cast a bimbo who couldn't act and wouldn't do nude scenes (although she did walk the streets in a little bikini blindfolded licking an ice cream cone, go figure). She would barely touch me her co-star (it was a love story).

One day she just didn't show up for the shoot and disappeared. And the director had to go back to Los Angeles. So I ended up directing the rest of the film as well as editing it. One of the things I did was to get a great actress for a body double. She looked and felt nothing like the bimbo. I wanted it to be clear it was a different person. Then we cranked up the heat! In the credits I gave the body double top billing. I have my ways!

What are the key ingredients to a great piece of performance art?

FM: To answer this here is what I wrote about our performance in January:

Well, the first performance of the year was the kind that would spoil me if I expected every performance or most performances to reach the depths of this one! Everything went there!

In my performances there is an invisible hidden secret state of erotic friction of arousing human intimacy, rubbing between bodies without limits or glamor. Because it is invisible, you can not see it, only feel it. For example, we didn't enter that state at the performance at the Center for Sex and Culture in San Francisco last summer, even though that was very erotic, visual, communal, tribal, etc. In fact, we last entered that state last February at Temescal.

The first couple to arrive actually set the tone, anchored/rooted the performance. The guy, Bobby, did that just by being there. Vicki turned out to be an actor. Her reading/acting out my poems throughout opened the door into the holy madness. Everything worked! It was possible to do a lot of the rituals (Gestures, Rocking, Dressing, Projecting Slides On Nude Dancers, etc.) that have either set upon the shelf or haven't reached the depths of arousing unknowns for awhile.

And new rituals were introduced (Undress The Cameraman, The Siamese Waist Bands, Taking/Reading Notes, etc.). There was just the right amount of resistance so that important issues could be explored, and to reveal that zones of comfort are silly and really prisons. I am imagining the shit about being a homophobe a straight guy would get if he gave the reasons for not wanting to undress the cameraman that the Lesbian gave!

But Amy and her friend stepped up, and by being actively lustfully abandoned, willing to play and trust, broke everything open for everybody. And they did it as just fun, no big deal.

I liked exploring his butt! Everything started floating into that juicy secret space as Amy started rocking on my lap, prickly freedom going all the way into both fusion and infusion of arousing magical pleasure, erotic friction of comfort.

Tomek's surreal music created waves connecting the holy dancers together as they (us) webbed and flowed into different combinations and forms and roles without limits or judgments. Amy and her friend (he obviously hadn't done anything like this before!) made it possible by simply trusting...trusting so deeply, they could reshape the dance without avoiding anything.

A whole band appeared at this point to join Tomek (they would disappear when the dance was over!)! Things got hot and surreal, while staying simple and human. Intimacy, closeness among everybody who stayed, welded us into a cozy tribal body. Our skin- the organ of connection- webbed all of us together as the rubbing went all the way deeper into calm pleasure, as Vicki threw herself on the floor and rocked and belted out the words of the poem.

I wish I could take credit for creating such a dramatic, erotic turn-on of an event. But I just followed the possibilities that the willingness people brought to the space created.

You were harassed by Jesse Helms in the 90's for obscenity. Do you still get strife for your content, or have people grown accustomed to your madness? Do you find people are less shocked by your performances & artwork than they were 20 years ago?

FM: No, I haven't lost my edge yet! As an artist when Senator Helms targeted me, it gave me a platform on which I could do battle with the powers that be! I loved it! And it lasted for years! Really I had nothing to lose! The established spaces wouldn't book me before, booked me BECAUSE Helms was after me.

I am the kind of artist that people (in many subcultures) wait for to die before they fully embrace my art. They teach about my work in their classes. But they get extremely nervous when they work up the nerve to have me talk to their classes. Operators of performance spaces who will not book me in their galleries (because they are "personally afraid of the work" I do) often, when they are on committees for festivals and for galleries other than their own, vote for me because my work "is important and should be seen." I am flattered that they think I am so dangerous!

Do you have a favorite medium?

FM: I never met a medium I did not like! But I like live, intimate improvised performance the best.

What was the spark behind Love Underground Visionary Revolution?

FM: Even before personal computers, in the mid-70's I wormed my way into having time on the big university mainframe. When personal computers came out, I started hanging out on the BBS of Ralph's Record Store (a front for the band The Residents).

Then I got on the big pay BBS, GENIE, run by General Electric. On there, I quickly became a controversial figure, pushing the limits, breaking the rules in such a way that made it very hard for them to censor me. They even had me as a guest on their live chat room. A real love/hate relationship. Like, it upset them that I talked

about Annie Sprinkle on the NEW AGE room. They deleted my posts about Annie. So of course the topic became why Annie was NEW AGE!

GENIE folded when the web became accessible. Two GENIE friends and I converted our relationship to e-mail. When I made friends on-line, I added them to the e-mail relationship. This grew into The E-Salon, a community of a couple hundred creative people.

In 1996, we started THE WEB OF ALL POSSIBILITIES, http://www.eroplay.com. I'm the big idea guy. Mike LaBash (who has been with me for over 20 years) actualizes my big ideas...usually by pushing into something new. Linda (who has been keeping me on track for over 35 years) makes everything run!

At first we just put up writings, art, and photos...of course LaBash's and my work, but we started adding the work of other artists of all kinds. We kept adding to it. We added the Chero Cam. That brought the live performance element into it, giving the world access to our everyday life. Other people such as Susan Block started putting my writings and art on their sites.

In 1997 we added streaming audio to the site, and later that year our first streaming video. But we didn't have the bandwidth to archive much audio or video. But in 1998, Joey Manley who was the director of the Free Speech T.V. website gave me free and unlimited space on their site to create an audio/video archive of my work. "Unlimited Visions" gave people access to my videos which had sat in the closet for years waiting for a pipeline!

1998 was really when the streaming media became a major channel of my work. I was a guest on Susan Block's live internet/cable TV show and on "World Of Woz" on Fakeradio.Com. Fakeradio asked me to do a 2-hour internet radio show, "The Shaman's Den."

In 1999, Fakeradio and I had some of those "creative differences." So we set up our own web station, using Fakeradio as a technical model. We did this extremely quickly. One week I was doing the show on Fake; the next week- on Valentines Day- we were on LOVE UNDERGROUND VISION RADIO, http://www.luver.com.

LUVeR's first show was a live experimental music program from Japan. My guest on that night's "Shaman's Den" was Annie Sprinkle. LUVeR quickly became a 24/7 way of life, attracting creative people around the world, either doing live shows or sending their art to us to play. Within a year, we added video. We started covering news events as well as art, music, and cultural events.

This January we added a second channel, *Frank's Deep Roots Music* (basically my personal favorites, goddammit!)

My main drive- or one of them- is to create communities and pipelines for art. So we have the works of many artists in the archives. It is a trip realizing that a piece that had a live audience of 10 people is being watched by thousands now on the web!

I use my internet shows on my cable show, *Frank Moore's Unlimited Possibilities*...along with my videos, videos of my live performances, other artists' works, etc. The cable show is 2 & 1/2 hours long. So I can get a lot of material out there! Each show plays 4 times a week!

Freedom is what you demand and fight for, not what THEY "give" you. This fight is a part of being an artist (and a human!). So I enjoy the fight! And so far I'm batting .1000 with the censoring forces. So the word "problematic" doesn't fit! Life is struggle! Art is struggling lustfully!

It is much harder for them to get censoring control over the website because it's OUR site. This doesn't mean

they will not/can not. They will try. They can go after our I.S.P. or take our computers away. But we enjoy the fight...so they don't have a chance! This is also true in the cable fight. We won. But we had to work around "reasonable" people who avoid struggle...who give up freedom to be comfortable.

So people, bands, artists, film/video makers, and other freaks should send me their creations! My email address is fmoore@eroplay.com. And my snail mail address is:

Frank Moore

Inter-Relations

P.O. Box 11445

Berkeley, CA 94712

Do you still fuck with military recruiters when you're bored?

FM: Me, bored!? I don't have time to be bored! I am so busy enjoying my rich life! But a part of my rich life that gives me a special pleasure is fucking with the powers that be! They don't understand how much I enjoy it!

That Marine forty years ago actually believed I wanted to join. I was acting like I couldn't get in my head why he wouldn't sign me up when I was pushed into the campus recruitment office. Then, spelling out with my head pointer, I said, "Well, I can push THE BUTTON!" Only then the poor guy realized he had been had!

Is Art of a Shaman still available in print?

FM: Funny you should ask that! Here is a scoop for you! After ten years of work, we have just put out a paperback, full color illustrated with photos version of it as well as a downloadable version. Both are available from Lulu.com.

Art of a Shaman was originally a lecture I presented at N.Y.U. for a week-long conference about performance as subversion in 1990. So to subvert the conference, I had nude Michael sing all of it, while Linda blindfolded people and led them into the tent to explore my nude body.

In the book, I explore performance and art in general terms of them being a magical way to effect change in the world. I look at performance as an art of melting action, ritualistic shamanistic doings/playings. By using my

career and life as a "baseline," I try to explore the dynamic playing within the context of reality shaping. I bring in concepts from modern physics, mythology and psychology.

Do you still host "shaman workshops?" If so, what do those entail? How can someone join one?

FM: It has been years since I have led a group workshop. Mind you, if a group of whatever kind came to me wanting me to lead them into a cozy tribal channel of direct experiencing of reality and life (which is the definition of shamanism), I am available and flexible!

But nowadays people usually work with me individually. If they live in the San Francisco Bay Area, they usually come to my studio once a week for "The 10-Session Personal Intensive." If someone comes from out of the area (they have come from as far away as Toronto, Ontario!), they usually stay at The Blue House and have a session with me everyday for two weeks.

I guide the person through "The Introduction To Cherotic Magic," a 10-session journey of readings, intense conversations, and intense bodyplay rituals. Within the magical reality that is called forth I can bring out the magical keys hidden in the dense poetic mass, keys directly cast for that person's life, thereby greatly expanding the magical effect. The doing of private performance rituals with me prior to the intensive greatly increases the intensity and the magical possibilities of this training. Each session is 2-4 hours.

Some people, who have taken this intensive, have gone on to be apprentices. But for most, this introduction to the backstage of living existence became a highly personal exploration of dimensions long half-hidden in their lives, using me and this training as a channeling medium.

You ran for President in 2008- how did that go?

FM: Realistically/practically a write-in candidate can not "win" the presidency, because the odds are stacked against such an independent candidate in various ways. The lack of money is the least of it. Almost half of the states either outright do not allow their people to write somebody in, or make it virtually impossible for somebody to become an officially sanctioned write-in candidate. You can't "win" when half of the states are off limits to you no matter how much money you have.

Add to this the freezing out of both independent and third-party candidates by the mainstream (and most of the "alternative") media coverage and so on, it becomes obvious "winning" is not a sane goal for someone in my position to have.

Historically, independent and third-party candidates have induced new possibilities, expanded our freedoms, and introduced fresh concepts into the society, which the mainstream then absorbs. The process is very similar to that of the artist in society. I have operated within the process of an artist in society focused on inducing change in society for 40 years.

So I'm use to, and comfortable in, the process, operating with little/no money, getting the message (the dream/vision) out despite the blocks, getting things done in new ways, etc. The European mainstream press gave our campaign serious respectful coverage. We qualified in most states where that was a possibility. That was amazing for a campaign that had no money or an army of operatives! But the real fuel for me was seeing people fill up with hope when they read my platform, which is at http://www.frankmooreforpresidento8.com.

Running for president gave me a powerful position to outline our dreams in a direct, clear, practical way, thereby exposing who is blocking those dreams, and how and why they have been blocked. In the late 90's Sen. Jesse Helms provided me a similar position when he targeted/blacklisted me and four other performance

artists. When you are given such a position, I think it is your responsibility to take the ride, to fully use it to expand freedom for everyone.

I never know when something appearing to be trivial will bloom into an important channel for change...be it a show, a magazine, a web station, a series, a political project, or whatever...which takes years to realize its potential. This has always been how my life has unfolded.

This campaign started with a Three Stooges shirt! Mikee, one of the 5 people who I live tribally with, had a Curly for President shirt. For Christmas they made me a Frank Moore for President shirt. Fun. But when I wore the shirt, people started seriously asking me what my platform was.

So I wrote up a blueprint of how we can create the society we have been dreaming of. The platform was clear, direct, and practical. When people read it- even people who at first thought it was an arty joke- changed right before our eyes, filling up with hope...saying things like "THIS WOULD WORK!" "FINALLY!" and "SO WHY DON'T WE HAVE THIS NOW?"

Their reactions, and their deep seriousness and longings, placed on me the responsibility to put on a real campaign. This set up a feed-back cycle, attracting European coverage, support of a wide range of people, opportunities to address the issues in ways candidates rarely, if ever, do. I always follow openings! We forced quite a few states to refine their election procedures by working with the top national expert on ballot access issues. I ended up being an official write-in candidate in twenty five states and got votes!

Are you going to run again for President in 2012?

FM: Nope! It was two years of hard work! And to do it justice, you should start at least three years before the election.

Where do you find inspiration?

FM: Life! I do only about two percent of the projects, etc. which go through my brain!

http://www.eroplay.com/

All Comments require admin approval.

Check Out Frank Moore's New Book!

02/04/2011 20:17

kotorinews

Hot off the press - the new full-color Art Of A Shaman!

After ten years of work, yesterday we put out a glossy covered 98 page paperback edition of my Art of a Shaman, as well as a downloadable version. Both are available from Lulu.com. [Order info is below!] We are blown out at how absolutely glorious and beautiful the actual book, designed by Mikee, is! It is full of amazing performance photos and my paintings in full lush warm juicy colors. It captures the feeling of being at the performances! All in the size of a graphic novel. BUT DON'T BUY IT IF YOU DON'T WANT TO FEEL GOOD AND GET TURNED ON!

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Imagination: The Art of Transformation

IMAGINATION: The Art of Transformation

You have to remain a child your

whole life long and yet be a man

who draws energy from the things

of the world.

~Henri Matisse

Imagine that in another time and place, Frank Moore is huddled by the firelight, wrapped in animal hides and carefully protected by his tribe. On ceremonial occasions he is carried to various sacred sites for the purpose of ensuring the well-being of the people who care for him and for whom he provides spiritual and emotional guidance. Moore dances, chants, moans and utters incomprehensible sounds that only a few trusted helpers can interpret for the rest.

As he grows older, he is more revered and respected by the ever-younger members of his clan. These latter know of him by reputation, and they travel great distances to benefit from his wisdom. They know that he is chosen, marked by the gods for a special purpose. He is wounded, but has somehow survived. When he mounts his spirit-horse, the drum, he flies great distances, he talks with gods and ancestors and then returns to tell his visions.

In performance, Frank Moore is a "shaman"; in "real life," Moore is confined to a wheel chair and ninety-percent disabled. Moore paints, writes, and communicates with a pointer attached to his head by a leather strap. On stage he "sings," "dances" and "performs." Moore enjoys a large Internet presence that helps him to obscure the line separating his "real life" from performance. He has a twenty-four hour per day (Internet) radio station, a web site with many galleries and a vast network of correspondence that he calls his "E-Salon."

Moore has cerebral palsy. A strobe light and the projected images he culls from his thirty years of performance art light his shaman rituals, not a fire. The only skins he is wrapped in are those of the various nude dancers that dance with, around or on him. Moore Has a Bachelor's degree in English, A Master's degree in Psychology, and a Master's degree in Fine Arts

(Performance and Video) (*Resume*). Moore sees his work as ancillary to that of Ann Halprin and Antonin Artaud. Moore is a rolling enigma.

Frank Moore bases his theory of performance on his idea of public and private rituals. Public rituals, for Moore, originate in private rituals. Private rituals are "only experienced within the mind and/or body of the person. Or between the bodies of two people" (*Private Rituals*). Moore's performances often take place in "caves" or "tents" or other symbolic, created spaces that separate participants from the everyday world.

Participants in both the private and public performances are forbidden to reveal what happens within the performance space during the ritual. Moore writes, "one of the reasons to use secrecy is to draw a circle around the magic work that protects it from the prevailing taboos, morals, and judgments" (*Private Rituals*). Some of Moore's rituals last for several hours, some for days. The outcomes or results of these rituals are difficult to assess because of the secrecy Moore imposes on the participants.

Moore wrote about his "Shamanistic Art" as

"an art that acts for nonlinear change… [that] by bringing new dreams, new myths, new visions into society from the universal underworld, it will radically change society".(*Private Rituals*)

Moore concluded that the "job" of the artist as shaman was "to carry the new visionary myths from the gods into the world through [his] body"(*Private Rituals*).

The designation of a "sacred" space or "shrine" by a shaman is a common practice among "traditional people" like the Dagara in West Africa. Malidoma Some describes two Dagara funeral rituals in his *Ritual: Power, Healing and Community* (76-91, 100-102). The first account he gives, is of the ritual as it is practiced by the Dagara; the second is a "Dagara-style funeral" as enacted by those attending a "men's conference" of Viet Nam War Veterans (99).

The participants at the men's conference were divided into three groups: "mourners," "containers" and "singers" (100). The "containers" built a shrine that represented the "border" between this world and the "Otherworld." Later they would, as their designation suggested, "contain" the grieving mourners. Near the shrine there was a "line separating the tribe of men from the Otherworld"(100). A second space was designated as the "village," the men were to return to the village after having expressed their grief. The distance between the village and the shrine (about twenty feet) was called the "road of grief"(100).

Some's account related how the mourners became "fascinated by the sight of the Otherworld" and "were unwilling to return to the village"(101). Some of the mourners attempted to "throw themselves into [the Otherworld] as if in a serious need to join the dead"(101). When the dejected mourners were compelled (some by force) to return to the village, they effectively turned the village into a shrine, by carrying their grief with them. The formal structure of the ritual had broken down. The mourner's seemed to turn the ritual space upside down. Apparently they confused the Otherworld with a goal to be achieved, not a space to be venerated. Some's carefully reconstructed Dagara grief ritual was transformed into "ritual—period"(101):

People leapt out of the village in single line and danced their way to the shrine, turned around and came back home to the village. It was beautiful to see. The space between the village and the shrine was busy. The cleansing was happening. So much grief surfaced that the shrine was jam-packed with a crowd of men who did not quite register that they were only supposed to go to the shrine and drop their grief and return to the village where the drumming and the chanting was [sic] going on .(101-102)

Despite the misunderstandings, Some declared that the ritual was "a small success"(102). Perhaps among the group of men, the need for catharsis was so strong, that even when they misunderstood the stipulations of the ritual, they were still ecstatically displaced, and experienced catharsis.

Carr described Moore's shamanic performance at Franklin Furnace in an article from 1987, included in her anthology cited above. She wrote, "Moore's piece felt to me like five real hours from the Summer of Love, complete with group grope"(139). Carr was there as a journalist, and was not moved to join the ritual. She described the ritual as "a love-in"(140). Participants were first led to a specific place by "mid-priests," they were offered "a drug" [i] to lower their "inhibitions" and they had their feet washed by their guide (138).

The designation of space, cleansing and communal drinking were all ritual elements. Here they helped Moore establish the unity of the group and the separateness or "special-ness" of the place he transformed into a ritual space. From the beginning, as theatergoers entered, Moore sat in his "cave"[ii] "naked in his wheelchair" and "howling"(138). The outward signs of ritual, pointed to the possibility for the inward journey Moore and his "audience" would take.

Moore then made himself "vulnerable" to his audience by having two of his attendants place him on "a mat on the floor"(139). His audience was invited to "explore Frank's body," as Carr reported only "one woman did" (139). As the performance continued, the audience was asked to participate in what Moore called "eroplay"(139). Moore's wife, Linda Mac explained to the group that eroplay was " 'an intense physical playing or touching of oneself or others'"(qtd. in Carr 139). Mac then read a series of suggestive instructions that directed the participants as they performed with and around Moore. The ritual was concluded as "helpers wrapped everyone in a giant circle of cellophane, ribbon, toilet paper, and aluminum foil"(140).

The ritual binding of the group made *communitas* an explicit statement, complete with an undercurrent of physical restriction. [See Figure 1: Rocking and Wrapping.] This restriction was perhaps a warning from the shaman to the rest of the participants in the ritual[iii]. Or, perhaps the act of "unwrapping" or "releasing" themselves from their restraints was symbolic of the cathartic release they should have felt from the rest of the ritual.

Some's well-defined "road of grief" has been reinterpreted in cellophane and toilet paper. The linearity of the cellophane and toilet paper was suggestive of a road and its suggested circularity, expressive of life's cycles in which all were enmeshed. To cast off one's "wrapping"[iv] was freedom for the participant and catharsis for the performer; to cast off one's cycle of death and rebirth, for the "dead"[v] was enlightenment. Moore perhaps educed a similar interpretation when he wrote:

[Performance] art can have a more heavy-duty magical side to it that shocks, offends, and breaks new ground. This side is what is locked in, the subconscious, the womb, the

underground, hell/heaven, pleasure/torture, the coffin, the grave, birth/death/rebirth, dream/nightmare, the hidden world of taboos. (*Reshaping Reality*)

In Some's account of the grief ritual, a pervasive sense of ecstatic displacement and cathartic relief was evident. In Frank Moore's "Rocking and Wrapping" elements of ritual and communion were enacted by the participants, as witnessed by Carr. Evidence of the experience of ecstasy or catharsis, beyond what was symbolically portrayed in Moore's ritual, remained hidden.

ENDNOTES:

[i] Moore's "helpers" call this "soma"; in fact it is just water.

[ii] Carr described it as "hung with quilts, sheets and strips of aluminum foil"(138).

[iii] In the sense of "that what binds us together also restricts our freedom to act as individuals."

[iv] Clothing and the tape and toilet paper are "wrappings."

[v] In many rituals the initiate is seen as dying to his former life. Here Moore may intend that "wrapping" tape is equated with the winding sheets used for corpses.

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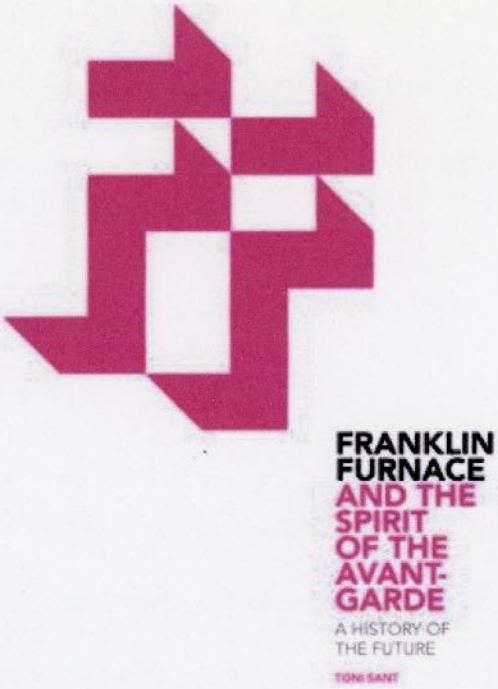

TimesofMalta.com
Tuesday, May 10, 2011, 09:40, by
Charles Xuereb
A web-based live art story
Franklin Furnace And The Spirit Of The Avant-Garde: A History Of The Future
by Toni Sant

Franklin Furnace And The Spirit Of The Avant-Garde: A History Of The Future
by Toni Sant
Intellect Bristol in the UK and the Chicago University Press pp184
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One early April evening at the Museum of Fine Arts in Valletta a handsome audience of artists and art lovers had the unusual opportunity of attending the world launch of Toni Sant's new book which comprehensively relates the history of a remarkable American organisation called Franklin – after its famous location at 112 Franklin Street, New York – Furnace, referring to its role as a lively melting pot of avant-garde art since 1976.

Maltese listeners and viewers remember Toni Sant, whom I had the pleasure of introducing to broadcasting in Malta a number of years ago, as a forward-looking creative artist communicating in his – still evident in writing – innovative style of presenting the unknown, be it education, analysis or just fun. Local Eurovision fans also regularly follow his musical expertise.

He has a knack at capturing an audience as he did at the Fine Arts where artist Vince Briffa, head of the Digital Art Department at the university, Sandro Debono, the museum curator, and yours truly were invited by the author to bounce off the various challenging art themes present in the publication to an interactive audience.

Dr Sant, who could be considered as the prime exponent of internet art in Malta, is now director of research at the University of Hull's School of Arts and New Media in Scarborough in the UK after a number of years studying in the US, where he used to lecture about performance and new media at New York University.

Of course he also lectures in his home country at the University of Malta.

The author takes us on a virtual tour of this amazing arts furnace guided by Martha Wilson, the founder-director who takes pride in her organisation's mission of making "the world safe for avant-garde art".

Franklin Furnace seized the opportunity to develop its very existence from a physical gallery cum centre for artists, who were not being supported by existing artistic institutions, to createthe Franklin Furnace Fund for Performance Art allowing emerging artists to produce major works in New York. It also initiated the Sequential Art for Kids on its tenth birthday.

A number of bizarre circumstances accompanied the Furnace in the next 10 years, including a series of unfortunate institutional mishaps which eventually contributed to its very survival when in 1997 FF launched its website www.franklinfurnace.org with the prime focus on giving access to freedom of expression and a broader audience for emerging artists through new media. Some events in the second decade, however, did bring about the acquisition of FF's collection of artists' books – the largest in the US – by the Museum of Modern Art and the enviable presence of Andy Warhol as one of its directors just before he died in 1987.

From its first netcasting season, featuring 10 artists in 1998, to its move to the Brooklyn Academy of Music district in 2004, the Furnace reached a very high point when it was entrusted to digitise and publish on internet records of performances, installations, exhibits and other events produced by the organisation through a generous grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities in 2006. Only two years ago FF launched its online version of the Franklin Furnace database.

The author lists an amazing timeline of high-profile artistic institutions and authorities that, over the years, supported the unique enabling role of this furnace in the world of avant-garde art.

Besides a long conversation with Martha Wilson the author also collects other exponents' input in the first part of his book. Over three engaging chapters in the second part Toni Sant deals with broadcasting artists' ideas, the virtually-live role of today's artists' interactive messages, as well as the preservation of the frequently elusive avant-garde art.

As a media person myself I am mostly drawn to the debate on broadcasting artists' ideas. In chapter three the author follows various artists' successful moves from paper to internet, asserting that this electronic tool is the latest and best medium for an artist. He cites artist Frank Moore who loves the internet as it provides thousands of viewers while counter-balancing with another artist, Phillpot, who laments on cheapness and numbers: these do not necessarily guarantee public access or public interest. Franklin Furnace's intimacy with its experience of art is seen through its attraction to the masses.

It is difficult to appreciate an artist's work/s via internet without first having access to his/her electronic artists' book, which, in simplest terms, could be described as a web-based live performance art project. Toni Sant sums it up: electronic artists' books, unlike paintings or

sculptures in a gallery or museum where they are displayed almost like untouchable holy relics, give the reader or viewer a very open-ended opportunity to interpret meanings from the work.

After all, as the author points out, even Michel Foucault in The Archeology of Knowledge admits that the frontiers of a book are never clean-cut because of references to other books, texts and sentences; it is a "node within a network". Avant-garde artists believe that if an idea can be kept alive between originator and beholder it has a higher level of interactivity.

Chapter four debates the very "liveness" of virtual art. The author holds that once a performance is saved, recorded or documented "it becomes something other than (live) performance".

He believes FF has been addressing the paradox of digital live art by questioning and doing it at the same time.

Chapter five stresses the need to preserve the avant-garde through digital cataloguing. Acknowledging the FF's mission to make event archives access-ible to the public, the author opines that it is artists themselves who should strive to perpetuate the living memory of their works, possibly also by networking, as FF does, in order to survive in a continuously changing environment.

This book is an agent provocateur for any digital art lover or indeed anyone with an artistic message on the internet.

TIMELINE OF NEA 4 EVENTS
BY C. CARR

MAY 18, 1989	D'Amato rips up the catalog containing Andre Serrano's "Piss Christ" on the Senate floor
JUNE 13, 1989	Corcoran Gallery of Art (Wash DC) cancels Robt Mapplethorpe's show, "The Perfect Moment"
JULY 1989	John Frohnmayer becomes chair of the NEA
JULY 1989	Rep. Dana Rohrbacher (R- Ca) initiates the first of many proposals to defund the agency
NOVEMBER 8, 1989	Frohnmayer revokes a $10,000 grant to Artists Space for "Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing" (a show about AIDS) because of a catalog essay by David Wojnarowicz which angrily denounces Cardinal O'Connor, Jesse Helms and other right-wingers
FEBRUARY 1990	Dana Rohrbacher tells the House that the Kitchen received taxpayer funds for a "live sex act show" by Annie Sprinkle. In reality--not a live sex show. Not NEA funded.
FEBRUARY 1990	Dana Rohrbacher sends letters to all House members condemning NEA support for David Wojnarowicz's retrospective
FEBRUARY 1990	An article on "obscene art" in a local Moonie paper, The New York City Tribune, singles out artists Karen Finley, Cheri Gaulke, Frank Moore and Johanna Went - for shows done at Franklin Furnace
FEBRUARY 1990	Solo Performance peer panel unanimously recommends funding 18 artists including Karen Finley, Holly Hughes, Tim Miller, and John Fleck
APRIL 6, 1990	Frohnmayer sends a "heads up" memo to the White House alerting them to possible controversy over Finley's grant but he's decided the work has artistic merit
APRIL 7, 1990	"The Perfect Moment" opens in Cincinnati. Museum director Dennis Barrie is indicted for pandering obscenity and "illegal use of a minor in nudity-oriented material"
MAY 11, 1990	Evans and Novak publish a column saying that Frohnmayer has been advised to veto several theater grants, including one to Karen Finley, whom they label "the chocolate-smeared woman"
MAY 13, 1990	The National Council on the Arts (an advisory group) convenes to discuss the grants. Frohnmayer tells them there are problems. "Five hand grenades on the table" says one Council member. Frohnmayer states: "Holly Hughes is a lesbian and her work is

	very heavily of that genre. That is what is going to be in the press if you fund it." Council decides to table the problem till August because the agency is facing reauthorization
EARLY JUNE	Frohnmayer asks the NEA's general counsel to conduct a telephone poll of the National Council about the Solo Theater grants. Someone leaks news of the poll to the right-wing Washington Times, which then does an article filled with inflammatory misinformation on Finley, Hughes and Fleck
JUNE 1990	Congress passes the "decency clause" which says the NEA must consider not just artistic merit but "general standards of decency and respect for the diverse beliefs of the American public."
JUNE 29, 1990	The agency announces the defunding of the Four: Finley, Hughes, Miller, and Fleck
JULY 1990	David Gergen attacks the Four in US News in an article notable for its many factual errors called "Who Should Pay for Porn?"
AUGUST 1990	The House of Representatives engages in an hour-long debate over Judy Chicago's Dinner Party: "ceramic 3-D pornography" and slashes the budget of the University of the District of Columbia deleting the exact amount slated for housing this work
SEPTEMBER 27, 1990	The Four file suit against the NEA and Frohnmayer charging that their grants were denied for political reasons
SOMETIME in 1991	Rightwingers attack the Portable Lower East Side for printing a poem by Sapphire called "Wild Thing" written from the point of view of a rapist - Frohnmayer defends the poem
FEBRUARY 1992	Frohnmayer is forced to resign
JUNE 1992	A district judge in LA declares the decency clause unconstitutional
MARCH 1993	The Clinton administration appeals the federal court decision striking down the "decency clause" saying that content restrictions of federally funded art are legal under Rust v. Sullivan, the gag rule that prohibited doctors from discussing abortion in federally funded clinics
JUNE 1993	The NEA settles out of court with The Four who get the grants denied them in 1990 --- but the Four decide to litigate against the decency clause
APRIL 1998	Arguments before the Supreme Court on the decency clause

JUNE 25, 1998	The Supreme Court upholds the decency clause while declaring the language "advisory'" and meaningless
Late 2001	NEA rescinds a grant to William Pope.L for his retrospective, "Eracism." Press reports blame it on a 1996 piece called "Member, or Schlong Journey" in which Pope.L walked through Harlem with a white cardboard tube mounted crotch-high on the rolling base for an office chair, a white stuffed bunny in a Snugli strapped to his chest. The Times reported that he was walking around Manhattan with a 14-ft-long white cardboard penis

Project MUSE®

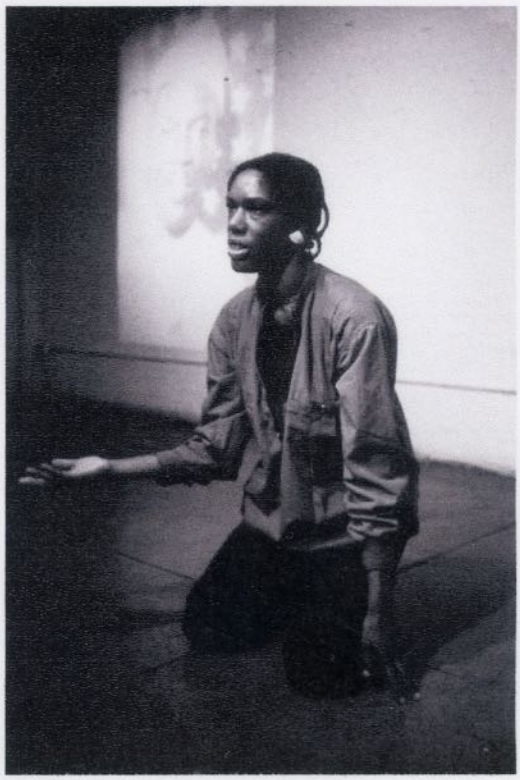
The Fiery Furnace

Performance in the '80s, War in the '90s

C. Carr

The performance space at Franklin Furnace never stopped looking like the ordinary basement it was. Exposed pipes. Clip-on lights. Then, "75 people on hard folding chairs." (So Martha Wilson described the audience [Wilson 1997].) At the back a couple of windows opened on an airshaft, where the occasional intrepid performer entered the so-called stage. (There wasn't one.) The sink and refrigerator were occasionally incorporated into a piece, while the cement floor and brick walls never got an upgrade even to rec-room ambience. Yet this basement was the opposite of "nothing special." This was rare. This was an autonomous zone. Since it closed in 1990, it hasn't been replaced on the New York performance scene, and may never be.

The Furnace accommodated artists the way a gallery does, but like the East Village clubs, the space was funky and impervious, the attitude "no holds barred." Here an audience could see that part of the performance art spectrum that is *not* about theatre, though there was that too: a first show for Eric Bogosian, for example, in 1977. Here an artist could also choose to work all week on an installation, then perform in it, or live in it. Galleries may support such a project for someone who's established, but not for the emerging artists served by the Furnace. Even at other edgy downtown venues, you had to strike the set every night.



1. Robbie McCauley in her autobiographical My Father and the Wars, *21 November 1985. (Photo by Marty Heitner; courtesy of Franklin Furnace)*

The Furnace helped fill in some very important cracks, by supporting artists who might have otherwise fallen through them. Tehching Hsieh, for example, created world-renowned year-long ordeals in the late '70s and early '80s, but had no gallery, no funding, no actual toehold in the art world. In 1981/82, he did a piece in which he lived on the street, never entering a building, subway, tent, or other shelter. The Furnace arranged to display the artifacts—the maps he made every day to show where he'd been, his greasy

The Drama Review 49, 1 (T185), Spring 2005. *© 2005 New York University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology*

2. & 3. Tehching Hsieh "Living Outside" during a One Year Performance, *26 September 1981 at 2:00 P.M. to 26 September 1982 at 2:00 P.M. (Photo courtesy of Franklin Furnace) The installation at Franklin Furnace, 16 February 1983–12 March 1983, included photos, maps, and artifacts. (Photo by Marty Heitner; courtesy of Franklin Furnace)*

pungent clothing, the photo documentation. They did this so soon after that preparations were negotiated with him on the stoop. He was still doing the piece and couldn't enter the space.

Back when she opened on 3 April 1976, Wilson saw the Furnace as a store and archive for artist books. Then that first June, artist Martine Aballea asked to do a reading from her book. Wilson said, "Yes." "Yes" was the ethos of Franklin Furnace. Wilson approached her job like an artist—with a willingness to take risks—and said "yes" if it was at all feasible. This would end up changing (art) history. For example, Aballea then showed up in costume, lugging her own light and stool—and the performance art program was born.

Franklin Furnace began as one of the alternative spaces made possible after the creation of the National Endowment for the Arts. "In those days, NEA program officers came to the Furnace to encourage us to apply," Wilson remembers. A couple of decades later, she found it shocking to realize that the '70s had been a golden age. "We were the darlings of the avantgarde," she said of the Furnace and its Tribeca/Soho neighbors of that time: Printed Matter, the Clocktower, the Collective for Living Cinema, the Kitchen, Artists Space.

> We got money. We got praise. The notion that experiment is good and should be supported by the culture was out and about. We had no idea that the climate would change 180 degrees. I would say by about the mid-'80s, the avantgarde was viewed as a virus eating away at the body politic—something that needed to be stamped out if possible. Artists should be—if not killed—at least silenced. (Wilson 1997)

In the period just preceding the culture wars—late '70s to mid '80s—the art margin percolated with manic energy. That was the era of "schizo-culture," postmodernism crossed with punk, and so much began then: In 1975, a new band, Television, played the first live music at a Bowery dive called CBGBs. In 1979,

artists took studio space, then performance space, in the empty P.S. 122. Between 1979 and 1984, the East Village performance clubs opened in basements (Club 57, Darinka, 8BC), storefronts (WOW, Limbo), actual bars (the Pyramid), even second-floor apartments (Chandalier), and performers had great freedom, restrained only by occasionally raucous audiences with short attention spans. It was a time of political engagement with art's impact (*The Real Estate Show,* 1980) or America's impact (*Artists Call Against U.S. Intervention in Central America,* 1984), and galleries blooming in dozens of tiny East Village storefronts (starting with Fun Gallery in 1981). Certain artists took their work directly to the street (Jenny Holzer, Jean-Michel Basquiat) or the subway (Keith Haring), or re-created "street" in an old massage parlor (*The Times Square Show,* 1980). It was an era of fashionable heroin, DIY aesthetics, and Super-8 blockbusters starring Lydia Lunch. "I think it was an age of innocence," says Wilson, "because we were still under the impression that we could change the world."

AS FEMINISTS WE FIND THAT PORNOGRAPHY CAN GIVE US FREEDOM TO
EXPLORE SEX. WE ALSO RECOGNIZE THE DEMEANING EFFECT IT HAS
ON BOTH WOMEN AND MEN. MANY PEOPLE THINK PORNOGRAPHY IS
A MAJOR FACTOR IN SOCIETY'S NEGATIVE ATTITUDE TOWARD WOMEN
AND WOULD PREFER TO GET RID OF IT COMPLETELY. WE WISH TO PRE-
SENT A NEW WAY OF LOOKING AT PORNOGRAPHY THAT WOULD ENABLE
PEOPLE TO SEE ITS DISTORTIONS AND RECOGNIZE THE VALUE OF THEIR
OWN SEXUALITY AS WELL AS THAT OF ALL PEOPLE.

4. Carnival Knowledge's Second Coming, *January 1984. Installation view of exhibition manifesto, artist books, and drawings by Nancy van Goethem. (Photo by Marty Heitner; courtesy of Franklin Furnace)*

5. Jennifer Miller and Susan Seizer in Mud Wedding, *14 January 1984, as part of Carnival Knowledge's performance series at Franklin Furnace. (Photo by Marty Heitner; courtesy of Franklin Furnace)*

Any space first opened to honor artist books is not concerned with being trendy, but Wilson was attuned to the ferment and provided a door into the art world for people like Holzer, for example, who had her first show (*Truisms*) at the Furnace in 1978. Wilson also turned the space over to Artists Call for an exhibit in '84.

Wilson liked breaking barriers. In January 1984, she presented Carnival Knowledge's *The Second Coming,* a pioneering show that brought feminists and sex workers together to ask: Could there be feminist porn? A porn that doesn't denigrate women or children? These questions were posed in a manifesto painted in red on the Furnace wall. The feminist artists in Carnival Knowledge had first encountered Candida Royalle, Veronica Vera, and Annie Sprinkle at a porn trade show. They all met together for a year, wrote a proposal, and Wilson said, "Yes." Hundreds of artist books and videos with sexual themes went on display on the main floor. Gossamer fabric breasts hung in the stairway leading to the basement, and there Carnival Knowledge featured "domestic" pieces dealing with everything from eating to masturbation. Performances included mud-wrestling done by artists and monologues done by sex workers, most notoriously *Deep Inside Porn Stars,* in which they talked about their lives. Twenty years later, it's easy to forget how revolutionary that was. The Morality Action Committee picketed for an afternoon and soon had church groups all over the country writing to Wilson's funders. Two of them, Exxon and Woolworth's, pulled their money out. Another vanguard moment. And just the prelude to real trouble. But I'll get to that.

Franklin Furnace was small, just a storefront, with a specialized mission defined by Wilson as "time-based art" (artist books and performance). Given that, the range of work was amazing.

For example:

4 October 1985. "The poetry of words is over," announced Jean-Paul Curtay during the opening for *Letterism and Hypergraphics: The Unknown Avant-Garde.* We were in the gallery on the main floor, where work on the walls indicated that, indeed, the alphabet was in deep trouble. Entire new symbol systems covered portraits, musical scores, and calendars like so much code.

Exhibitions at the Furnace usually featured work that was hot off the griddle, but some shows honored precursors to the art that was Wilson's regular fare. Curtay, who'd curated the *Letterism* show, clicked, shrieked, and wheezed his poems that evening. In my notes, I attempted to describe them: "the exasperated protest of an extraterrestrial" and so on. Curtay talked about the work's significance, how Letterism splintered off from Dada in 1945, influenced by that movement but critical of its nihilism. They'd come up with 150 new "letters," all the sounds that written language omitted and polite company outlawed—gargling, snorting, moaning, slurping, etc. Letterist work confronted the inadequacy of language by pushing it into pure sound for greater emotional range. Poetry had returned to some preliterate origin.

Six days later. I returned to the Furnace for a standing-room-only performance of *Made for TV Terrorism* in the basement. I'll never forget it. I'd already seen Dancenoise (Anne Iobst, Lucy Sexton) in the East Village clubs, a setting that relegated their choreographed aggression, combat boots, and ugly soundtrack to the head-banging context of punk. At the Furnace, they looked uncategorizable. (And they *were* in 1985.) For one thing, they'd been decorating. Squirt guns, oven mitts, Spidermen and Mickey Mice hung by strings over the audience. Along the west wall a banner read ESCAPE=BANG. Along the east wall hung many surgical gloves. A blue lamb–shaped chalkboard across the back bore the message, "Make your bed." Behind my right shoulder, I saw a baby doll in

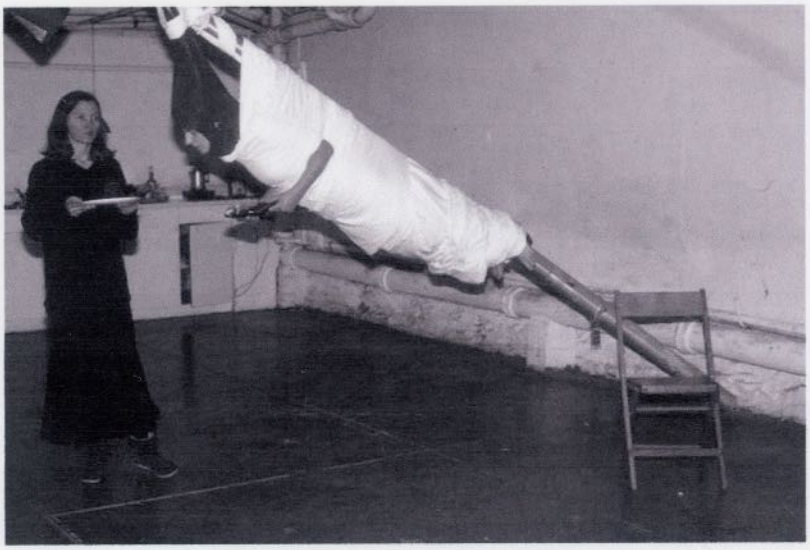
6. Anne Iobst and Lucy Sexton, the Dancenoice duo, performing Made for TV Terrorism *at Franklin Furnace on 10 October 1985. (Photo by Marty Heitner; courtesy of Franklin Furnace)*

bloody playsuit stuck up in the pipes; behind our chairs, broken dolls and toys. Dancenoise would soon challenge every bromide laid out to little girls—and then some.

Don't make a mess. Don't fuck up your doll.

They performed surgery on a female dummy, tap-danced, ran full force into a wall, removed two male dummies in long johns and lizard heads from a refrigerator, talked about terrorism, and endured many many fast costume changes. I'm sure that isn't the half of it. Near the end, they fought each other with knives, then disemboweled the lizard-headed dummies they'd hung from the ceiling during some hardboiled pas de deux, leaving so much fake blood and real slime on the floor they could have skated away. Here was a "critique of representation" that burst right from the gut. Sexton and Iobst never intellectualized about their stuff, but they were among the transgressive women performers of that era who worked straight from the id to address issues of power and control—a fact I was just starting to put together in October 1985. I only knew then that the show thrilled me.

December 1985. I spent an hour in the basement watching an ordeal—*Heloise's Bird*. Angelika Wanke-Festa had been lashed to a pole cocoon-style, with white strips of cotton. Planted at a 45-degree angle, only her arms dangling free from the elbows down, she was wearing a red rabbit-ear headdress. Wanke-Festa would hang there for 24 hours. Spectators could walk through for nine of them. Around her, the basement had become a bizarre living space. Ancient home movies played across the back wall. At the center of the room, a black rabbit rooted through newspapers at the bottom of its cage. Another woman, Jay Sims, performed maintenance tasks: preparing food she didn't share, occasionally adjusting the helpless body on the pole. At one point, Sims read in German from the letters of Heloise and Abelard, interrupting Wanke-Festa, who'd been intoning, mantra-like, some long surreal text of childhood memory and fantasy: ". . . of course you can't expect people to like what you do, or to respect you for your effort or your ancestors, webbed feet or not . . ." I thought the piece depicted an exaggerated and sick parent/child relationship. When I came back the next day to watch it end, Wanke-Festa seemed barely able to hold her head up.



7. Angelika Wanke-Festa remained bound to a pole for 24 hours for Heloise's Bird, *12 December 1985. (Photo by Marty Heitner; courtesy of Franklin Furnace)*

This was an unusual endurance piece, given that the artist, who clearly suffered physically, turned herself into a character or perhaps just a prop in a story she didn't control.

14 May 1987. A woman in a blue wig and a dress cut full of revealing holes kissed every spectator who entered the basement, directing us to wait for a "mid-priest" who would take us to "the cave of the shaman"—a tent constructed from quilts, sheets, and strips of aluminum foil. There Frank Moore sat naked in his wheelchair. This self-appointed shaman was born with cerebral palsy, 99 percent physically disabled, spastic, and unable to speak. When we were told we could approach him, no one did. Moore lurched forward with a cry. He howled. Soon enough, people began to warm up. Moore's performances focus on what he calls eroplay, "an intense physical playing or touching of oneself and others" (press release), and they don't work without audience participation. Spectators were urged to explore Moore's body, then each other's. *Intimate Cave* went on for five hours, a reprise of the Summer of Love complete with group grope. A certain embarrassment threshold was reached, then crossed by some. Others were just uncomfortable. I took notes. That Moore would be the one urging us to stay connected with our physical selves seemed both ironic and poetic, even if his performance didn't motivate me to explore the anonymous bodies around me. As the evening wore on, the basement began to look like a photo of a Living Theatre event—half-naked people walking through a mess.

November–December 1987. I encountered the Anonymous Artist at the Furnace one night when I inadvertently crawled into his "monastery," a closet-size plywood structure on the main floor, where the artist was fasting and praying for 40 days and 40 nights. In the tiny antechamber, on hands and knees, visitors could peer through a slit about two inches high to see a blue-lit cell and the motionless white-shrouded figure of Anonymous. A single rosary decorated the wall. What distinguished this piece from other ordeals was its sincere and overt Christianity. Anonymous emerged without fanfare on Christmas Day "to share life, God's greatest gift, with the world" (press release). The piece's title, *Ad Interiori Deserti* (Toward the Interior Desert) was a reminder, however, that at such an internalized hermetic contemplative level, all religions begin to blend into

one. Most radical was the artist's decision to take no credit for the work. The Furnace press release promised that this person's age, race, and name would never be disclosed "in an effort to remove the influence of the artist from the artwork" (see Carr 1987).

May 1988. Fiona Templeton's *You—the City* was a Furnace piece set in various midtown streets and buildings, for an audience of one. Spectators entered this astonishing work at ten-minute intervals and had direct contact with each performer, which made the usual audience behavior (e.g., voyeurism) seem quite odd. It began, for example, in what seemed to be an office where each spectator in turn sat down across a desk from what appeared to be a businesswoman. Judging by her body language and inflection, we had an important deal to make. But she was saying things like "Get your desire like you get a joke." Upon completing her short monologue of non sequiturs, she led me from the office and downstairs into Times Square, where she announced, over the traffic din, "Your new idea will get older." Was I supposed to talk back? The "businesswoman" took me across the street and left me, as another woman in a fake leopard-skin coat rushed toward me. She and I, apparently, had known each other all our lives. Taking my arm, this woman guided me up the crowded sidewalk, her speech full of vague threats. I would have to "decide." My family would be "devastated." I seemed to be implicated in something. This charade? My passivity? The usual crises of perception and attention? Over the course of the next hour or so, I was handed on from person to person, even driven for a couple of blocks in a battered car with beer bottles rolling on the floor while the driver said things like, "Sophisticated audiences don't ask questions. You don't either, I see." But *You—the City* was definitely asking questions. What looks like acting and what doesn't? Do spectators need the acting (the distance) to feel comfortable with the behavior they're witnessing? And what's a spectator to do when she isn't just a spectator anymore?

Summer 1991. During a July and August residency at the Furnace, William Pope.L first painted the wall and floor to show a skyscraper falling from the sky to impale one hapless street person. Then he took to the streets himself to perform. Pope.L is an African American artist whose work exposes racial dynamics in ways designed to make everyone uncomfortable. One day he set out to wiggle down the street on his belly along Tompkins Square Park in Manhattan's East Village, holding a potted flower in one hand, dressed in a good black suit. Pope.L has done many of these crawls. For him, they're about the vulnerable black male body, about homelessness and the many black male bodies supine on the street, about the African American tradition of struggle. But that day, a black spectator intervened—first offering help, then confronting the white man documenting the piece, finally forcing the artist to stop after one block. On other days, Pope.L would park himself on a sidewalk to sell aspirin (at a hundred dollars per pill) and mayonnaise (a hundred dollars per spoonful). He also did the first version of a signature piece, *Eating the Wall Street Journal*. He quite literally ate *Wall Street* newsprint while seated on the sidewalk on an American flag.

The abject imagery in much of Pope.L's work speaks to the subconscious damage done by racism—and the humiliating consequences. Fear, anxiety, shame, dyspepsia. In a closing performance at the Furnace, Pope.L sat on a stage built in front of the window, visible to anyone passing by. Dressed in a pair of white Jockey shorts, Pope.L covered the rest of his body with mayonnaise, becoming (briefly) "white." In the 90-plus heat, the mayo soon began to drip, turning transparent and shiny. Then there was the smell, described by the artist as "sickening" (Pope.L 2002). So he stood there, glistening and rank, showing the videotape of *Crawl Tompkins* and reading from the journals he'd kept about his street activities. A sign that read "How Much Is That Nigger in the Window?" hung on the

front door. From gag-inducing foodstuffs to N-word, it's all about what can't be stomached.

The Furnace constantly took risks with people who didn't yet have much of a track record, giving first New York shows to visual artists like David Hammons and Barbara Kruger, and to performers like Karen Finley, Guillermo Gómez-Peña, Annie Sprinkle, and Robbie McCauley. I don't mean to imply that every Furnace show was brilliant. Sometimes when you're "emerging," you're half-baked. Sometimes experiments fail. But if they succeed, they can become legendary. In what's left of "alternative space" today, few presenters can afford (literally) to allow failures, and this is terrible. Those who know they mustn't fail can't risk anything. That being said, I saw little outright failure at the Furnace. The old storefront earned its spot on the avantgarde walking tour because Martha Wilson was at work in the office loft, granting artists permission to leave terra firma, and sometimes they soared.

But, on 21 May 1990, Wilson came to work to find large white stickers affixed to the front door: "VACATE—DO NOT ENTER. THE DEPARTMENT OF BUILDINGS HAS DETERMINED THAT CONDITIONS IN THIS PREMISES ARE IMMINENTLY PERILOUS TO LIFE." That day, after 14 apparently perilous years, the Furnace was charged with not having an illuminated exit sign or emergency lighting and with keeping the front door locked during a show. The basement performance space never opened again.

The war against the National Endowment for the Arts was then one year old. I date the opening salvo to 18 May 1989, when Senator Alfonse D'Amato rose dramatically on the Senate floor to rip up the catalog containing Andres Serrano's *Piss Christ*. On 13 June 1989, Washington DC's Corcoran Gallery of Art canceled Robert Mapplethorpe's show, *The Perfect Moment*. In July, Republican congressman Dana Rohrbacher initiated the first proposal to defund the agency, and in the fall, new NEA chair John Frohnmayer revoked a $10,000 grant to Artists Space for *Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing*, an exhibition about AIDS.

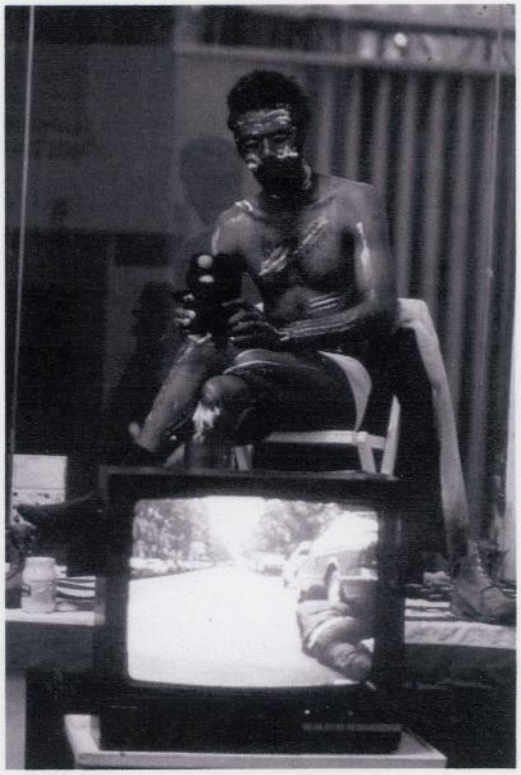
These events were mere foreshadowing to the blitzkrieg year of 1990, when repression and paranoia hit nonprofit arts organizations with gale force. That was the year that Mapplethorpes's show opened in Cincinnati and museum director Dennis Barrie was indicted for pandering obscenity and the illegal use of a child in nudity-oriented material (*New York Times* 1990). It was the year that Congressman Rohrbacher accused the Kitchen of using taxpayer money for Annie Sprinkle's *Post Porn Modernist*. (Sprinkle had never even applied for a grant, much less received one.) And it was the year the House of Representatives engaged in an hour-long debate over Judy Chicago's 1974 *Dinner Party*.

No one knows to this day how Franklin Furnace ended up on the far right's radar screen. Maybe it dated back to the Carnival Knowledge show, where Annie Sprinkle made her transition from porn star to performance artist. But that wouldn't explain how they got the names of certain other artists, some of whom weren't even well-known within the art world. In February 1990, the *New York City Tribune*, a right-wing rag published by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, published an article on "obscene art," singling out performance artists Karen Finley, Cheri Gaulke, Frank Moore, and Johanna Went. All created work that had sexual content. All had performed at the Furnace. In fact, all but Finley were from California and had performed at no other New York arts venue. In March 1990, Senator Jesse Helms ordered the General Accounting Office to investigate the "questionable activities" of the endowment, giving them a list of artists that included the four named in the *Tribune* article.

Then in May, 10 days before the basement closed, conservative columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak published a piece ridiculing Karen Finley

as "a chocolate-smeared woman" (1990:23). Three days before the basement closed, Finley opened upstairs at the Furnace with an installation, *A Woman's Life Isn't Worth Much*—words and images about the horrors wrought by sexism and misogyny painted directly on the wall. Finley had done her first New York performance in the Furnace basement in 1983, a monologue called *I Like the Dwarf on the Table When I Give Him Head*. (As Wilson remembers it, the artist also took a bath in a suitcase.) When the fire department shut the performance space, Wilson assumed a Finley critic was to blame. What really happened was that a man had tried to leave in the middle of a Diane Torr performance the night before, found the door locked from the inside, and called the fire department.

It got worse. A couple of weeks after her show at the Furnace closed, Finley was defunded by the NEA—along with John Fleck, Holly Hughes, and Tim Miller—while various officials showed up at the Furnace to grill and to probe. The General Accounting Office began the investigation ordered by Helms, while the state comptroller and the IRS both launched audits. Ironically, the NEA itself had been auditing the Furnace (and other spaces) since 1985, and would continue to do so until 1995, part of what Wilson described as the endowment's effort "to fund the good-looking and professional side of the art world while defunding the chaotic and hairy" (Wilson 2004).



8. Wiliam Pope.L in a performance that closed How Much Is That Nigger in the Window?, *an installation at Franklin Furnace from 1 July 1991 through 31 August 1991. (Photo by Marty Heitner; courtesy of Franklin Furnace)*

The Furnace would never again be free from the scrutiny of people who hated everything it stood for. Early in 1992, an NEA peer panel awarded the Furnace a $25,000 grant, only to have the neocon political appointees in the agency strip it away. The issue was "artistic merit," supposedly. Of course, what does that mean? According to the neocons, who'd implemented bureaucratic changes to "break the grip of the arts establishment" on the agency (see Carr 1992), it meant the content of one videotape included with the proposal. That tape featured a sexually explicit performance by one Scarlet O. The peer panel—the "arts establishment"—saw more than that, namely the organization's reputation over a 16-year history. But when the Furnace's proposal got to the National Council on the Arts, an advisory body of arts luminaries appointed by the President, only the poet Donald Hall voted "yes." That year, for the first time since the organization opened, the Furnace failed to get an NEA grant.

Over the years, a fragile ecology had developed among the NEA, foundations, and corporations to support the nonprofit art world. Once the Endowment was under attack, that whole ecology began to erode. For example, the NEA stopped granting seasonal support to arts groups—meaning, money to just pay rent and the light bill. They did this to stop tax-funded electricity from shining on the likes of Annie Sprinkle. Conservatives wouldn't allow it.

That's admittedly the Cliff Notes version of what went wrong financially on the cultural margin. The point is that everyone has struggled since the '90s, but the Furnace had a huge extra burden. Losing that basement seemed to cut the guts out of the organization, and Wilson was never able to compensate for that loss with her Franklin Furnace in Exile series at other venues. She spent a year interviewing architects in pursuit of a redesign that would bring the building up to code, finally selecting a beautiful plan by Bernard Tschumi, doable for

$500,000. But in a funding climate where it's hard to pay the light bill, a new space was mere pie in the sky.

Wilson went virtual early in 1997 to stay true to the overarching mission at the Furnace: preserving, promoting, and disseminating the work of the avantgarde. But I regard the demise of the Franklin Street space as Exhibit A on what it meant to lose the culture war.

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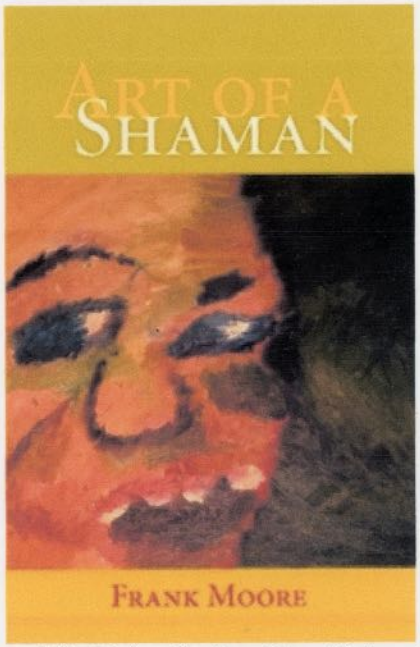
C. Carr *was a staff writer at the* Village Voice *for 16 years, where she covered the art margins, especially the performance scene, and the ensuing culture wars. Her book,* On Edge: Performance at the End of the Twentieth Century, *was published by Wesleyan University Press/University Press of New England in 1993. A new book, about the impact of a lynching on a small Midwestern town, will be published in Fall 2005 by Crown.*

Tuesday, June 21, 2011

In the Shaman's Den: Meeting Frank Moore



In a seeming other lifetime ago, while living in Boulder, Colorado, I enrolled in several writing classes at The Naropa Institue. Naropa is the first Buddhist-accredited College in the nation, and along with leading the edge of contemplative education, it is home to the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics.

At the time I was began taking classes at Naropa, I was working as a journalist, competing in cycling races and living with my upstanding husband in a lovely home not far from downtown. Life was great, really, but something inside I couldn't name was a bit restless. While I had always wrote and dabbled in art & music most of my life, I was pretty clueless about what it was to really *be* an artist, and how spirituality, however you practice, is part and parcel of that deal.

At Naropa; however, I was thrown into that world, if for only a few hours each week, where the messages of the unconscious were heeded and first thought was best thought. This was a school founded by Beat Poet leaders Alan Ginsberg and Anne Waldman. Seeing these committed and brave artists at the local coffeehouse, or in the grocery store, as well as in class and on stage showed me how the mundane could be, and was, sacred. My world view soon began to crack open a bit...and my life soon looked much different than the Boulder postcard I had created.

Now, years later, I count that time as hugely pivotal to leading me on the road to finding a voice and spiritual practices that support living both authentically and expressively. Even thought I know this is a long road, I've been forgetting this. It's easy for some of us to get lost in the ordinary.

But lo, a visit to Frank Moore's Shaman's Den was added to the gig calendar some months back. I did not know this would be the thing to jar me back awake to some of these hard-learned lessons. Ostensibly, my trip to the the Den was simply the performance of the week, a podcast taping for Frank's www.LUVeR.com radio where I'd perform a set of my songs along with guitarist Kwame Copeland. I've been doing a fair amount of this sort of thing, and while I'd prepared my set list and rehearsed, I hadn't done much research on Frank. I liked that LUVeR stood for Love. Underground. Visionary. Revolution., and expected a groovy experience but I got *much* more, including a well-timed shot of inspiration regarding what it

means to take on your art...and live it.
Sunday was a gorgeous summer day, and we knew as soon as we pulled up to LUVeR headquarters on the Berkeley/Albany boarder, that something special was going on. Several rainbow painted vehicles were parked outside a well tended garden filled with avian statuary and glow-light peace sign in front of a brightly painted house. Our sound engineer Mikee greeted us, assistant Linda offered us freshly brewed mint tea and we set up our guitars, noticing art on the walls, Frank Moore for President T-shirts, as well as photos of a joyous looking man in a wheelchair.
This was Frank, who, despite having been born with cerebral palsy, which renders him unable to walk and talk, has written numerous books, a wealth of poetry, painted, acted, played in punk rock bands and busted probably every boundary there is as a performance artist exploring 'eroplay.' Annie Sprinkle counts him a mentor; an NEA artist, Moore was among the artists Jesse Helms targeted as 'obscene.'
The facts of Frank's extensive body of work is pretty fucking amazing really, even if performance art isn't your thing, which dawned on me as the afternoon progressed. I was in the living room of someone who was the real deal in the bravery/edge-riding/originality department.
(Mostly) confined to a wheelchair, Frank greeted us with a smile and, 'speaking' with the help of a pretty nifty laser-operated painted 'keyboard and Linda, hosted our Folk/Rock/Americana performance with grace and a very large heart. After we played, he proceeded to interview me about my work, asking about Buddhism, music, writing and travel. After explaining a bit about why I liked the more collectively minded perspective of India, he pulled out a poem he'd written for me to read about Tribal artistry, a visionary call to action. While Frank's performance work is, and can be shocking for it's no holds barred exploration of human physicality and connection, his writings have been largely concerned with the possibilities in art and performance and cultural subversion. Ultimately, they're calls to connection, and love, rather than isolation.
Buddhist guidance has led me to believe that our lives hardships often point us to our life's mission. Frank has clearly heeded his mission. Lucky me to cross his path.

"Being in a non-normal body has made it clear to me that life is a process of performance. My body and my attitudes toward life break taboos and change things even by my just sitting in a fancy restaurant. A sexy woman, Linda is feeding me, laughing, having a good time. Peas and beets and mashed potatoes are running down my matted beard. For me and Linda, it is just everyday life. But for the up-tight, high-class society lady at the next table, it is a terribly gross, disgusting attack on her neat clean reality. I cough, loud and long. A knife cuts the normal world. A young homely girl at another table thinks, "If he can have fun, why can't I?" In this way, I have always been a performer." — Frank Moore, Art of A Shaman

Posted by Bird in the Tree (Deborah Crooks) at 11:11 AM
Labels: artists, Berkeley, live music, music, performance art, USA, visual art

Podcast here: http://www.luver.net/podcasts/deborahcrooks-audio.mp3

June 24, 2011 2:55 PM

San Francisco Chronicle

96Hours

Thursday, June 30, 2011
San Francisco Chronicle

SFGate

Let it hang out at 'Uncomfortable Zones of Fun'

June 30, 2011|By Kimberly Chun

We came, we saw, we read local performance artist-provocateur **Frank Moore**'s poem "Art Is a Bitch." And, oh, yes, we watched Moore and a portion of the audience get nekkid at Saturday's "Uncomfortable Zones of Fun." You, too, can experience the joys of unsettled discomfort, or unclothing comfort, every fourth Saturday of the month at Temescal Arts Center in Oakland, when Moore - who has cerebral palsy and communicates with a laser-pointer visor that he aims at colorful letters and words on a wooden board - lets his shaman hang out. All this despite a recent e-mail from a **Downtown Berkeley Association** member complaining about Moore's show flyers, said the artist's partner **Linda Mac.** (Berkeley City Councilmember **Kriss Worthington** came to their aid.) One of the highlights of the evening: An artist's model, who skipped watching a soccer game to get uncomfortable, resisted dropping trou at Moore's request. "Bet soccer looks pretty good now," Moore signaled humorously.

http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?f=/c/a/2011/06/30/NS901K197D.DTL

Uncomfortable Zones of Fun

December 17, 2011 by Sasha Cagen |

Frank Moore

My friend Jenny invited me; in an email and in the car on the way there, she warned me, "We can walk out early. I'm okay with that." I didn't read any of the links she sent in advance because I decided, "I want to do this blind." Come what may. My social life in the Bay Area is a bit predictable. I am ready to be shocked and uncomfortable. And Jenny and I haven't gotten to do enough fun stuff together lately.

The event was called "Uncomfortable Zones of Fun." This monthly event has been going on for three years and it's hosted by the legendary performance artist Frank Moore and his entourage of supporters over at the Temescal Arts Center in Oakland. Moore is most famous for being one of the NEA-funded artists targeted by Jesse Helms in the early 90s for making "obscene" art. Jenny and I walked in ten minutes early and we were the only ones there. I whispered, "Do you think we will be the only ones?" It would be higher stakes to walk out if we were the whole audience.

Slowly seven more people trickled in to sit with us on the padded floor. They were a motley bunch: a young guy who had been traveling North America for a year, an articulate young research scientist, a mother-daughter pair, and a guy

wearing a San Francisco Drug Users Union t-shirt. Frank Moore sat up front assisted by a woman who seemed to be a longtime collaborator and assistant. She interpreted and spoke for him. Frank was born with cerebral palsy and he can't walk or talk. He communicates with the audience using a laser-pointer perched on a headband around his head, and a board of letters, numbers, and commonly-used words.

The performance consisted mainly of him asking questions of the audience, putting them on the spot and making them uncomfortable. The questions were not so crazy, "What attracted you to come here?" "What do you do for fun?" "What do you do?" Jenny had whispered to me, "He is well-known for asking people to take off their clothes or to undress others." He didn't ask me to do either. My answer would be a definite no, especially because they film the whole thing for a Berkeley public access show.

The theory: By making ourselves uncomfortable, we expand our range of what we are capable of doing. Making ourselves uncomfortable makes us more alive. I'm a big believer that life begins outside of our comfort zone. I also believe in the perfect stretch–a bit outside the comfort zone, but not so much that it blows you out. I was amazed by how "normal" many of the audience members were and how willing they were to play. Only one (the guy in the Drug Users Union t-shirt) was game to take off his clothes, but they were willing to create improv situations on the spot and to play percussion instruments. Upon request, Jenny and I each read a chapter each of two of his books. I read a chapter that exhorted performance artists to not censor themselves.

My favorite part was how Moore challenged me with his appearance. The man is 65 and had huge gob of saliva clumped together and cascading through his beard. He quivered as he tried to communicate, and I could see, when I got up to sit next to him to read from his book, that his laser pointing never really was stable enough to rest on letters. I noticed how grossed out I felt by his appearance, and how he challenged my beliefs that only "attractive" human beings should be on stage. I felt uncomfortable and ashamed to judge. His delight in life was palpable, despite age, despite handicaps. The man has a harem of lovers and he does nothing if it is not fun. He is prolifically creative. He described his writing as "improv with a computer." (I want my writing to feel like improv too. Something unexpected, words that cannot be predicted and are not agonized over.) He questions whether his cerebal palsy is a "handicap." I love people who only do fun. Every so often I meet one of these characters and they remind me of what life is about. I would love to do a book of profiles about people who only do fun.

Though most would see Moore as deeply disabled he has created his own unique, deeply creative and bizarre life on his own terms and created his own version of freedom. I am in the midst of struggling with my own health limitations since being diagnosed with celiac disease and taking on a strict gluten-free diet that makes social situations and travel complicated. How can I even complain for a second when I look at someone like Moore who goes for life with such insane zest even though he has never been able to speak normally. I worry when my pinkie hurts, Will I be able to type and write? This

man has somehow managed to write and create art despite the fact that he cannot control his limbs. We are capable of anything when we are resourceful.

With Frank as my odd inspiration, I undertake a new challenge for myself: living out loud, writing at least one blog post a day that will be like "improv with my computer." Let's see how this goes.

Jenny and I did walk out early, after most of the rest of the audience. I went to the bathroom and was surprised to walk out and find two of his harem slithering naked on top of him in his wheelchair. They were engaged in non-orgasmic eroplay designed to melt boundaries between human beings.

We decided it was time to go get a drink. On the way out, we met a guy who was picking up a pizza next door, heard the music, and decided to check out what was going on. It was so much fun summing up the night for a curious passerby.

Categories: Uncategorized | Permalink

Author: Sasha Cagen

Sasha is a writer and life coach. And an adventurous dabbler in all of life.

A deep conversation about life with Frank Moore

http://sashacagen.com/uncategorized/a-deep-conversation-about-life-coupling-and-quirkyness-with-frank-moore/

March 26, 2012

There is no complaining in Frank Moore's world. That is what makes this rebel "cripple" performance artist, creator, and radical who has cerebral palsy so compelling—and why I wanted to do this interview. There are many fascinating twists in this conversation, and I recommend you watch the whole two-hour shebang. Your mind will be blown if you give this video your attention.

For me, doing this interview was like going on a trip, with no drugs. The video will challenge your patience as Frank slowly communicates. He "speaks" by using his red headlight on his forehead to point to the colorful keyboard-meets-Ouija board that sits on a tray on his wheelchair. He designed the keyboard with letters and his most commonly used words. He slowly picks out words and letters that Linda, who is sitting next to him on an exercise ball, reads aloud. He uses a tool that emanates from his forehead to paint and type. Frank made that painting that is sitting behind us.

Sasha Cagen (& Michael) - Frank Moore's Shaman's Den from Frank Moore on Vimeo.

Here is the backstory behind the interview. The theory is that by pushing ourselves out of comfort zones, we grow. I was afraid to go, and I'm sure this interview will give me inspiration for a long time to come. I hope it does the same for you.

Frank invited me to "talk deeply" with him on his cable-access show The Shaman's Den after I wrote this blog post reviewing his interactive show, Uncomfortable Zones of Fun. The email came the day after Christmas. To be honest, I was scared. The show promises it "will arouse, inspire, move, threaten you, not with sound bites, but with a two hour (usually longer) feast of live streaming video. You might get an in-studio concert of bands from around the world...or poetry reading...or an in-depth conversation about politics, art, music, and LIFE with extremely dangerous people! But then you may see beautiful women naked dancing erotically. You never know, because you are in The Shaman's Den with Frank Moore." I certainly wasn't going to dance naked erotically online and did not want people to think that's what I am about!

I told my new friend Michael, a science journalist and all-around inquiring mind, about the invitation, and he wanted to come. Emboldened by his company, I said, "Let's do it." I felt that it is symbolically important to do this interview; there would be a lot to learn from such a fearless and creative person, who has written books, directed plays, directed, acted in and edited films, regularly gives poetry readings, plays piano, sings in ensemble music jams, and continues to lead bands in hard core punk clubs despite having severe cerebral palsy since birth and never being able to walk or talk.

How can any of possibly complain about obstacles to doing the things we most want to do when there is a human being like Frank who can't speak or take care of his own basic needs, and has managed to live such a rich life? Frank does nothing for money, and only does the things he truly wants to do, so I knew there would be juice for me (and possibly you) there.

Frank is sharp. His questions often left me stumped. He asked questions like "How did you get started in your life?" (Not your work, but your life. . .)"When did you discover the power of quirky?"

After he interviewed me, I interviewed him, and my questions elicited an oral history of Frank's beginnings: how he got started on his adventures as a teenager in a wheelchair who could not speak or walk. Totally dependent on others to meet his most basic needs, he set off across the country hitch-hiking to go to communes in Arizona, Massachusetts, and then back to California. Wherever he went he attracted people to him. Despite the "ugliness" of his appearance, and his incredible need, he radiates a powerful freedom from fear and a curiosity about others. He has a way of "seeing" people at their deepest essence level. There were plenty of difficult times along the way, but he kept going with the help of others.

Our conversation focused on the shortcomings of the couple to meet our needs as human beings. One person cannot meet all of our needs. Quirkyalone critiques the tyranny of coupledom as the model to which we must aspire at all times. Michael interjected the question, "What replaces the couple?" and this became in some sense a theme of our conversation. If the couple doesn't meet all of our needs, what

does?

Frank suggested my answer is "a fulfilled person." I believe in the fulfilled individual—and the process of people being courageously honest enough to ask them what fulfills them. A fulfilled individual needs connections with others even if those connections don't fit the model of a conventional romantic relationship. I'm still figuring out what replaces the conventional couple. I'm going to start researching quirkytogether relationships that offer us more freedom and flexibility to be who we really are (and I will be looking into that more soon for a future book) and I've always pointed to our significant others (plural) friendships and important family relationships.

Frank has a clear answer. Each word weighs a lot when it takes a lot of effort to express. For Frank, the replacement for the couple is the tribe: people living communally, or at least nearby, supporting each other, melting into one another. Melting is a big word for Frank.

Frank and Linda live with four others. Over the last four decades, their Berkeley community consisted of five adults raising two children. The children were encouraged to not favor the biological parents and see them all equally as their parents. Some people might call it a commune; they call it a tribe.

When they moved on to their street in North Berkeley, they met Betty, an older religious woman who went to church often but who reached out to them and even wanted to see their sex tapes (a big part of Frank's work is about exploring what he calls nonlinear sex, or "eroplay"). Betty liked their vibe of love and communal living and they became friendly. She became part of the tribe, though she lives in her own home.

When Betty's husband died, she was not able to take care of herself. Frank's gang started to pop in and bring her meals daily. Without their assistance, Betty might be in a nursing home. Living independently in one's home (as opposed to living with family or in assisted living or worst yet, a nursing home) is almost always the preference for elderly adults. The fact that Frank's tribe has kept Betty at home is huge: this relationship makes an enormous difference in the quality of her life.

A sign

outside Frank's Berkeley home: "let the melting continue"

Betty is receiving so much love because she reached out first to Frank's tribe, even though she is a church-going lady and they are known for sex performances and so incredibly odd. Her reaching out fascinated me. How many of us complain that in modern American society we don't know our neighbors? That this is a lonely, atomized society?

The responsibility always starts with us to create our own communities and realities. When we act like Betty and reach beyond our individual self-encased bubbles to show interest in others, we never know how much connection we can build. We get to know each other at a much deeper level beyond the surface differences of our costumes and lifestyle choices.

Frank calls it "melting," an idea that honors our connectness first, that we are not separate. His life has been dedicated to "melting." I asked him why he had made all this art and done all these performances and he said he did it all in pursuit of this kind of intimacy and depth of connection with other people. I found that fascinating that his "career" was not about the art itself but about the relationship that he has created with others. I can relate, because I always want to tap into others at their depths, to pull away the veils of our exteriors and experience each other in what we are really feeling and thinking.

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Entering Oakland's "Uncomfortable Zone of Fun: Risk for Deep Love"

By Eloise Murray
Staff Writer

Thursday, November 8th, 2012

Frank Moore, seen at top right, engages audience members during his "Risk for Deep Love" event.

Photographer: Joseph Geha

Preparing for one of Frank Moore's events is impossible.

Yet, being there in person is necessary to understand the true bizarre nature of the "ritual audience participation experience experiments" conducted by the widely respected shaman.

On Saturday night, his experiment was conducted in Oakland's Temescal Arts Center, an event he hosts every first Saturday of the month.

The 66-year-old, Moore, unable to walk or talk as he was born with cerebral palsy, is well known for his ritualistic performances in which members of the crowd interact in intimate, erotic and rattled moments.

He has been referred to as the "king of eroticism," one of the U.S.'s most controversial performance artists by P-form magazine, and the San Francisco Guardian guarantees it will "baffle your mind."

Intrigued by these reviews, *The Pioneer* made an appearance to Saturday night's experiment titled "Risk for Deep Love," which drew an intimate audience of approximately 20 unique characters, such as a nudist who was raised a Mormon in Salt Lake City, and a 70-year-old "pragmatic realist" who served as a sharpshooter in the Vietnam War.

It appeared no one knew what to expect when entering what Moore commonly refers to as the "Uncomfortable Zone of Fun," a room filled with an array of musical instruments, hanging holiday lights, radiant artwork featuring brightly-colored abstracts of exploded female genitalia and sexual encounters, and a man crouched down by a synthesizer in the corner creating dark, ambient sounds in silence. The colors of the room were as psychedelic as the encounters soon to occur.

"I thought everyone would just be coming here to jam out with their instruments," said one participant with confusion and embarrassment in his voice on arrival. "I just saw 'Risk for Deep Love' and it vibed with what I was about," added another after Moore asked them to speak.

The evening began with Moore, who communicates through an electronic device, which his wife, Linda Mac, read and translated in a disconnected monotone manner, asking audience members to read some of his erotic poetry to the group.

This part of the experiment didn't last too long as Moore then began demanding participants to undress one another.

"S … a … say … saying yes … o … p … opens everything up … for … every … everyone," Moore communicated through Mac, staring around the room.

Moore questioned everyone in attendance throughout the evening, frequently moaning with excitement and banging his two different colored shoes on the footrest of his wheelchair and baring his toothless grin.

Strangely enough, the audience showed littled reluctance in obeying his orders.

After a young male poet undressed Moore's cameraman, who filmed the remainder of the experiment naked, Moore requested a young woman in her early 20s and his wife to undress one another.

"I am surprisingly chill," the young woman said, confidently standing before a room of gazing eyes on her stark naked body.

It appeared Moore had the power to create his own ideal reality each month, where like-minded individuals come together aiming to feel comfortable in an environment society perceives as uncomfortable and confronting.

"It just reminds me of playing dress-ups as a little girl," added another young woman, who was reluctant to get completely naked, but allowed a middle aged woman to dress her in a sexy see through costume, as requested by Moore.

Similar rituals continued for the next 90 minutes, until the room was a niche nudist colony of misfits talking about their lives, all the while no one questioning Moore's motives.

How the ritual finishes remains a mystery, as after Moore diverted his attention to the three members of *The Pioneer* staff to ask them to undress, and consequently saying no, three journalists left the room, being reminded by Moore this was a participation not observation ritual.

The sounds of the various musical instruments rattling and blue lights flashing escaped through the cracks in the window on the way out, by passers none-the-wiser of what was happening behind those white wooden doors.

The video of the event was posted to Moore's Vimeo site on Monday, where their caption recognized the couple of young journalists who "detoured" their night and made them run out of time.

According to their video, it was truly an audience participation. The video showed nude members dancing to music, and men and women touching one another, thrusting their bodies upon each other, as well as Moore.

Hunter Judd, the sharpshooter from "Nam," walked outside shortly after, saying he regularly attends "Risk for Deep Love" events.

When asked why, Judd responded with, "Vietnam changed me, permanently. As a result, I think a little bit differently than most people," adding he has a deep curiosity to see the changes between rituals, saying people were more willing to participate tonight than usual.

"He [Frank Moore] is a dreamer," Judd said. "He's dreaming of the ways he wants to see things, which as a culture we're not ready for," he added before walking off into the night.

For anyone "human enough" to attend "Risk for Deep Love," be warned: it's uncommon to leave without questioning your morality, or using half a bottle of hand sanitizer.

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SLOW: Crip Theory, Dyslexia and the Borderlands of Disability and Ablebodiedness

Julie Cosenza

What is ablebodiedness? When do "invisible" disabilities become visible? How can performance complicate notions of ability and disability? Although theories of disability are starting to destabalize a false dichotomy between able bodied and disabled bodied, I find myself, as a person with dyslexia, in the borderlands of disability and ablebodiedness. For me this borderland is a place of contradiction and ambiguity, plagued with a cognitive impairment and blessed with kinesthetic intelligence. Questions of intersectional identities, identity politics, disability activism and disciplined scholarship are all complicated by the hybridity of the borderlands. The fluidity inherent in crip (theory) and its attention to the cultural production and the performativity of ablebodiedness, can provide a framework for analysis that embraces the isolating spaces of the borderlands. This project, which consists of the performance piece "SLOW" and written analysis, theorizes a crip performance methodology that moves beyond disability visibly marked on the body and argues performance is a "dyslexic" method of learning and knowing.

I wrote, choreographed and performed *The Turtle Walker: Staging Disability, Crip and Queer Theory* (March, 2008) as my MA culminating creative project in the Department of Women Studies at San Francisco State University. "SLOW" was one of eight live performances intermixed with video and sound clips. *The Turtle Walker* focused on the intersectionality between "invisible" disability (mainly dyslexia) and "invisible" queer identities and interrogated the ways in which social institutions produce and naturalize ablebodiedness and heterosexuality. My process of deconstructing identity formation involves analyzing interpellation and the systems of power that police the performance of identity. This research/performance project was

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(ed. note: this essay is accompanied by a video of a performance of "SLOW." See http://liminalities.net/6-2/slow.htm.)

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incited by my identity as a white, crip, queer, middle-class (mentality) woman and my desire to explore the intersectionalities of these complex identity markers. As a student with a dyslexic filter that interfered with the flow of information that was propelled by traditional teaching and learning, I used physical performance as a method of processing, communicating, critiquing and learning. Combining theater, dance, mime, television, youtube clips, visual images, and introduced by a scholarly narrative that situated the project at the intersection of several fields —theater and performance studies, queer theory and sexuality studies, women and gender studies, disability studies and crip theory—*The Turtle Walker* deconstructed traditional forms of knowledge-production and modeled alternative embodied ways of knowing.

One of the flaneurs of nineteenth century gay Paris was the turtle walker. This image of a person strolling down the arcades walking a turtle carries a variety of meanings. Petra Kuppers opens her text, *Disability and Contemporary Performance: Bodies on the Edge*, with a description of Baudelaire's Paris, analyzed by Walter Benjamin, where the turtle walker is a symbol of resistance to modernity and the fast pace of changing life in Paris. The turtle's slow pace subverts and disrupts the rhythm of normalcy. The image of the displaced turtle walker in the city streets challenges conventions providing a space for ambivalence and contradiction (Kuppers 1-2). I chose the turtle walker as a title of my culminating creative work because the project inserted difference into an unyielding system.

Disability performers and scholars are making some amazing strides in the field of (disability) performance, and living in the Bay Area I have the fortune of witnessing first hand many of our accomplishments. For example, the annual show *Sins Invalid* is an important project on disability and sexuality and has been a major source of inspiration for my personal work including performance practitioners Leroy Franklin Moore Jr., Nomy Lamm, Patty Berne and seeley quest. Axis Dance Company is creating staged performances featuring trained modern dancers intermixed on stage with dancers in wheelchairs. I would like to recognize and pay tribute to these performers and others in the field who are taking risks on stage and creating spaces for new meanings.

Disability performance and scholarship tends to represent disability visually marked on the body addressing issues of disability access, visual representation, rehabilitation/medicalization and more recently sexuality. Rosemary Garland-Thomson employs a feminist disability approach and analyses the representation of disability in cultural media –magazines, film, pornography, literature –with particular attention to disability visibly marked on the body (Garland-Thomson, "Redrawing," "Re-Shaping," "Integrating"). In their essay, "Res(Crip)ting Feminist Theatre Through Disability Theatre: Selections from The DisAbility Project," Ann Fox and Joan Lipkin articulate a disability performance methodology that is based on a disability aesthetics dependent on bodies that are physically and visually marked by impairment. *The Turtle Walker* moved away from "visible" impairments as a foundation for theorizing disability aesthetics in performance; I used my unmarked body to make "invisible" disabilities visible. In this case, there are two meanings to

the term "visible:" one is the literal sense of seeing with the eyes—making visible the everyday performances of dyslexia—and the other is visible in a broader sense referring to the inclusion of dyslexia in scholarship, performance and activism. Drawing on the accomplishments of the field, this project theorizes a crip performance methodology that addresses the borderlands of disability and ablebodiedness, including impairments not visibly marked on the body.

Crip theory provides hope for "invisible" disabilities like dyslexia. Both Carrie Sandahl "Queering the Crip or Cripping The Queer? Intersections of Queer and Crip Identities in Solo Autobiographical Performance" (27) and Robert McRuer *Crip Theory: Cultural Signs of Queerness and Disability* (34) suggest that the term "crip" includes those with physical impairments and mental and sensory impairment as well. McRuer states that "crip theory would resist delimiting the kinds of bodies and abilities that are acceptable or that will bring about change. Ideally, crip theory might function — like the term 'queer' itself — 'oppositionally and relationally but not necessarily substantively, not as a positivity but as a positionality, not as a thing, but as a resistance to the norm'" (Halperin quoted in McRuer 31). "Queer" and "crip" are both critical terms that work to denaturalize normativity by deconstructing heterosexuality and ablebodiedness respectively. Drawing on Judith Butler's theories of performativity (from *Gender Trouble* and "Insubordination"), McRuer argues that through repetition, ablebodiedness sets itself up as the ultimate achievement for disability, the goal to strive for. Ablebodiedness repetitively establishes itself as the origin and the ground of all imitation (McRuer 9). Due to the "invisibility" of dyslexia, I argue that a focus on the ideological production of ablebodiedness is particularly useful when exploring the borderlands as opposed to a focus on the representation of physical disability in cultural texts. I am hoping that crip may emerge as a more fluid term critiquing and claiming the contradiction and ambiguity of the borderlands.

A Crip Performance Methodology

My crip performance methodology was the theoretical framework that united my artistic choices and worked to visually and conceptually communicate my argument. My goal was to interrogate and challenge the ideological production of ablebodiedness and heterosexuality and provide a space for new meanings. Petra Kuppers' *Disability and Contemporary Performance: Bodies on the Edge* and José Esteban Muñoz's *Disidentifications: Queers of Color and the Performance of Politics* are the two major sources that informed the framework for my artistic choices. Kuppers' project locates moments in disability performances that create uncertainties that disrupt conventional meanings calling for a critical reflection. Similarly, Muñoz identifies moments of disidentification where performers (queers of color) use a campy queer method and play off dominant culture, tweaking representations providing a space for new meanings.

Kuppers' theoretical discussion of the performativity of disability and her exploration of the various methods used by disability performers to disrupt, challenge

and revision the meaning and social knowledges of disability informed my crip performance methodology. Kuppers focuses her analysis on uncertainties, what I am referring to as ambivalences and contradictions, in the staged and choreographed interventions/invitations performances that work to destabilize and denaturalize categories (specifically impairments visibly marked on the body) making room for audiences to create new meanings. Kuppers draws on Elizabeth Grosz and Judith Butler's (from *Bodies That Matter*) theories of performativity, arguing that bodies are available to us through materiality, which only has meaning because it is discursive (Kuppers 5). For example, when a child is born, it is common for the doctor to announce, "it's a boy," and this discursive practice gives meaning to the body. Kuppers argues discursive practices actively produce the disabled body and the body becomes visible through an arrangement of meanings and social knowledges (6). I argue that interrogating and disrupting the discursive practices that produce the dyslexic/disabled body and the able body is particularly important and useful due to the "invisibility" of dyslexia.

A major theme in Kuppers' text is the use of technology in disability performance as a method of disrupting the audiences' visual perceptions of ability and disability. Kuppers describes different disability performances and analyzes the ways in which these performances use specific theatrical devices—non-narrative storylines, voice-over, slow motion, etc.—that work to create a specific "disability" style of communicating in performance that allows the audience with a different way of seeing (95-7). For example, the British dance company, *Outside In*, utilizes a filmdance method, physically challenging dance that is dependent on or interwoven with the film projection on stage. The film techniques include montage and image manipulation, where landscape paintings become a row of heads and wheelchairs roll through walls (Kuppers 68). The filmdance technique takes advantage of systems of recognition and representation to destabilize the perceptions of a fixed disabled body. I find the use of technology on stage particularly useful in making visible "invisible" disabilities and see this hybrid form of live performance and media as crip.

My notion of a crip performance methodology is also informed by Muñoz's theories of disidentifications. In his text, *Disidentifications: Queers of Color and the Performance of Politics,* Muñoz focuses on the intersectionality of minoritized race and sexuality and does not interrogate disability, but his intersectional approach lends itself nicely to disability and queer sexuality. Muñoz's notion of "rehabilitating" cultural representations (3) and "accessing" new realities (133) reverberate through disability studies. Informed by Muñoz, my queer performance methodology is a campy, over the top, parody style of performance that deconstructs, alters and recycles cultural representations to subvert or resist heterosexuality and ablebodiedness. While "SLOW" does not capture the campy queer parody like that of other performance pieces in *The Turtle Walker*, "SLOW" does utilize Muñoz's disidentifications as a performance technique; the performer reproduces or performs on stage recognizable cultural material but tweaks or alters it in such a way that the audience, seeing it in a new frame, is required to critique the recognizable cultural

material and make new meanings from the experience.

A SLOW Analysis

With its simple design, "SLOW" carries layered and complex meanings and typifies my crip performance methodology. I will analyze my artistic choices in "SLOW" to demonstrate 1) the institutional production of intellectual ablebodiedness, 2) the discursive production of the disabled body 3) the materiality of disability through discourse and interpellation, 4) the rehabilitation of the disabled body and performativitly of ablebodiedness including the transformative spaces and 5) the deconstruction of dominant notions of "ablebodied" destabilizing the cultural value of slow. In line with Kuppers' analysis of technology as an intricate part of disability performance, "SLOW" illustrates the ways in which technology intermixed with live performance can challenge the physicality and visibility of ablebodiedness embracing visual and conceptual contradiction and ambiguity.

The phrases that flash on the screen represent a discursive voice of academia (K – higher education) and produce a notion of ablebodied intelligence based on the ability to quickly think, process and verbally respond. The educational institution is dependent on standardized testing (the SAT, GRE, LMAT, GSAT, etc) and the multiple choice, true/false, matching style of assessment is alive and well in academia. "SLOW" references the common phrases used when administering standardized testing, for example, "you have 45 minutes to complete this section," "this test will be timed," "you have five minutes remaining." This manner of assessment and the accompanying discourse, utilized at every level of education, marginalizes kinesthetic ways of processing, understanding and regurgitating information and negates the processing speeds of people with learning disabilities.

These anxiety producing phrases of standardized testing are intermixed with a few commonly used phrases from game shows. Phrases like "is that your final answer," "are you smarter than a fifth grader?" "would you like to buy a vowel?" are recognizable game show phrases. Originally, the intermixing of phrases from educational institutions and mass media was designed to illustrate that these two institutions work collectively to produce dominant notions of intelligence based on a quick processing speed. Although, based on audience feedback, I am not sure this was a successful artistic choice for the audience did not pick up on the connection. Instead, these phrases were often read as part of the campy queer elements present in other performance pieces in *The Turtle Walker.*

Although there are many ways in which a dyslexic person encounters and responds to the written word, "SLOW" makes the dyslexic student's relationship to words "visible" to the audience through a form of internalization or cognitive embodiment. The written form of the words requires the audience to read the phrases, injecting the phrases into the minds of the audience; the audience is required to share in the internalization of these messages. After four minutes of reading negative phrases, the audience experiences an example, or reframing, of a dyslexic

student's internal monologue and external messaging. As the performance progresses, the pace of the phrases that flash on the screen increases as a means of producing a "dyslexic" anxiety in the audience. Spectators reported feeling fearful that they have missed something important because they cannot read all the phrases. They are also asked to simultaneously watch physical movement, while attempting to read words, which caused the audience to make a choice as to where they wanted to focus their attention. The everyday performance of "invisible" disability becomes visible or realized in a visceral way by the audience.

The institution's discursive practices represented on the screen and the physical movement on stage work together to illustrate the performativity of disability. "SLOW" aims to blur the lines between the messages from educators and the messages dyslexic students adopt as negative self-talk, institutional surveillance and self-surveillance. Phrases like, "you are special," "you are different," "you are perfect" and "do you have a minute?" as well as single words like, "focus" and "concentrate," were strategically designed to create ambivalence around who is speaking the phrases: the student, the teacher, or both? Drawing on Kuppers' discussion of performativity and Foucault's notion of "biopower" (Kuppers 5-6), the academy as an institution disciplines the data of "normal intelligence" or surveillance, and the dyslexic student's adoption of the phrases as their own driven by a desire to be "normal," or self-surveillance. The phrases repeat throughout the piece to represent the dyslexic students' production of their own meanings around their disability through institutional discourse. The (dyslexic) disabled body is produced discursively by the repetitive phrases on the screen and through the materiality of the slow moving body on stage, the performativity of disability.

The physical labeling and interpellation of (dyslexia) disability, or the connection between the body and the words, is key to this analysis of the performativity of disability. The movement in the piece is designed to incorporate levels to represent the "ups and downs" of being labeled "slow;" I start standing, go down to the floor, roll over, stand up, slide back down to the floor, roll over again only make it half way up and end sitting with my back to the audience. For me, there are two places where the words are connected to the movement, places where I have internalized the words on the screen. When the word "SLOW" appears on the screen, I am standing under the label, which is the only time I look directly at the audience. My head rolls down and my body bends over one vertebra at a time indicating I have been interpellated as slow and have internalized the label "slow." The second place is when the word "BAD" appears on the screen and my head and back lean over my knees and body releases energy; I exhale embodying the internalization of "BAD." These are key moments where discourse and materiality interact indicating the performativity of disability.

The quick phrases also represent the performativity of ablebodiedness and the rehabilitation of the (dyslexic) disabled body. "You should be able to put the definition in your own words," "you should contribute to the conversation," "take a few minutes to read this essay" "think it through quickly," and "this is not your best

work" are all phrases I heard from teachers in graduate school, and these phrases are mixed in with phrases I repeatedly heard in primary education "you are not trying," "you are lazy," "just try harder," "what were you thinking," etc. The repetition of the phrases indicates the repetition of ablebodiendess and its assertion as the ultimate goal to strive for, the ultimate achievement (McRuer drawing on Butler's *Gender Trouble*). All of the phrases strung together paint the picture of the ablebodied intelligent student (with the ability to quickly retrieve or access information) and work to rehabilitate the slow motion.

According to Butler, there are important spaces between the repetition that allow for change because a repetition cannot create an exact replica of itself ("Imitation" 304). The large words that are inserted between, or are a part of, these repeating phrases "WHY" "IS" "SLOW" "BAD" "?" represent the spaces in the repetition that allow for reiteration, transgression, transformation or the possibility of creating new meanings. The phrase as a whole "why is slow bad?" disrupts and challenges, both visually and ideologically, the repetitive production of ablebodiedness. The contradiction between what the phrase is asking "why is slow bad?" and what the rest of the words are suggesting "time is of the essence" is an important site of resistance to the rehabilitation of the (dyslexic) disabled body.

In addition, the slow motion movement works to destabilize the visibility and physicality of dominant notions of ablebodiedness. Another visual contradiction lies in the quick phrases flashing on the screen and the slow motion movement; the phrases flash at a more rapid speed as the piece progresses but the movement remains constant. The constant slow motion movement is representative of a slow cognitive processing speed, which will always be different from what has been socially constructed as a normal and "intelligent" processing speed. The slow motion movement is physically challenging subverting the common perception of ablebodiedness and the disabled body that is visibly marked by impairment. The challenging movement suggests the words on the screen are the site of impairment, the cognitive disability. The quick phrases that flash on the screen are tweaked, altered or reframed by the slow motion movement; the juxtaposition works to give new meaning to the cultural value of quick and, more importantly, slow.

The Boarderlands: Toward A Crip Politic

Why are contradictions and ambiguity useful central images in representing the borderlands in staged performance? Dyslexia is not visibly marked on the body yet there are important moments where the disability becomes visible as illustrated by the phrases in "SLOW." Sometimes these moments are interpreted as ambiguous and are treated as "a common mistake" or "something that happens to everyone;" the everyday performances of dyslexia are often minimized, misunderstood or simply unrecognized. Also, my physical ability contradicts my cognitive ability. There are many ways that I perform ablebodiedness according to the *dominant perception* of ablebodiedness; I am physically able to walk, carry out physical tasks and access public

spaces. On the other hand, I share in the medicalization of disability —the doctor visits, special rehabilitative classes, documentation/proof of diagnosis, endless frustration and struggle over accommodations. I share in the socialization of disability — the alienation, public ridicule, (mis)judgment— therefore, I also share in disability activism, advocacy and rights movement.

Politically uniting under the umbrella term "disability" has been a site of contention in the borderlands partially due to a disciplinary divide. Disability studies and activism tends to focus on the cultural production of disability visually marked on the body analyzing the representation of disability in cultural text. There is a discipline divide between disability studies and learning disability research, and I will use my experience in the San Francisco State library as an example. When I first started this research project, I spent hours in the disability studies section frantically looking through all the tables of content, glossaries and indexes for anything on learning disabilities. These books did not include any discussion of dyslexia or other learning disabilities. All the research on learning disabilities is located across the library in its own section near education. It is only in recent years that individuals with a specific impairment have begun to identify with individuals with a different impairment. Again, I hope the term "crip" will emerge as a critical term that can, in a sense, unite disability "identities" through a focus on denaturalizing ablebodiedness and disrupting normalizing forces and discursive practices.

The voices (and bodies) from the borderlands have the potential to disrupt the traditional systems of academia. This project, the performance of "SLOW" and the written analysis, describes embodied ways of learning and knowing enmeshed with disability, which is a site of resistance in academia. Similar to the ways in which Gloria Anzaldúa in her text, *The Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza* worked to disrupt the disciplining of knowledge in academia with her poetic writing as theory as well as her intermixing of Spanish. Her text specifically addresses immigration, Chicana identity, queer sexuality and spiritual activism, but her notions of a Borderland space/mentality can inform discussions of hybrid identity and disrupt dominant systems of thought in the academy. *The Turtle Walker* was a product of the Department of Women Studies and performance as a way of knowing was a *different* means of knowledge production within this particular department. Historically, Women Studies has struggled to be perceived as a "legitimate" field of study within the university, and therefore, in an effort to assert itself as legitimate (and conform), the *discipline* may have lost sight of its original project of making the institution more inclusive to marginalized identities. For example, the normative culminating project is the thesis, and many faculty members in the department refused to, or were unable to, acknowledge *The Turtle Walker* as a culminating creative project but instead continuously, almost impulsively, referring to it as a "thesis." This discursive practice works to legitimize and privilege one form of knowledge production. "SLOW" is definitely an academic performance project bound by interdisciplinary scholarship it embodies theories of performance, gender, disability and sexuality. It works to disrupt and remind Women Studies to embrace diverse sites of knowledge production as a

form of resistance to the norm and as a means of making the university more inclusive to learning disabilities.

I am particularly invested in making the connection between performance as embodied knowledge production and dyslexia. The accommodations for dyslexia that I find most useful are screen readers and auditory texts; I have a better chance of comprehending what I read when I hear the words as I see the words. The most useful "accommodation" I received at San Francisco State was the opportunity (resources and faculty support) to create a staged performance as my culminating project. Performance is a symbolic, nonlinear form of communication that allows for a more layered means of delivering and processing information by combining auditory voice overs, visual projection on the screen, vocal articulations of story and, most importantly, physical bodies moving on stage. Performance engages all the senses and allows for non-linier expression; it is no wonder I use performance as a way of learning.

Research projects are inherently limited in scope, and the borderlands call for an analysis of the ways in which this space is raced and classed. For example, class privilege allows for early diagnosis of dyslexia, remedial classes in elementary school and doctor visits, and at the same time, these medical, rehabilitative discursive practices produce the (dyslexic) disabled body. "SLOW" also functions within and is a product of white culture reproducing the common perception of the disabled body as white. This project only scratches the surface of the hybrid space of the borderlands; more work needs to be done in regards to race, class and privilege, not only in this project but also in the field of disability studies.

In conclusion, "SLOW" theorizes a crip performance methodology that moves beyond disability visibly marked on the body and argues that performance is a "dyslexic" way of learning and knowing. "SLOW" builds on and exemplifies the contradiction and ambiguity of the borderlands providing a space for transformation and new meaning. By reframing and making visible the invisible or unrecognized everyday performances of dyslexia and the institutional production of ablebodiedness, this project reveals the isolation of the borderlands as well as its potential to critique normativity, a crip politic. Frank Moore, born with cerebral palsy sees his body as the perfect body for a performance artists, "I am also fortunate because my body gives me a tool that other artists spend years to create…I want to encourage artists, who have not been so blessed with bodies that mark them as misfits, to aspire to be misfits anyway, to do misfit art. Their road is definitely harder than my road, but that's life" (42). Moore's words reverberate through my scholarship, activism and performance as I aspire to disrupt and resist the production of ablebodiedness and disability from the borderlands.

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SADWAVE Sept 19 2012

Interview
Frank Moore: "When a jerky paralytic turns out to be more responsible than Obama, it's scary"
September 19, 2012

One of the main countercultural figures of the 1960s, Frank Moore never got up from a wheelchair. A person who was doomed to a quick and painful death right from his birth showed the whole world that even in such a state one can not only enjoy life, but also throw out things that influence the course of history.

Text: Dj Stalingrad

Recently, I got sick with chickenpox - I was driving on cross-over trains, and huge bubbles full of pus burst on my face. I was riding a hare - the conductors avoided me by side, it was all too much like leprosy. People avoided me, refused to prompt the way, friends under specious excuses avoided meetings. I ended up as an untouchable for 5 whole days.

At that moment I decided to write to Frank Moore: “Frank, why did the Lord make us so painful? Why does He make us suffer? ”

Frank is the true celebrity of San Francisco and its environs. I saw his strange billboard on the streets of Berkeley, and my brain exploded: "Saturday, April 17th, Frank Moore's Erotic Frictions at the center of Auckland's sexual development."

Some strange pattern, endless members woven into a tight knot of the body. "A mad artist, a paralytic in a wheelchair, copulating with dozens of women in public" - the reviews from the Internet are impressive. In fact, Frank Moore is one of the last living gurus of the 1960s, an influential artist, a holder of several degrees, a friend of all Californian rock and roll figures, an existential philosopher, a protest figure. Very important person, in a word.

I was very lucky in life - I was born with cerebral palsy, unable to move and speak. Add to this the fact that my youth came in the 1960s. See, my fate was sealed! When I was born, my parents were told that I lacked intelligence. They were told that it was better to pass me where to go. I had to be isolated, I would have been pumped up, and I would have died many years ago. That would be ok. My parents and I deceived society’s expectations. This was my first performance. My whole life has become a kind of work of art, representation, struggle with predictability. My unpredictable body allows you to do it quite successfully.

Frank, tell me about God, why did he make us suffer?
- You know, in the mid-seventies we were going to open our own Church. But in our country, as you know, the tax decides what is religion and what is not. Well, they turned us around, they said that we do not believe in a Higher being, and therefore we cannot be a religion. We did not give up, filed an appeal through lawyers, proving that I can in a state of trance communicate with another creature named Reed, who directs my actions. And that higher being is manifested during our unity rituals. We won that process! Basically, the man himself causes suffering. Not necessarily suffer. Be sure to fight. This is a huge difference - to suffer and fight. Struggling, even through suffering, is part of a healthy life. She makes life healthy. The risk of hurting yourself is part of personal development. But suffering alone does not lead to anything,

How are you typing these lines now?
- I write with a pointer attached to the forehead. We recently installed a program — an autocompletion dictionary — it accelerated my writing rate by 70 percent. I came up with this

pointer when I was 17 years old. To explain to my relatives what they had to do, it took me a whole year. They all wanted me to learn to type with my fingers - but I practice, I respect what works. When they finally attached this piece to my head, I started typing in five minutes. Well, they quickly regretted it - because I immediately began to publish political articles against the Vietnam War! It was not particularly similar to the typical picture of the "poor boy in a wheelchair." But we are always talking about equal rights for people with disabilities - and therefore, about the right to be a political radical!

My body is a weapon of destruction . The destruction of your ordinary, safe reality. When I was little, my brother was always wildly embarrassed to carry me in a wheelchair - all the people around were staring at me. I was born for performance. This is the way of my survival, the reason why I did not die many years ago. I am between life and death, my physical shell is so flawed that I am more There, than Here. And people feel it, sometimes they are afraid. As in antiquity: a shaman, a holy fool - an incurable healer.

I am also a perfect performer because I can afford anything. I can laugh, make faces, slap you on the bottom, watch you for hours — anyway, everyone thinks I don't understand anything. And when I decided to start developing my sex life at the age of 28, it was very strange for everyone. Imagine: a cafe, my wife Linda, a young attractive woman, feeding me with a spoon -

puree flows through a beard ... The consciousness of people around with a roar exploded from such a sight.

From my youth I began to try to stir up political performances. It was the only way for me to communicate with the outside world. And I enjoyed it with might and main. For example, I tried to roll into the recruiting station so that they would take me to the army, and in the future I would have a chance to reach the "nuclear button". Then I pretended to be a beggar beggar in the streets of Santa Fe, trying to make contact with people who seemed interesting to me. And it worked - thanks to such random meetings on the streets, I had the first circle of associates who were ready to participate in my projects.

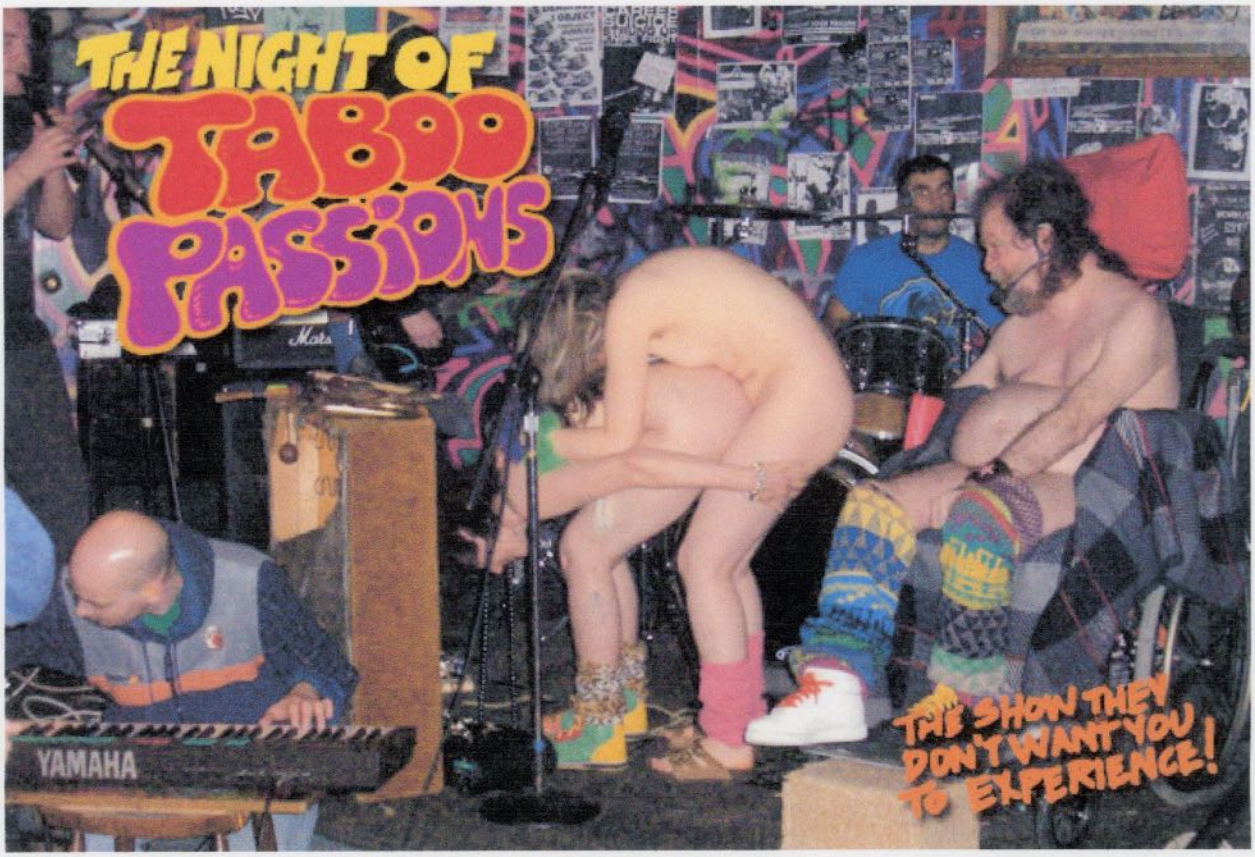
Frank, I'm talking to a living legend, the founder of the real Family from the 1960s. Like Process Family, Source or even Manson Family. What was it that meant living in a family at that time?

- We started living together in 1969, and I still communicate with these people. You know, after all, a modern family of three people is something completely new, 200 years ago people lived in huge clans - this is inherent in human nature. This is especially useful in raising children.

Moore's family formed in Santa Fe, then they moved to New York, then to San Francisco, the capital of the hippie movement. They invented and brought to life hundreds of performances and shows: many hours of sexual therapy programs, when dozens of people participated in mass sessions of the Erotic Drama, a theatrical performance that included full nudity, imitation of sexual acts and sexual acts themselves. They also arranged strange carnivals: people were painted in different colors, buried in coffins, tied with ropes — Frank's imagination was simply inexhaustible.

Tell me, why did you choose sex as an offensive weapon? Was it part of the sexual revolution of the 1960s? Don't you think she failed?

- In fact, I have never done "sex performances." I am interested in the whole field of sexuality, sometimes it includes sex, sometimes not. It can be nudity, touching, changing clothes, caress, hugs, non-violent violence, but the main thing is complete trust of people within the group. This is more than sex in the usual sense of the word. I use everything: music, light, dance, sometimes drugs. The more conservative the US policy becomes, the more provocative my art seems. It cannot be said that the sexual revolution failed, although I consider "free love" an unsuccessful experiment. She did not make any of my friends happy. But after all, all successful experiments began with failures, didn't they?



I think your life position, your path in art was too nihilistic for the hippie culture around you . All of these vegetarian cafes, an idealistic view of nature and man — all this, in my opinion, has nothing to do with that rigid existential position that you have always defended. If everyone then treated life as critically as critical as you did, the movement would not collapse.

- I do not think it fell apart. Most of the people I knew then still participate in various initiatives. In fact, in those days, people were not at all as relaxed as you say. This is one of the illusions inspired by the mass media. There were thousands of people across the country who wanted to live differently, wanted to find a new, more humane and spiritualized way of life. And they succeeded. The myth of the defeat of the 1960s is the main weapon of the system against us. The machine is afraid that people will want to repeat the sixtieth experience again. It seems to me that the 1960s definitely won - we managed to stop the war and invent such a notion as the "human rights movement". We also started to fight for ecology first. Of course, there were some failures, but they are inevitable when you experiment. And the products of these experiments were hundreds of alternative schools, centers, shops, underground newspapers and magazines, free clinics, free kitchens for the poor, and much more. In fact, all this was so great success that his government simply became frightened and began to spread the myth that the revolution of the 1960s was defeated.

Tell us about the scandal that erupted in the early 1990s, when Senator Jesse Helms achieved official recognition of your work as "offensive".

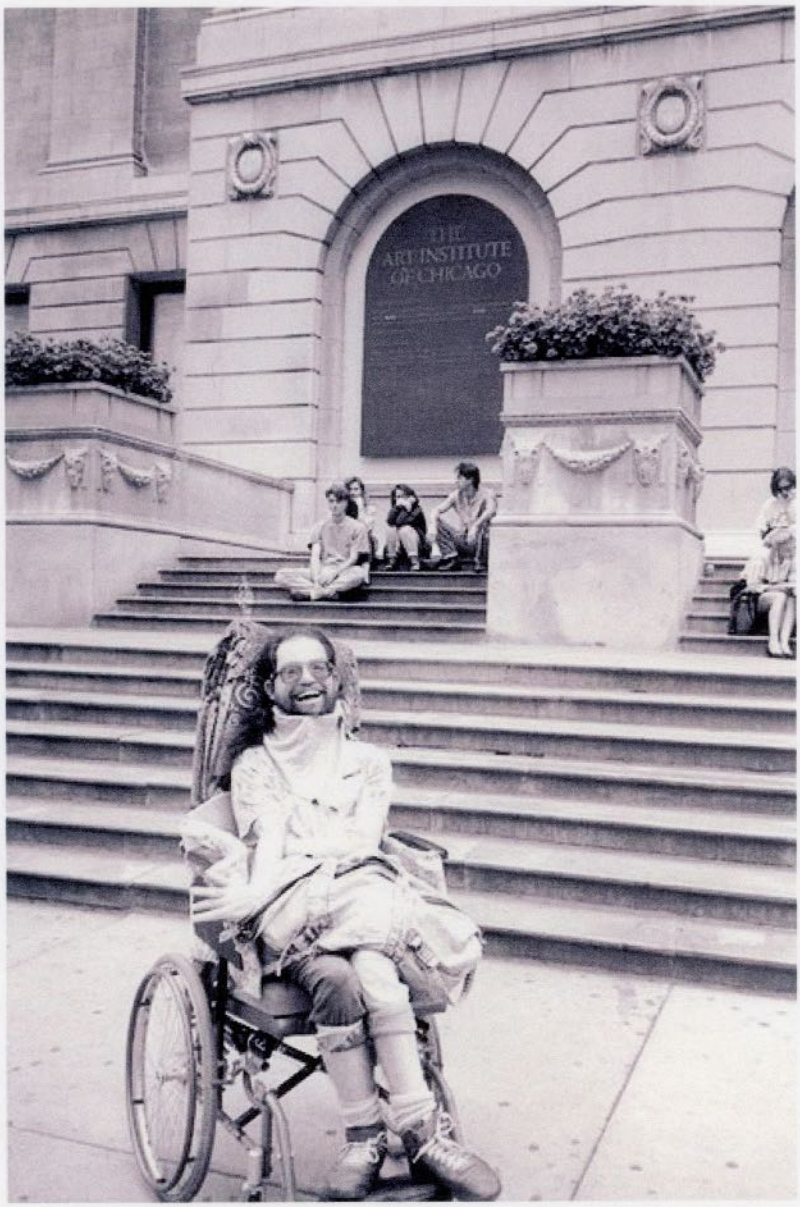
- Yes, they tried to organize a persecution against me and several other artists. I immediately wrote him a letter so that he would come to me in a manly and American style and directly express his claims, and not hide behind the backs of a government commission. Of course, this ultra-conservative coward did not answer me so.

And your 2008 presidential company? What did you want to achieve by nominating yourself?

- In fact, the company was very successful, several hundred people voted for me in all the states. And this is despite the fact that in the two years of the pre-election race for the whole company, my wife and I spent no more than 1500 bucks. It was not even a performance anymore - I had a serious platform and a social program. This was serious, because when a list of candidates joins Hillary, McCain and Obama, a twitching person in a wheelchair appears, and this person says things that are much more sane than all these people put together - this is a serious bell for all of American society.

Two words for Russian readers ...

- Do you want two words? For freedom!



The editors express their gratitude to the author for the material provided, which was previously published in the journal "Bully".

https://sadwave.com/2012/09/frank-moore/?fbclid=IwAR2wCkERvemApPfDue0yHY1tUyBebaw26Tgx3MflIlD7dsL_AwUN-gFsrnk

Audrey Rubinstein interview June 2013

Dear Frank,

I wanted to speak to you in person, but that will have to wait until I am in Berkeley or you are in Santa Fe. Thank you for agreeing to be interviewed. I admire you and would like the opportunity to understand your performance work in greater depth.

Can you describe the type of performances you are creating now? Has your performance changed/evolved over the years?

Are there any projects that you've not yet realized that you are burning to create?

FRANK: Ah, "Where is your work heading? What do you want to do next?" It is not my work. It is not my choice. For me, it is not a question of a next thing. It is a growing, evolving vision. I am carried along in this vision. A performance does not have a beginning or an end. It is just a tiny bit of the vision. The vision braids around itself, flowing on. I do not know where the vision is taking me. I have not been down this vision before. I just follow wherever the art and the magic lead. I could not have planned anywhere near as a rich life that following has opened up. I never know what will trigger what, what will bloom into years long projects, etc. I just jam, play, and enjoy!

In a way what I do in my monthly performance series today is close to what I did in my first performance workshop in Santa Fe in the early seventies.

I used my communal family of four as a core to start a weekly drop-in workshop held in my friend's Santa Fe pre-school. I never knew who would show up each week. People from my street performances, free-spirits who heard rumors about this naked happening, a Wait Until Dark cast of straight actors whose director required them to come, all were thrown into this crazy experiment. I never knew what I was going to do because I never knew who I would have to work with, or what I would have to deal with. This madhouse gave me a flexibility and a trust that the vision would guide me to create a temporary communal reality from those who were there. But the casual drop-in format placed a limit on how deep the intimacy could get. In my communal family, we were creating a way of being which was an underground base for the art. This base was a powerful influence. But it wasn't yet the clear focus of the work.

In May 1973, the end of this stage was a twenty-four hour performance. I became aware of the magical quality of extended time lengths when I attended an all-night peyote ceremony of the Native American church in Taos. [They dug a hole in the ground in the teepee for me to sit in.] Time was as

powerful as the magic medicine in creating a group reality trance. To try this time factor, I took my cast to Albuquerque to do what amounted to a 24-hour performance. For the first six hours, we approached people on the campus of the University of New Mexico, people with whom we would like to play, inviting them to an audition that night in the College Art Department for a happening. Then, after dinner, we did the workshop exercises with the 12 people who showed up. Slowly taboos were broken, a community of performance magically appeared...which was lucky because I could only book the room until midnight. Then I had to truck the performance across the city to the University of Albuquerque. The sense of community was strong enough that everyone came along. At dawn, as we stepped out of the studio, there was the crisp feeling of being born into a new world. In the late seventies I was doing forty eight hour performances!

But more about Santa Fe later. What I do in today's series and what I did in that first workshop look very similar because they are! But the performance is always changing. Sometimes the change is when I see that something has stopped working. Like by the nineties I had developed a loosely scripted ritual. But the audience started to know what will happen, started coming for a social [pickup] shallow scene. There was no magic, risk, push!! So I had to stop using any script and do a totally improv ritual!

I became sucked into performance not to tell stories, not to paint pictures for others to look at, not even to reveal something about myself or about the state of things, and certainly not for fame or fortune. It was simply the best way that I saw to create the intimate community which I as a person needed and that I thought society needed as an alternative to the personal isolation....

I have always wanted to bring dreams into reality.

I was lucky. I was never under pressure to be good at anything, to make money, to make it in "the real world", to be polished - and the other distractions that other modern artists have to, or think they have to, deal with. So I could focus on having fun, on going into taboo areas where magical change can be evoked. I couldn't do anything THE RIGHT ["NORMAL"] WAY. But I always have been so dumb that I didn't realize I couldn't do whatever I was pulled to do. So I just figured out how I could do things MY WAY! So I have done pretty much every kind of art in every kind of role in almost every kind of venue. And I took it for granted because I thought it was easy and I always had fun! So it's hard to say what my art is!

There are all kinds of art. There is art that calms, art that pacifies, art that sells, art that decorates, art that entertains. But what I am committed to is art as a battle, an underground war against fragmentation. The battle is on all realities. The controllers have always tried to fragment us. Fragment us from each other. Imprison us in islands of sex, color, religion, politics, classes, labels, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. -- they fragment our inner worlds, they blow our individual realities apart, and play the pieces against one another. They are us, or a part of us. They are the controllers, the politicians, the sexists, the women's libbers, the pornographers, the censors, the moralists, the church, the media, the businessmen, educators, the victims and the powerful.

They are us. They have divided us from our power, from our beauty, from our lust for life and pleasure. They have divided us from most of reality -- divided dying from living -- sex from living, sex from pleasure. We are kept in boxes of fear, of mistrust. We are kept waiting -- kept waiting to do what we want -- waiting for enough money, enough schooling, for everything to be right. We are kept waiting and protecting and hiding and suffering.

This is the time to do battle with the boxes.

As artists, our tools are magic, our bodies, taboos, and dreams.

This kind of art can be bubbles of childhood -- hidden places where you can play and explore -- it is the kids' under-the-covers world, the playhouse, the treehouse, the cave, behind the barn, playing doctor, cars at drive-ins before going all the way, Huck Finn's raft, tepees. People are afraid of this area of lusty exploring that they think they have out-grown -- but they are sucked into it.

But this kind of art can have a more heavy-duty magical side to it that shocks, offends, and breaks new ground. This side is what is locked in, the subconscious, the womb, the underground, hell/heaven, pleasure/torture, the coffin, the grave, birth/death/rebirth, dream/nightmare, the hidden world of taboos.

Artists of this breed need to be warriors who are willing to go into the areas of taboo, willing to push beyond where it is comfortable and safe to explore and build a larger zone of safeness. They need to be idealists, willing to live ideals.

Truth is we here always have several projects going at one time and more are popping up all the time. A lot of them turn out to be multi- year projects requiring major work which radically change our life. For example, in the

nineties I was publishing an underground zine THE CHEROTIC [R] EVOLUTIONARY, which had become a well respected venue for all kinds of artists over three years. Then I [who can't talk] got a regular radio talk show on one of the first internet stations. Well, we quickly started our own online radio station for various reasons [I exposed things about the other station]. LOVE UNDERGROUND VISIONARY REVOLUTION [LUVER] quickly bloomed into a 24/7 community with shows from people around the world. So I had to stop the zine so I could do LUVER! I did not plan to do a radio station just like I had not planned to do a zine! I just follow! LUVER lasted for almost fifteen years until the record industry forced me to shut down LUVER last year! I still do my SHAMAN'S DEN show [which started streaming as live video very early on].

I am curious about your childhood, where you grew up? What you dreamt about....

FRANK: My first stroke of good luck was I was born spastic with cerebral palsy, unable to feed myself, walk or talk. Add to this good fortune the fact that my formative years were in the sixties -- my fate was assured!

During the first year, it became more and more obvious that things weren't "normal." The doctors told my parents that I had no intelligence, that I had no future, that I would be best put into an institution and be forgotten. This was a powerful expectation with all the force of western science and medicine as well as social influences, behind it. It would have been easy for my parents to be swept up into this expectation. Then that expectation would have created my reality. I would have long ago died without any other possibilities.

Instead, my parents rejected this expectation for the possibility they saw in my eyes, for what for them should have been true. This rejection of the cultural expectation of reality could not be a one-time choice. They had to passionately live their choice every day, every minute, or the cultural expectation would have sucked them and me into it. It fought them at every new possibility they opened to me. Their passionate commitment to how they thought things should be attracted people to me who kept opening new possibilities for me.

So I came out wanting to communicate with people any way I could... With my eyes at first! But soon with my noises, physical movements, laughing, etc. I just let people know I wanted to be with them, wanted to play with them, etc. This was a great training to be an actor! This was how I communicated until I learned to spell [I don't know when that was!].

Actually it was my mom, Connie, who insisted to ignore the doctors. Connie was the black sheep of a Mormon family in Utah who had married a non-Mormon guy who was in the air force. Grace, Dad's step mother...my grandma...supported my mother in keeping me, in treating me as a normal kid. I think they out-voted Dad! We lived in Dayton until I was 8 on the Air Force base. Granddad Frank and Grace lived in Mansfield...over 2 hours away. To give Mom breaks, they took me to their house for a week at a time.

I named my left hand "Mike" and my right hand "Ike." They have different personalities from each other, move differently, etc. Mike is a smooth dude, somewhat sneaky, but in control if non-linear. Ike is very emotional, prone to outbursts, jerky....and shy. They have always had issues with each other...always the soap operas. Kids live in realities like this. I thought people who talked/thought in terms of "handicap" just didn't see Mike and Ike...and the other body characters...didn't understand their inner/inter logics!

Because Dad was in the Air Force, we moved a lot, both around the country and to Morocco and Germany. Each time we moved, Mom had to battle to get me into school [either regular school or special schools which often said I was too severely handicapped for them to take]. So I grew up knowing doing battle/struggling was how to open new possibilities up! Sometimes the school took me, at least with Mom doing something like coming to feed me or taking me home in the afternoons to continue the lessons. Other times, the school refused to take me at all. So Mom had to teach me at home! All of this taught me that struggling with flexibility is a great life style. True, when I was home taught I felt isolated. But even in those times, I made friends and was in the Scouts and went to church and to the teen club just to be with kids!

We moved to Redlands outside of San Bernardino and I got into a special education program. It was in a wing of a grade school campus. There were two classes, one for grade school kids and one for junior high and high school kids like me. There I had a board with the alphabet divided into four lines. The other person would point to each line and I would nod when he got to the right line, etc. a slow process! [My family just said the alphabet.] The doctors dictated I should learn to type with my hand... The normal way to type! I, my teacher, and my therapists all thought it was the wrong direction. But back then doctors were gods. So three times a week they taped a peg in my hand, put me into a standing box [I am not sure how that's normal!], and for an hour I tried to get the peg through holes on a thick plastic key guard to an electric typewriter... Me sweaty, rubbing my wrist raw. In the year, I may have typed a few words! But I quickly had a practical idea. Put a pointer on a headband... my therapists and my teacher

[women] wanted to try my idea. But the doctors [men] vetoed the idea. So for a year I was losing ground on my school work. They were getting ready to drop me from the school because I couldn't keep up. Meanwhile the news that next year the class would be moving onto the regular high school campus! Then we had a substitute teacher who tried my idea in art class, putting a brush on a headband. It worked! So my regular teacher ignored the doctors and rigged a pointer from tinker toys and an elastic band. It kept flipping down, hitting my nose. But within five minutes I was typing on an electric typewriter, without any key guard or any other special equipment. Everything then changed! So I started to paint and write at the same time! Btw, the first thing I wrote was a paper on a one world democratic socialist government! And the rest is history!

Talking to people through my board has intimate qualities. It slows people down, bringing them into a softer, smaller, more focused reality. It also reveals things about them through Freudian slips, etc. through the years I have designed the board around the other person who is reading the board, rather than around me.

In high school, I started hanging out with the few leftist students on the campus. And I started writing a political column in the school paper for my journalism class. This started me on commenting on everything. Most people who read my column didn't know I was disabled, just a radical before being a radical was in fashion. I got shit for debating a G. I. who was in Vietnam. He responded to a column I wrote in the school paper. We went back and forth in the paper... People accused me of undermining his morale. I was sat down and told I was ruining the opportunity of the crips [my word for the disabled] who would come after me [it was the first mainstream special education class on a regular high school campus] by being a radical. They wanted to use me as their poster crip because of my high grades. I didn't buy it! I said I thought the goal was to procure the right to be fully human for crips [and for everybody else]... Including being political! So I continued to doing what I was doing! I was interested in the big deep picture, not in being a disabled artist.

Funny, that was only a couple of years after I got them to try my idea for my head pointer for typing and talking. Now i was causing trouble with my writings! And writing for underground papers opened a lot up for me for years. After high school, during the summer before I went to junior college [which almost didn't take me because I drooled!], I had my brother drop me off at the head shop THE MIND VENDOR every Saturday. A Lesbian couple ran the shop. They also put out an underground paper THE MIDDLE EYE

which I quickly started writing for! When the cops shut down their shop, I started hanging out their house. This included me in the small underground community in San Bernardino! This opened everything up for me! This community was made up of artists, musicians, poets and radicals of STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY, THE BLACK PANTHERS, and THE PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY.

My personal roots are in the idealism of the 60's. That was when I broke out of personal physical isolation. I looked for a way to bring about the ideals for me and for society as a whole. The normal channels obviously would not work for me.

So all I had were my fantasies. I read novels like The Magus and Steppenwolf. I started wanting to create other alternative/altered realities just like the magicians in those novels. I read the Beat writers and the French Surrealists, Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl and Abbie Hoffman, listened to Dylan, watched the hippie movement grow. I wished I could be a hip artist living in San Francisco instead of being stuck outside San Bernardino reading, listening, watching, waiting. All of this brewed inside of me. From my high school years, days, I had been writing nonsense scripts dealing with nudity and nonsexual eroticism, always with roles for me to play! I read how-to books about directing, acting, film making, etc. I read such books as Toward a Poor Theatre and The Theatre and its Double. I read THE REALIST, published by the Yippie satirist Paul Krassner, who now is my good friend! I read about THE LIVING THEATER, Allan Kaprow, Anna Halprin, etc. Little did I know that I would in a few years meet in intimate ways most of my heroes, and that they would feel that what I doing was the continuing of their work! When I was doing my OUTRAGEOUS BEAUTY REVUE in the late seventies, it turned out that a writer who was interviewing me was the writer who did the piece in PLAYBOY about THE LIVING THEATER which I read in the late sixties! I took this as a sign I was doing something right! I also read STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and wondered about the possibilities of group relationships.

[I do believe I just answered your question about who are my heroes!]

But I didn't think I could get people to let me direct them in the rituals in my head. It was not until 1970 that I started trying to live out my inner visions. I tried to get the ok at Cal State, San Bernardino, to produce my all-nude play on campus. To my surprise, the college said yes. But I couldn't get actors. [In the early eighties they had me do a performance there!]

I was offended by such things as body doubles for nude scenes in movies and actors in live plays wearing flesh-colored tights in lusty scenes. My play was a

statement against this perverse attitude. I wasn't really into sex itself in my art. I just wanted to see nude bodies on stage -- not sneak them in to a love scene -- and see them do things like paint their bodies with baby food. I learned it can be hard to get people for weird things.

Also in college, I started doing political pranks. For an example, I had my friend Steve Emanuel [who I still do things with] push me into the Marines' recruiting office on campus. I spelled out to the confused recruiter that I wanted to join [I was extremely serious!]. Finally the poor guy said I could not do what the Marines do. I replied I could push "the Button"!

Tell me a little about your connection to Santa Fe.

FRANK: During the time of the Kent State killings, I saw my life was heading back into isolation if I did not make some radical changes. I was about to get my degree. I knew that once that happened, I would be stuck at home without much contact with people. I had tried to move out several times before. But gravity pulled me back home every time! At the time several of my friends were living at what they thought was a hippie commune. So I was hanging out there on Saturdays. But then the actual owner returned to sell the property. So my friends had to move. But the owner saw things in me and I continued to visit her, showing her my poetry and oil paintings [I painted one for her called VANITY]. Louise Scott had been a Beat in the fifties and transitioned to hippie. I told her my tale of woe. And she said I could live with her and her two kids and move to Santa Fe with them after she sold her San Bernardino property. But I had tried to move out before. I figured I needed a lot of miles between me and home when I moved out again. So I dropped out of college and hitched to hippieland in Santa Fe to wait for Louise to come which we thought would be in a week or two. It was two months! I stayed in a DIGGER style commune crash-pad THE CENTER which was in an abandoned shopping mall in town. At first I just crashed there, eating the two free meals served every day, getting a different person each day to help me [feed me, take me to the bathroom, push me to THE PLAZA, get me down to the floor mat to sleep, etc]. There were always people glad to do whatever I needed! So I found out I could live in raw life without any money, etc! I even visited quite a few of the communes in northern New Mexico, including THE HOG FARM, MORNING STAR and THE THEATER OF ALL POSSIBILITIES. When Louise and her kids finally arrived, we lived together communally with a few others. We never had much money... But what a fun life!

I was known as UNICORN then because of my head pointer. I wrote a column,

UNICORN SPEAKS, in the underground paper. Basically I was hanging out with the artists, musicians, poets, hippies and political revolutionaries in cafes, bars, coffeehouses, etc, helping to plan both political and art events.

But in a year, I found this life too comfortable! So I hitchhiked to northern Massachusetts to a commune, the Brotherhood of the Spirit. There I danced with the communal rock band, Spirit in Flesh, having fun, hitching/touring the East Coast. I even danced on stage at Carnegie hall and got written up [with a photo] in CREAM MAGAZINE! After that start, it was all downhill from there [just kidding]!

My first major performance began in that spiritual commune in which I lived. This commune was itself a liminal altered state in which 350 people went around doing their everyday duties, but talking about who they were in past lives, going into trances, channeling spirits and other things that I, skeptic, thought were weirdnesses better suited to cheap horror movies than to real life. But the people would not listen to me when I tried to tell them this spiritual business was spacing them out of this human life. But then one day, when I was typing, a spirit who later introduced himself as Reed, came through me, typing, "You are not typing this, Frank". At the beginning, I thought I made Reed up to get the people to listen, and to start creating my ideals in the world. But I may have been taking more credit than I deserved because Reed and two other spirits/characters/persons took on reality for themselves. People waited for the next "lecture" to come through. The spirits talked to people, guiding them (and me) to create a new personal community. Even when I left the spiritual commune, reading the new lectures for the people around me became performances aimed at them. People started seeing Reed and the others in their dreams. The question of whether Reed is "real" is not a useful question in shamanistic performance -- that is, performance for change. Reed is real whether he is a spirit floating around somewhere, or my alter-ego, or a conning fiction which I used as an invisible puppet. His reality is the change he created in the outer world.

Reed lasted for three years as an active performance. He as a performance contained the qualities which shape all my work. It was aimed at building a personal community which by its very existence threatens the established order of isolation and fragmentation. Its parts, the lectures, used the people around me to get to universal concerns. Reed was a framed process running parallel to, but braided with, my normal life.

So after a year at the BROTHERHOOD [during which I had gotten married], I moved back to New Mexico with Debbie my wife to build a personal community.

In Albuquerque, because of my REED writings, SILVA MIND CONTROL [a new age outfit] wanted to back me to open a commune. So I, without any money, was driven around in a big RV by a couple of real estate agents showing me huge hotels, etc for sale for a week! Talk about a surreal performance piece! But the deal exploded when I exposed shady practices of SILVA!

So I went back to college at New Mexico University. Debbie and I developed a relationship first with JoAnne and later with Ray. We four eventually moved in together as a tribal relationship and moved to Santa Fe again!

I was still looking for a way to work with people. I got into the Moving Image Lab at Anthropology Film Center on Upper Canyon road. It was a very intensive in-depth film making course which was nine to five every day for four months. I made films of rolling nude down a hill, smearing bodies with baby food, nursing by a sexy woman. But when the film course was over, I did not have money to make films. I could not see putting my energy into getting money to make films, could not see putting up with the compromises and outside control involved in an artistic context requiring big bucks. For me, the act of breaking a taboo is what is magical, what effects change...not someone seeing it in a film.

This not having money, this not wanting to be controlled and limited by money, was what sealed me into a performance life.

So I again started looking for a way to work with people. I wanted to see people nude, and touch them, and to create an intensity between us.

I had been painting oils for years, painting with a brush strapped to my forehead, painting nudes from magazine photos. One day, when I was selling newspapers in The Plaza as an excuse to talk to people, I told what turned out to be a rich woman I painted oils. She asked me to paint a nude of her. So Debbie set me and my paints up in the fancy living room as the woman undressed. On that day I realized how art can give people permission to do what normally is forbidden. It gives a frame that switches realities from the narrow normal reality to the freeing altered reality of controlled folly. If you go up to a stranger on the street and ask him to show his body to you, you will be lucky if he just walks away and does not hit you. But if you sincerely (and sincerity is a key) ask him to model for a painting or be in a video that involves nudity, there is a high chance he will do it because you are offering him a key to a new, different, and temporary reality.

So I sat on the center plaza, "selling newspapers". But selling papers was only a context. The context for me was an excuse for watching people, talking to

people who had the slowness and the insightful curiosity to stop and talk...a way for me to ask them to model for me. These special people were my real targets for my street pieces. They saw past the mask of the cripple. The masses used the mask of the cripple to relieve their guilt, to reinforce their fragile superiority of being "normal", to make themselves feel better by throwing money (up to $20 a throw) at the less fortunate at whom they would not even look. The third type of person was made up of the poor and the kids who gave money as a pure spiritual act. When the special person stopped to talk, a crowd gathered around to listen. Money fell on my board while I was asking the special person to model.

The newspaper selling quickly fell away. All I had to do was sit there on the sidewalk, being available to talk. It did not matter that I dressed fancy, or had a sign saying "I don't want money; I want you". The money kept falling. But I did discover that there are special spots and special ways of sitting which attract people. Sit at a slightly different angle, or on a spot a few feet away from the special spot and you become invisible.

I have done these street performances across the country. I have gotten tickets to the Joffrey, filled a couple of workshops, got my cameraman for one of my films, all from the street pieces. I almost caused a riot in front of Caesar's Palace in Atlantic City, N.J. The crowd did not take kindly to the casino guards trying to push me away because I was taking Caesar's money.

I painted a lot of the special people from the street performances. I noticed the changes in the people when they took off their clothes; how they relaxed, how they started talking on a deeper level about important personal things. After I got a taste of direct interpersonal acting out of erotic dreams, painting became too static. I began a series of private performances called Nonfilms. I asked the special people from the street performances to come to my home, into my study which was my first cave. Within this cave, cut off from the normal reality, we created scenes which no camera would shoot, nobody would see. Although I had played with my friends before in nonsexual eroticism, this was the first time I tried to use "sexual" acts in a nonsexual art form. I was surprised with the power that this released. Because of these scenes, the people started talking about their lives during these sessions and said it helped their other relationships. Not one person minded that there was no film. These nonfilms were the base for my career in relationship counseling.

I first noticed the nonlinear effects of private performance in these secret rituals. People whom I approached on the street came to me weeks after the nonfilm, the person usually reported changes in his life, in his relationships, in

how people were towards him...all of which amazed him (and me too) because he hadn't told anyone that he had done the ritual. Part of the change in how people related to him can be explained linearly by the change in the person emotionally and even physically caused by the performance. But this does not explain how things "just happened" to him, things that were improbable, things that we both linked to the ritual.

In the eighties I started videoing these nonfilms when the VHS home equipment first came out. I didn't care that there was no place to show these videos. I got shit for using the VHS [among many other things]! I didn't care! The important thing for me is always the doing the art with people, not who will see it! So we just put all of my videos in the closet. When the internet finally arrived, I was ready! I was one of the first artists who used the internet to show my videos! Those nonfilms in the closet now get watched by thousands a day!

I don't have a choice about what the art is like, can't change it to suit the art fashion to keep up with the times. It is a living monster pulling me along in its zigzag evolution. Real art is like that. Art is a calling, not a career.

The nonfilm pieces were active physical mutations of the psychic, literary lectures of Reed. Both the Reed lectures and the nonfilms were created around the particular people in my life to call forth an alternative reality to the normal one. I do not function all that well in the social, political, casual, sexual, economical, competitive world. So I look to performance to create a world of community, intimacy, and human intense interaction. For me, art is a matter of survival.

But I began to see the nonfilms were magical intense nonsexual one night stands which were not building a sense of expanding community, the heart of the vision that controls my art.

I was not satisfied with these nonfilms because they were brief relationships that did not go anywhere. What I wanted to do was create intimacy -- that is, a situation in which anything is permissible, where people feel that secure. I didn't want to connect this intimacy with romance or sex because that would set limits. But that "anything is permissible" did mean a wide open erotic freedom.

I somehow stumbled upon a book, Environmental Theater by Richard Schechner, a book about a theater of active involvement and participation, of

nudity and intimate physicality, of risk-taking and change. It was right up my alley. Richard's insights and experiments were inspiring to me.

But it seemed to me the Performance Group of Richard's was not well-versed in, or committed to, a living communal intimacy, so they retreated from the edge when they were expected to live the personal intimacy they were acting out. My years of communal living and spiritual study gave me needed keys to take what Richard had done forward. The book fit so well with my own experiments, philosophy and vision, it became a base of the next stage of the work.

And I have already talked about the workshop and the twenty four hour performance which came out of all of this. After that performance, my tribal body of four plus around five people from the workshop moved to N.Y.C. to continue the work.

You are well known as one of the NEA funded artists that was targeted by Jesse Helms in the 1990's, which resulted in the NEA no longer funding performance art. What do you think about the growing embrace of performance art by large museums, collectors, and the public?

FRANK: I have written a lot about what I call THE COMBINE PLOT which leads artists on a chase of college degrees, of skills to operate high-tech art-making machines, of money or positions that will give them the opportunity to do art, even when the style, the subject matter, and maybe the content of the art is dictated by this chase, by the combine plot.

When the news came out that I was on the hit list I wrote this:
"I see in the press that Sen. Jesse Helms and Rep. Dana Rohrabacher have nominated me, along with Annie Sprinkle, Karen Finley, Johanna Went, Cheri Gaulke, as well as other unnamed artists, to be the next target in their war on art. By doing so, Dana and Jesse have given us artists a platform from which to fight the plot. Because doing battle with the combine plot is one of the main functions of an artist, I am flattered to be nominated as one of the top ten on the new McCarthy hit list. I was feeling left out. All my heroes in the past were banned, jailed, harassed for their work. Artists such as Finley who I respect have been fighting the censors for years. My ego was crushed when I saw Rohrabacher on CNN label Annie Sprinkle a threat to the established moral order. After all, my work is as threatening as hers. But days later, someone sent me the NEW YORK CITY TRIBUNE (Feb. 5) special report that named names, and my name was there. What a relief! I only wish Dana and Jesse had invited me to testify. Jesse, I am available."

It was not about stopping funding artists. Annie Sprinkle had not even tried to get NEA funding when we were targeted. And I just had gotten a NEA fellowship of five thousand dollars years ago! It was my first and last spin in the Grant Game. I felt fine about applying because back then they based it on your past work, not for some future project. There were no strings on how I used the money. I always had the iron clad policy of not giving the control of the art away to the government, corporations, audiences, cast members, venues, etc. So I only do art that we here can afford to pay for ourselves. But in the end of the year of that fellowship, I began to have an addicted feeling, thinking about applying for more grants, etc. rather than just doing art. So I said FUCK THIS SHIT and went cold turkey! That addiction to getting outside money really shut off a lot of possibilities!

About five years before this targeting, I was pissing other artists off by warning them they were opening gates for such an attack by giving other artists shit for not doing politically correct enough work. So I was expecting such an attack. But I didn't think I was a big enough fish to be one of the targeted! But I was ready, ready to ride the bull for years, ready to use the platform and power that being targeted gave me to battle with censorship, repression and suppression, and to have fun doing it! Being targeted is just a part of the job of doing the kind of art I do!

The core goal of this attack was to politically deball all art. All of us targeted artists [gays, women and me] were using nudity and eroticism for radical political social change.

When an artist sets herself up as being an artist who goes beyond the normal frame, who tells the hard truths, who explores the unknown...not to be hip, or controversial, or to be interesting...but because that is how our tribal human being evolves, so it has to be done...when that kind of artist then goes after money, personal fame, and/or glamour while still claiming to be doing avant-garde art, it is denying society the real evolutionary function of the real avant-garde. It tells people, audiences and artists alike, that the avant-garde is just a branch of the entertainment complex with the same rules, goals, reality as television, rock music, Hollywood, and sports. This is like telling people a can of Slim Fast is a balanced meal of real food. It is a lie. And the scary dangerous thing is artists are buying/selling this lie. Avant-garde art is art that tells the truth, explores the taboos, pushes the limits. Obviously this kind of art, if it is honest, cannot be focused outwardly. Historically, often "The People" [who are not the same thing as "the mainstream"] have identified with the avant-garde because it was

telling the truth about their lives. The focus of the avant-garde should always be on telling the truth, not on popularity polls and bottom lines. The focus of the avant-garde has been, and should be, on doing art that is as "pure" as possible...not on mass media entertainment of reaching as many people as possible by shaping "the product" to that goal.

The mainstream entertainment, by it sheer mass, has always sucked artists out of the fringe, the underground. That is just gravity. In reality, it takes a lot to enter, and to stay in, the underground. The underground is where the real freedom and the real ability to change society are to be found. This is why artists CHOOSE the underground instead of the mainstream. This is also why, when an artist is pulled into the mainstream, this freedom and ability decay. In my own career, I have worked very hard to stay in the underground...this work has been hard precisely because some of the pieces have turned out to be "popular" [whatever that means!]...attracting the mainstream sharks.

The mainstream has always tried to create a fake avant-garde with fake controversies, fake taboos, fake "hipness," etc. to give the marks a controlled fun-ride through a Disneyland to keep them away from the real edge of life. This is because the powers-that-be cannot control or exploit what is in the real avant-garde. To pull this off, the government, corporations, whatever need us artists. WE ARTISTS DON'T NEED THEM!

Seeing art as THE PRODUCT, with marketing phrases such as "alternative comedy [a.k.a. performance art]," is very damaging to performance art because it trivializes art. In fact it avoids "art" all together, selling "alternative comedy" as a weird, consumable form of entertainment which will give you a laugh for your buck. This is not what performance art is. Performance art is the performing/doing/experiencing the act of art. It is going on a physical journey into the unlimited realm of art. Sometimes this journey may be funny or entertaining. But these are not the true goals or rewards. The suggestion [promotion] that these are the rewards of art results in denying people, including the artists, the real full freeing experience of art.

All of this is selling the art, the artists, and the audience way short. Moreover it was misunderstanding the new media such as the internet and zines. In these media, artists can relate to their audiences directly without middlemen, without compromises, without limiting concepts such as "mainstream"...all for very little money...so why sell out?

Btw, I am always willing to sell out for fifty grand a week!

So the NEA became a part of this long before Helms targeted us. But when he forced the NEA to add a clause to its artist contract, the NEA became useless to artists like us. The clause was basically a loyalty oath to the established order, promising to do no art that could offend anybody! Some artists like Rachel Rosenthal sent their NEA money back, refusing to sign! But most artists signed, not embarrassed to admit that they did that weak of art! And that was the death nail of the NEA to individual artists.

Your work deals with the body, erotic play and sexuality— themes that a person with cerebral palsy is not usually identified with. Are you able to get away with things that more traditionally able-bodied artists are not?

FRANK: Mmmmmm... Who is doing the identifying? Who are the artists with cerebral palsy who don't deal with the body and sex? And why don't they? Don't they deal with life in all of its dimensions?

I have always claimed whole LIFE with all of its issues, etc. as my canvas and subject matter. I have claimed all kinds of art and all channels of communication as my tools! Having cerebral palsy is one of my tools. It is a great shortcut and adds additional dimensions to what I do. For an example, when I get on a stage at a punk club to sing, everything is blown open, the old reality with all the limits have been shown up as lies because a dude like me shouldn't be a rock star! So my body is like a booster rocket even before I open my mouth! But then I need to deliver, get results! I always do!

There are always all kinds of pressures to change the content, the tools, and the focus of the work. People always say they like the work because it is strong, but I should get over my obsession with sex and nudity, and get on to more important issues; I should not get "stuck" in one vision. I can never figure out why they LIKE the art if they think that!

What they do not realize is what they like about the work, the strength, comes from being committed to a single vision, no matter what the current trends and fashions are. I cannot imagine more important issues than sex and freedom symbolized by nudity. But these are not my ultimate focus. Sex and nudity are powerful digging tools to reach the intimate community. By limiting the tools of art, art itself is limited.

When the artist is rooted in private rituals, it becomes clear that she is not an agent for society, or some political movement, or the art galleries and art "experts", or even for her own individualistic imagination. Instead, she is an agent of gods, of dreams, of visions and myths. This causes reactions in society, especially when the piece is public. Karen Finley in the eighties was criticized for limiting her audience because she offended them by her words, anger, nudity. An artist who is rooted in the private channels is not affected by this attempt to curb the power of the art by strapping it to audience acceptance and agreement. The power of a Karen Finley is the taboo-breaking energy she releases into society. This societal pressure to tame art down, which usually sounds very reasonable and comes even from liberal sources, is very hard for the artist to resist who is not familiar with the hidden channels of change.

Is nudity and eroplay always a part of your performance?

FRANK: Well, in my performances, like in my life, the possibility of nudity, sex, and everything else is always there on the table to appear at any time. This turns up the importance of everything that does actually occur into an intensive altered state. I never know what will happen!

And in reality all my life is my performance, using all kinds of channels of communication [both linear and non- linear]. Funny! I probably have reached lot more people than any other performance artist. And me, not caring how many people the art reaches!

Is the glass half full or half empty?

FRANK: My cup runneth over! It always has!

As a younger performance artist, I am interested in a dialogue between our generations. What are your impressions of the 80's and 90's generation of artists as opposed to your own. This, of course, is a very broad topic, but perhaps you can rap on the subject a little.

FRANK: In the seventies and the early eighties, the calling of art became the career of art. The passion and idealism became the studying of the trends of what will be "in" next. The passionate vulnerability that creates magic was

replaced by a cool and clever intellectualism. We artists got seduced by high tech. We got seduced by the modern media, by the quest for large audiences.

I think performance was being ruined by trying to package it as entertainment, as off-beat cabaret. Some performance is entertaining. Some performance is cabaret. That is great. But when you try to package performance into a neat cabaret format, as I think is the trend, to make performance acceptable and profitable, it becomes a hip form of nightclub watching or groovy T.V. watching. If you limit performance in time and space for acceptability, it stops being performance.

I like doing cabaret and video. They are great mediums in themselves. Of course, video, cabaret, computers, etc. have always been a big part of what I do.

But when I am doing cabaret or video, I am always aware of the limitations built into their formats. When someone watches a video, he knows that he will remain passively watching from the outside; the video will not literally pop out into his reality, or physically drag him into the T.V.

When someone goes to a cabaret, he knows there are certain limits involved such as that each act must end before another begins; but in performance, anything is possible. A performance can last for a minute or it can last for days. Performance can start in one space but then move to another. Performance can be storytelling, it can be a guy threatening you with a baseball bat, it can be a guy hanging by his skin, or throwing food, or anything. In performance all things are possible. And that is what gives you an extra edge to create dreams.

Performance, like any avant-garde art, is the way society dreams; it is the way society expands its freedom, explores the forbidden in safety, loosens up. Society needs its dream art, just as an individual needs to dream or will go insane. Our moral majority society, bent on going backwards into the violent blank rigidity of a censored mind, needs taboo-breaking dreams to get back to freedom. Performance is perfectly suited for this dream role. At the present time, our society is at a fork in its growth. It can go deeper into high tech impersonal isolation, or it can rediscover the magic that happens when physical and emotional humans actively and directly link up with one another. Art can either just follow society, just recording the trends, or it can take a pathbreaker role. I am talking to you artists who are not as lucky as I am to have a physical reminder that they are misfits of society whose job it is to

push back the limits of society. This is a reminder that we misfits are still needed.

Performance art, the art of performance, is rooted in the private games of babies where every move and gesture has its own meaning to the baby -- it is rooted in the creative and the destructive games that a little kid does when he is all alone -- games that adults still do, but will not admit to doing, even to themselves.

One of the main criticisms I get is that my art is old fashioned, a throwback to the 60's. I find this funny because the roots of the art are much more old fashioned than that, going back to the cave.

Performance obviously goes much farther back than 1909 when it became a formal art form. The Futurists were reacting to the bankruptcy of formal art, with its gallery power scene, the elitism of art, the money, the politics, and the social scene of art. This is a true but a one-sided view of why performance appeared at that time.

I think performance came into existence to fill a void in western life. The void was the lack of magic and inspiration. The two areas of creativity, theatre and religion that traditionally were the source of this magical inspiration had long ago moved from magic to entertainment and politics. This void also gave birth to psychology during that same time period. I often get the criticism that my work is really psychology and therapy, and not art. When it is realized that psychology as a formal science and performance as a formal art were born at the same time, this criticism can be answered. Performance and psychology are both involved in spiritual healing by digging into the hidden mysteries of life.

The dynamic of seeing art is not the fundamental dynamic of art. The doing of art is art's basic dynamic. The doing of art and having other people see the art work are two separate dynamics, events, rituals. The seeing of art is what the viewer or listener does in her head. The doing of art is the ritual of creation, is what the artist does. In reality, this ritual has more to do with the act of doing than the act of creating. When a child first draws crazy lines on the wall, he is not trying to create something...but to do something for some effective purpose that our linear logic cannot grasp. The crazy person does his insane rituals, not to express himself but to keep the sky from falling or to make pain go away. And it works. The sky does not fall down. Maybe it is because of the rituals of the insane.

The very act of doing changes the whole universe. This is a key principle of magic. By doing a ritual or by speaking a spell, you can effect change. Painting a

picture, doing a dance, writing a poem, any act of art can be a magical ritual, the doing of which has nonlinear effects. Seen in this way, most acts of creation are private rituals done in personal caves. What we usually think of as works of art are aftermaths of art.

The problem with our modern frame of art reality is not that we make art to be seen, but that we have forgotten (or have been made to forget by those who control what is to be seen and what is not) that the power of doing art is the main power of art. The private performance is a way to regain the magical power of the doing of art. Defining what a private performance is is an interesting way to enter the magic. I define it as a ritual that is not for an audience. It is something that has to be done, something you may not even want to do. One of the easiest to frame as a private performance is a shaman going to his secret spot to do rites nobody will see to open himself up for channeling visions that he cannot personally use or tell anyone about. We have seen other obvious private performances -- the child, the madman, the artist alone doing art. We can add things like doodling, singing in the shower, playing invisible drums to the radio when you are safe alone in your room. It is something that has to come out. It is something too silly, too taboo, too sacred, too intense, too raw, too vulnerable to be done in public, to be expressed. This may be where real art begins. This kind of doing by one person is clearly private performance. It has an element of secrecy and undercover. I can remember singing on my bed along with the radio, quickly stopping when anyone opened the door, not wanting to be exposed, not wanting to lessen the magic. And now I sing in rock clubs.

The hidden ritual not only kept me from insanity (some people will say that makes it therapy, not art), but opened nonlinear routes of possibilities not only for me, but for everybody. The private performance gives the artist freedom from limits and shoulds and morals, so that she can go beyond where the society or culture or the consciousness has reached, to connect to the universal power. By doing this she brings a new universal area into this reality.

I think you are terrific Frank. I see that you ran for President?

FRANK: Well, are not all political campaigns performances? That doesn't mean they are not serious. My performances often start with something seemingly trivial then grow by themselves very quickly into forces unto themselves. The campaign started with a t-shirt of The Three Stooges. Michael ["Mikee"] LaBash, who is one of six people I live within a tribal relationship and who is

our graphic/web designer, had a CURLY FOR PRESIDENT t-shirt. For Christmas 2006 Mikee made me a FRANK MOORE FOR PRESIDENT shirt. When I wore it, people started asking me what my platform was. So I wrote a platform up. Everybody who read it got excited, overflowed with hope, saying it expressed what they felt and wanted. They didn't see a performance artist in a wheelchair. They didn't check the odds of my winning. Instead they saw someone who they could excitedly vote for... somebody who shared their dreams, who talked deeply about what really affects their lives. Their reactions placed on me a responsibility to mount a serious campaign, to commit and surrender to it...and to hang on no matter where this ride would go. I never know where a performance or a project will evolve to.

In one of my speeches from the campaign I said that I started running basically because none of the prominent candidates were talking honestly and directly about the state of things, were committed to fundamental change, and had a clear plan to create a humane, sustainable, and just plain enjoyable society. So I took on that role. My running for President created an excitement for how possible it is to bring our dreams for our society into reality... to remove fear and isolation; to get the boot of big corporations off our neck; to provide everyone health care, life-long education, a minimum income, and a livable wage; to restore our rights and freedoms; and to bring our troops home! We everyday people know the real state of the union! But more importantly, we have the sense of what is possible! We need leaders who share our dreams and who do not sell us short. Or sell us out!

This excitement extended overseas, and we received much more coverage of the campaign in Europe than we did locally, although there were a handful of great interviews and articles about the campaign here in the U.S.. In Europe, there were great articles written about the campaign in France, Germany, Poland and the UK, and an appearance on Swedish TV!

We did many local events and attended many different local festivals during the over two years that I ran for President, and they were some of the most effective pieces I have ever done ... Here is what I wrote about the campaign coming to the "How Berkeley Can You Be" Parade in September of 2007:

"The whole day blew me out. Linda and Mikee took turns pushing my chair close to the lines of people along the parade route so I could shake hands, look into people's eyes, hear their responses, interact one on one...all of which would have been impossible if I sat on a truck. I was moved when people thanked me for running, when whole sections started clapping and chanting "GO, FRANK, GO!" Erika, Corey, Alexi, and sometimes Linda or Mikee gave out over 1,200 copies of the platform. And people didn't throw it away as is

common, but started reading it, shouting out planks they were moved by. I can see that "pressing the flesh" can be addicting! And a lot of people are devoted viewers of the public access shows of Suzy and mine. "I WATCH YOU EVERY NIGHT!", "WE TIVO YOU!", "I LEARN FROM WATCHING YOUR SHOWS!"

Camping out in our beautiful booth, which we put up for most of these events and festivals, was only slightly less intense. We were a visual magnet, decked out with banners, t-shirts, buttons, bumper stickers, peace flags and platforms. And people got the tribal body that the 6 of us are together!

By the "official" count, I received a handful of votes, spread across a number of states, Maryland, Illinois, Kansas, Georgia, Utah, West Virginia, and of course California. But the "official" count for write-in candidates is always just a small part of the picture, because so many of the states that actually accept write-in candidates for President will never actually count or record the votes unless the number of votes becomes large enough to contend with the "major" candidates. For instance, we know directly that I received votes in New York, but there were 0 votes counted for me in NY.

The campaign also had a direct effect on the electoral process for write-in Presidential candidates in a number of states. We not only forced several states' elections divisions to learn their own system, we also challenged and/or changed procedures and requirements in other states both before and after the election.

For much much more information about the campaign, with great photos and video from the various events, visit:
http://www.frankmooreforpresident08.com/index.html.

And for more about my work, people can check out the below links:

http://www.eroplay.com
http://www.facebook.com/godfrank
facebook group: The Universal Underground Video Bank
http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=117921371580943&ref=ts
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Culture Art & Music from Far Out West

Part of October 2013 Edition by Audrey Rubinstein

"We Misfits Are Still Needed": A Performance Conversation with Frank Moore

Editor's Note: Frank Moore died on October 14, 2013. The writer dedicates this interview to Moore, "a brave and dedicated artist."

A body-centered performance artist, Frank Moore's work has been labeled obscene by the mainstream for over three decades. Along with Annie Sprinkle and Karen Finley, his contemporaries, his work employs nudity and erotic play as artistic devices. Moore, 67, streams his video archive on his Vimeo channel, where the work has had over seven million views. (Debates about whether the work is exploitative or acceptable rage in the comment section.) I am transfixed by the nine-and-a-half-minute video clip of Frank Moore eating from the early 1980's — a performance video he created while a master's student at The San Francisco Art Institute. The video repels, yet intrigues; it makes me feel very uncomfortable. Frank Moore's performance art seems to command this physical rather than intellectual response. He uses his body to expand the field of communication between performer and audience. I interviewed Moore by email.

I am curious about your childhood: where you grew up, what you dreamt about . . . .

My first stroke of good luck was I was born spastic with cerebral palsy, unable to feed myself, walk or talk. Add to this good fortune the fact that my formative years were in the sixties — my fate was assured!

During [my] first year, it became more and more obvious that things weren't "normal." The doctors told my parents that I had no intelligence, that I had no future, that I would best be put into an institution and forgotten. This was a powerful expectation, with all the force of western science and medicine, as well as social influences, behind it. It would have been easy for my parents to be swept up into this expectation. Then that expectation would have created my reality. I would have long ago died without any other possibilities.

Instead, my parents rejected this expectation for the possibility they saw in my eyes, for what, for them, should have been true. They had to passionately live their choice every day, every minute, or the cultural expectation would have sucked them, and me, into it.

You are one of the NEA-funded performance artists who were targeted by conservative lawmakers in the 1990's, which resulted in the NEA no longer funding individual artists.

It was not about stopping funding artists. Annie Sprinkle had not even tried to get NEA funding when we were targeted, and I just had gotten an NEA fellowship of five thousand dollars! The core goal of this attack was to politically de-ball all art. All of us targeted artists (gays, women and me) were using nudity and eroticism for radical political social change.

The mainstream entertainment, by its sheer mass, has always sucked artists out of the fringe, the underground. That is just gravity. In reality, it takes a lot to enter, and to stay in, the underground. The underground is where the real freedom and the real ability to change society are to be found. This is why artists choose the underground instead of the mainstream. In my own career, I have worked very hard to stay in the underground.

How has performance art changed?

In the seventies and the early eighties, the calling of art became the career of art. The passion and idealism became the studying of the trends of what will be "in" next. The passionate vulnerability that creates magic was replaced by a cool and clever intellectualism.

Performance, like any avant-garde art, is the way society dreams; it is the way society expands its freedom, explores the forbidden in safety, loosens up. Society needs its dream art, just as an individual needs to dream or will go insane.

Performance is perfectly suited for this dream role.

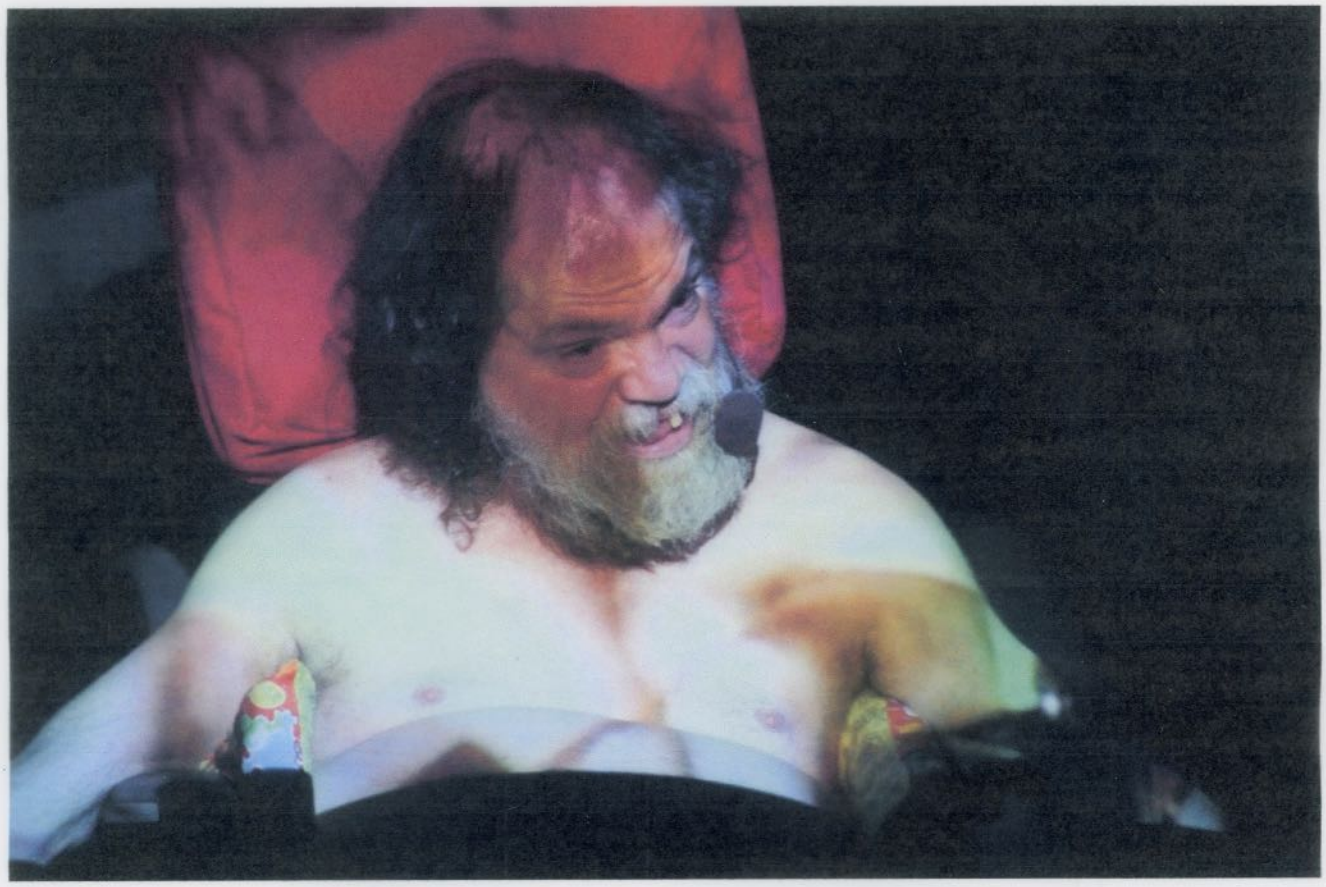
Does performance really interact with society?

At the present time, our society is at a fork in its growth. It can go deeper into high-tech impersonal isolation, or it can rediscover the magic that happens when physical and emotional humans actively and directly link up with one another. Art can either just follow society, just recording the trends, or it can take a path-breaker role.

[Many] artists are not as lucky as I am to have a physical reminder that they are misfits of society whose job it is to push back the limits of society. This is a reminder that we misfits are still needed.

Performance art, the art of performance, is rooted in the private games of babies, where every move and gesture has its own meaning to the baby. It is rooted in the creative and the destructive games that a little kid does when he is all alone — games that adults still do, but will not admit to doing, even to themselves.

I don't have a choice about what the art is like; I can't change it to suit the art fashion, to keep up with the times. It is a living monster pulling me along in its zigzag evolution. Real art is like that. Art is a calling, not a career.



Frank Moore in "An Act Of Direct Engagement", POW! POW! Acton Art Festival at the Climate Theater, San Francisco, California, Friday, October 16, 2009. Photo: Daniel Lorenze

U.C.B. Series, Berkeley, California, Winter 1984. Photo: Mary Sullivan

Exploring The Taboos Of Intimate Fun, Center For Sex & Culture, San Francisco, California, October 15, 2011. Photo: Michael LaBash >

-

"Journey To Lila", Walden Performance Space, Berkeley, California, 1990. Photo: Kevin Rice

Tags:performance art

Write us your thoughts about this post. Play nice.

1. *Christine Johnson*

   October 17, 2013 at 4:32 am

   I very much appreciated the question path and the resulting answers directly spoke to some of my same impressions. I am a "misfit' MS.wheelchair and searched for a way to create(a necessary state of mine) and once found i finally found release in my form of performance art. I tell stories of my observations using voice music instruments (sometimes these are played by others). Many times my performances are transitory as "happenings'. I am now faced with recording them to video as my MS limits my venue. Thanks you both for sharing as it has at least helped this person feel less alone.

   Reply

   - *Audrey*

     October 17, 2013 at 8:44 pm

     I am so glad you related to the interview's "question path" and felt less alone. The artist's path is a lonely one. Keep on!
     ANR

     Reply

2. *Linda Mac*

   October 23, 2013 at 12:17 pm

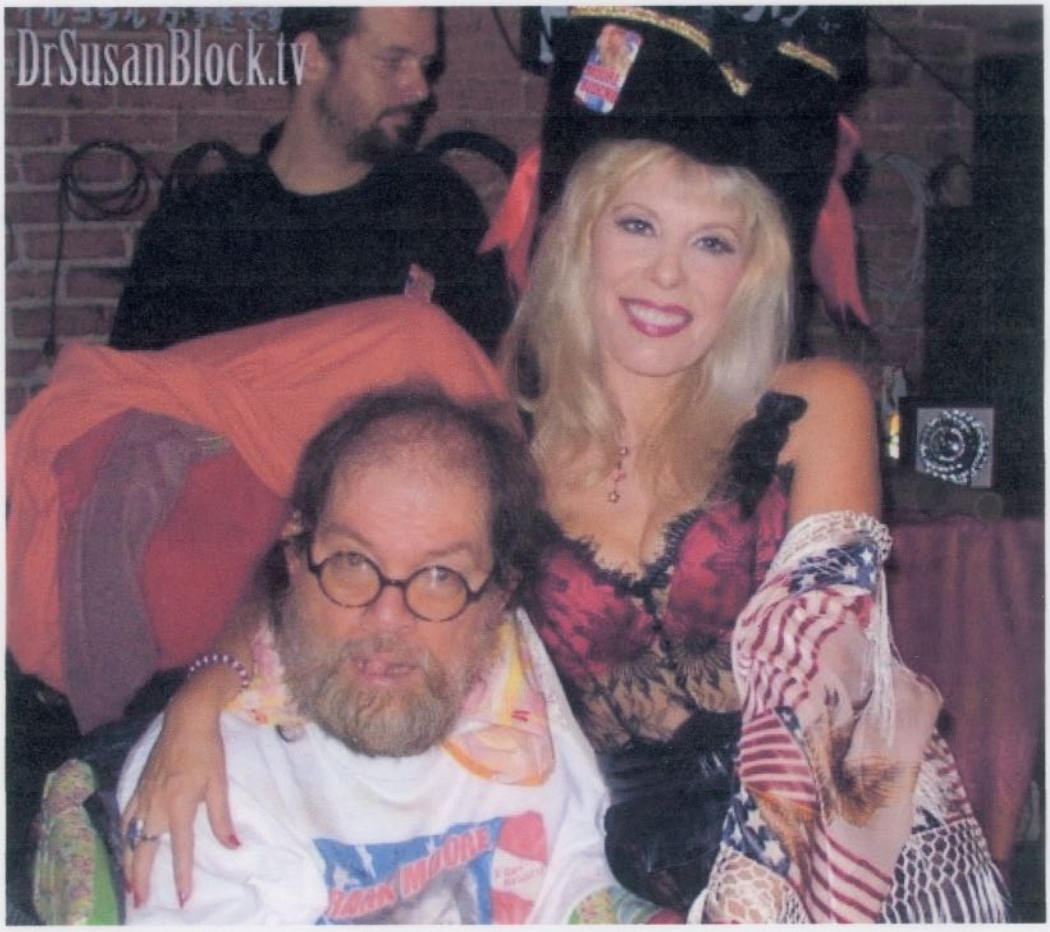
   Your comment is awaiting moderation.

   Christine,
   Linda here. I was Frank's partner for the last 38 years. I am so glad that the interview made you feel less alone. Frank would have loved that!
   Linda

http://adobeairstream.com/art/misfits-still-needed-performance-conversation-frank-moore/#comment-7704

DR. SUSAN BLOCK'S JOURNAL

R.I.P. Frank Moore June 25th 1946 – October 14th 2013: American Hero, Revolutionary Artist, Shaman, Poet, Wounded Healer & Great LUVeR ❤



U.S. Presidential Candidate Frank Moore with running mate Dr. Susan Block on a campaign stop at Il Corral during their 2008 campaign. Photo: Mikee

The world just lost one of its greatest artists. Frank Moore passed away this morning from the effects of double pneumonia. Frank was, without a doubt, one of the most marvelous people with whom I have ever had the honor and pleasure to work and play. Though I'm happy to hear he left this world peacefully, surrounded by his beloved family and friends—Linda, Mikee, Corey, Alexi and Erika—I can't deny the grief I feel, tears falling as I contemplate his loss.

Frank meant so much to me, to Max and to so many others, and so many wonderful memories are swirling through my head along with the pain of missing him. It's hard to know where to

start with this little spontaneous remembrance. So please forgive me, as I'm sure Frank would, if I skip around a bit as I try to pay him tribute now, on the day of his passing, for the benefit of those of you who knew him, as well as those who didn't.

Frank was a man of tremendous, breathtaking accomplishment. An award-winning counter-culture hero, artist, poet, philosopher, rock star, filmmaker and happily married man, Frank was my U.S. Presidential running mate in our amazing 2008 campaign, the producer of *The Dr. Susan Block Show* on Berkeley public access TV as well as hosting and producing his own groundbreaking shows and an underground Internet radio station. Yet the first thing many people noticed when they saw Frank was his physical "condition." That is, in addition to being all of the above and so much more, Frank happened to be quadriplegic.

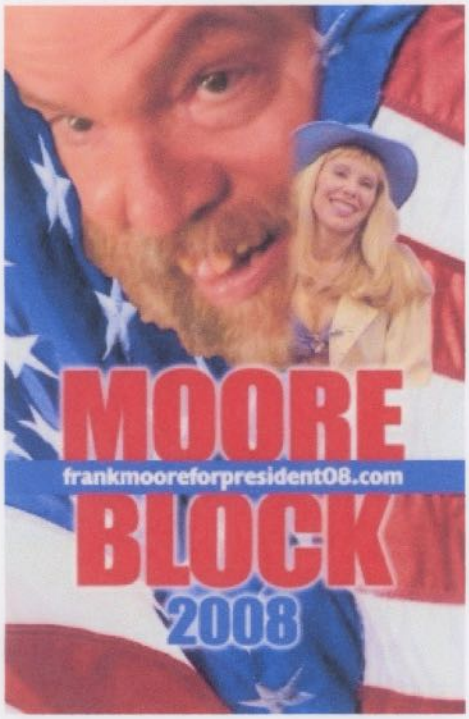
Born with severe cerebral palsy that rendered him unable to walk or talk, Frank conquered what some might call his extreme "disabilities" to become one of world's foremost performance artists, deep thinkers, political leaders and inspirational teachers. The Steven Hawkings of Erotic Theater, Frank coined the term "chero," combining "chi" and "eros" to express the physical energy of life. He also created the word "eroplay" to describe the physical interaction between adults released from the linear goals of typical sexual intercourse, often in the context of long, 5-48 hour ritualistic performances. These performances, which I was privileged to participate in when he and his wonderful family were my guests here in Bonoboville, were transformative experiences that melted the barriers between participants, performers and audience. As such, Frank Moore was the ultimate wounded healer, a differently-shaped medicine man, a spastic magician, a wild shaman and a trickster lover, inspiring so many people, from performance artist Annie Sprinkle to Berkeley councilman Kriss Worthington. Of course, some folks feared his tremendous power, especially certain old-guard Republicans. In the early 90s, he rose to national fame as one of the NEA-funded artists targeted by then U.S. Congressman Jesse Helms for doing art that was labeled "obscene."

I first met Frank on the web back in 1996, when his LUVeR Radio was one of the first Internet radio stations (along with RadioSUZY1). I invited him on my show when we were broadcasting from the old *Villa Piacere* in the Hollywood Hills. It turned out to be an even more exciting evening than we expected, since we were raided by the LAPD! We weren't doing anything illegal, and we weren't charged with anything; the cops probably just wanted to check out some of the hotties in high heels and lingerie that were starting to frequent the show since our HBO specials. But, this being my first raid, I was nervous, and I distinctly remember Frank calming me down. As a committed artistic and sexual revolutionary, he was thrilled to be raided. Wiggling around in his wheelchair with a mischievous grin on his face, communicating through his pointer on a symbol board with the help of his amazing wife Linda Mac, Frank helped me to relax and take pride in doing a show that was revolutionary enough for the LAPD to pay me a visit.

We became friends, did some awesome live shows together in LA and Berkeley, and defended Berkeley Public Access from the kind of censorship that eventually took down Public Access in Southern Cali. We also enjoyed much eroplay together, including one rollicking night in 2005 when the Cherotic All-Star Band played on DrSuzy.Tv, and I rode Frank's rigid arm into an ecstatic industrial groove. Frank was a vibrator virgin, but being the open-minded and open-legged gentleman that he is, he agreed to give my Hitachi a whirl. At first, he wasn't too impressed, but when I sat on his lap as I rotated the vibrator between his legs, he gave it, on a scale of 1-10, a 12. Sometimes even the best machines need a human touch to make them hum. Frank was all about the human touch. He was also quite the Ladies' Man, always surrounded by sexy, often naked women. Whenever my male clients with disabilities complained about

how difficult it was for them to connect with women, I told them to learn from the master, Frank Moore.

When Frank decided to run for President (yes, of the United States), he asked me to be his running mate. Of course, I accepted. I'd run for Prez myself against a different Bush in 1992, and I was happy to take a supporting role to Frank's vision this time. Of course, write-ins never win, though the San Francisco Chronicle reported that we got a whopping 6,566 popular votes across America. We're not sure how accurate that was, yet the point of our campaign wasn't "winning," but to inject an eroplayful, progressive shot of "hope" into America's bloodstream. Read Frank's platform, and you'll see what I mean.



Our U.S. Presidential Campaign Button

Whether running for President or orchestrating a love-in, Frank always said he had the perfect body for doing performance art. It was true; you couldn't take your eyes off him. And then there was that wild mind—steeped in the ethos of the swinging 70s and the living theater of Antonin Artaud, Jerzy Grotowski and Richard Schechner. He was also a painter who painted with a brush attached to his head before he started digital painting on the computer. But what may have moved me most about Frank was his poetry.

So I'd like to close this tribute with a re-post of one of my favorite Frank Moore poems. I read it on my Wonderful Weirdos show. The poem, Mutation is Evolution, seems to me to be about how weirdness—whether physical "disabilities," psychological uniqueness or sexual "deviance"—is a form of mutation which, as every elementary science student knows, drives the vehicle of evolution. Therefore, society represses and tries to eradicate weirdness at its own risk. Without the mutating power of the weird, we'd all still be single-celled organisms living in perfect, life-stultifying uniformity.

Mutation is Evolution

by Frank Moore

you foolish idiot!
You want to make
everything,
everyone
normal!
You want to cure
prevent
all crips,
freaks,
crazies,
oddballs,
slow ones
misfits,
bums,
artists,
poets,
and all other impractical
different looking
strange mutations
you fool!

How to condemn the human species
to extinction!

Look…
the game of evolution is
change by experimentation.

We freaks are the experimenters

the name of the game
is flexibly adapting
coping
leaping
risking into the unknown newness
of uncontrolled future
we crips,
we misfits have always been the adapters,
the leapers

hell,
I'm not wasting my time
talking to you about magic and such
just about evolution

well,
if you don't need us crips,

us misfits
if you don't need us no more…
our advice is
don't breathe deep
in your air-tight coffin
of normalcy
and move very slowly
very carefully
in your thin-skinned world
of ever increasing fragility

oh yeah…
good luck!

Good luck to you, Frank, wherever you are. With or without that perfect body of yours, I'm sure you're doing fine. As for me, I will miss you more than I can say. But I will continue to "freak" and experiment in your cherished *cherotic* memory.

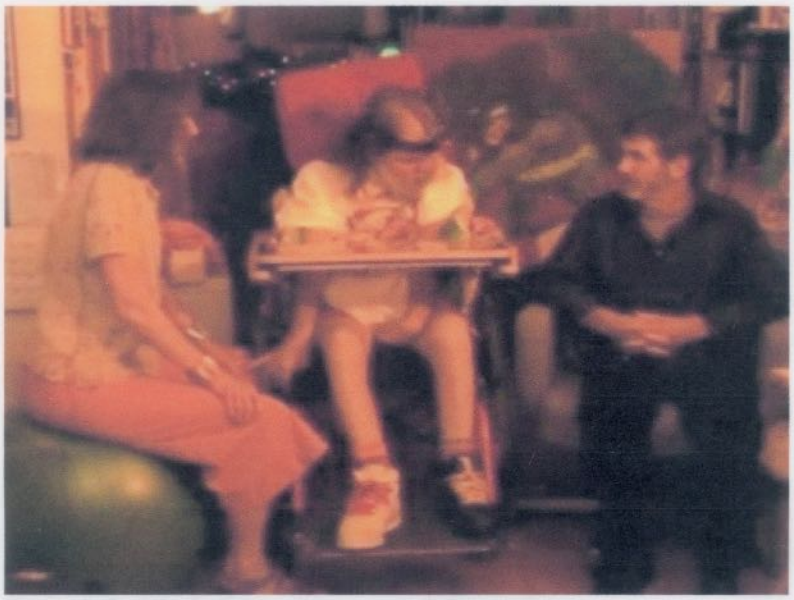
And keep that arm rigid for me, Frank, I'll be riding it again any day now…

http://bloggamy.com/frank-moore/#comment-18841

BerkeleyPatch

Farewell to quadriplegic performance artist Frank Moore

Posted by Stephen Taylor , October 17, 2013 at 08:24 AM



From left, Linda Mac, Moore and the author

Quadriplegic artist Frank Moore passed away peacefully Monday morning at 67, ending a long career as performance artist, shaman, poet, essayist, painter, musician and Internet TV personality. Although cerebral palsy left him unable to walk or talk, Moore relished a life spent pushing the boundaries of artistic expression and free speech.

Moore is perhaps best known as an NEA-funded artist targeted by Sen. Jesse Helms and the General Accounting Office in the early '90s for art that some called "obscene." Moore's five to 48-hour performances featured audience participation, nudity and eroticism. They continued until earlier this month at The Temescal Art Center in Oakland.

Born in Columbus, Ohio, to an Air Force father, Moore spent his childhood all over the U.S., and in Germany and Morocco. He moved to Berkeley in 1975 and here he stayed.

I first met Moore in the late '70s, as a journalist, at the Mabuhay Gardens nightclub in San Francisco during the heyday of punk rock. Moore was about to perform his cabaret show, the Outrageous Beauty Revue (The Intimate Theater), which consisted of Moore on stage in his wheelchair, surrounded by a coterie of women gyrating erotically.

I was struck that Moore – who communicated through an interpreter using a laser-pointer and a board with letters, numbers, and commonly used words – was less awed by the prospect of publicity than other performers I'd met. Moore didn't fawn like the others.

The Outrageous Beauty Revue continued regularly at the Mab and by the '80s Moore had become well known. In 1992 he was voted "Best Performance Artist" by the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*.

I ran into Moore again at a 2009 festival at People's Park, Berkeley, and he invited me to appear, as a songwriter-guitarist, on his internet TV show, "The Shaman's Den." He hosted the show on his web station, LUVeR (Love Underground Visionary Revolution) and on BTV Channel 28. While the show was fairly low-tech, it drew an interesting cross section of local musicians to the studio in Moore's Berkeley living room.

By then, the years had taken their toll on both of us, but Moore was his old, frank self. When I played what I called my "attempt at teen pop music," Moore responded: "You're 40 years too late." I had to laugh.

Moore was an excellent painter who showed his work across the United States and Canada. As a writer, he coined the term "eroplay" to describe physical play between adults. He saw eroplay as a way for people to connect on a deep human level beyond social and cultural limitations, and as a way to melt isolation between people.

His books include *Cherotic Magic, Art of a Shaman, Chapped Lap* and *SKIN PASSION*, and Moore was widely published in various periodicals.

In artist Pamela Kay Walker's book, *Moving Over the Edge*, she called him one of the artists who "greatly impacted me and many people through their artistic expression and their lives." Performance artist Annie Sprinkle also considers Moore one of her teachers.

In announcing Moore's passing, Linda Mac, his translator, housemate and partner-in-art, said, "Frank was very sick and told us he was at peace with dying ... Once admitted to the hospital it was clear that the only ways to keep him alive were the kinds of procedures that he definitely did not want, so we put him on Comfort Care and Mikee and I and Corey, Alexi and Erika sat around the bed loving Frank for several hours. Although he couldn't talk, he made little sounds and responded to us the whole time. He was very present with us. He died at 6:24 am with all of us and with no pain."

Moore's followers will hold a music-jam celebration of his life on Saturday Nov. 2, at The Temescal Art Center 511 48th Street, Oakland, starting at 8 pm. For details see: http://www.eroplay.com/events.html

Comments + Leave a Comment

David Steinberg October 17, 2013 at 04:20 PM
Thanks, Stephen, for the lovely overview of Frank's life and work. FYI, Frank's family has put together a 4-minute video, with my sexual (eroplay) images of Frank and Linda set to the music of Instagon. It's a lovely tribute to Frank. It's at http://vimeo.com/77162132.

Linda Mac October 19, 2013 at 11:55 AM
To see Frank's writings, articles and interviews, photos, paintings and his performance archive, you can go to his SHAMAN'S CAVE section of his website at:
http://www.eroplay.com/Cave/shaman.html

http://berkeley.patch.com/groups/stephen-taylors-blog/p/farewell-to-quadriplegic-performance-artist-frank-moore

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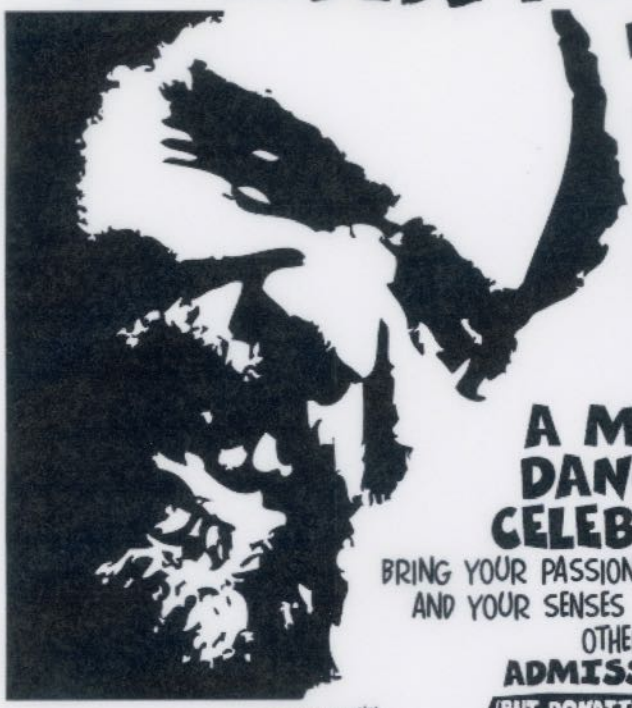
FRaNK MOORE



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- George McIntire, San Francisco Bay Guardian

"...He's wonderful and hilarious and knows exactly what it's all about and has earned my undying respect. What he's doing is impossible, and he knows it. That's good art..."
- L.A. Weekly

"...one of the U.S.'s most controversial performance artists,..."
- P-Form Magazine

"If performance art has a radical edge, it has to be Frank Moore."
- Cleveland Edition

"Surely wonderful and mind-goosing experience."
- L.A. Reader

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Berkeleyside
Berkeley, CA's independent news site

Obituary

Frank Moore: shaman, artist, teacher, writer, musician

October 17, 2013 12:00 pm by Guest contributor

Frank Moore in front of the Art Institute of Chicago 1991 where he was a Visiting Artist. Photo: Linda Mac

Frank Moore, June 25, 1946 – October 14, 2013, Berkeley, California

Frank Moore, shaman, performance artist, teacher, poet, essayist, painter, musician and internet/television personality, who had experimented in art, performance, ritual, and

shamanistic teaching since the late 1960s, died on Monday, Oct. 14, 2013 in Berkeley, California.

Moore is perhaps most well known as one of the NEA-funded artists targeted by Jesse Helms and the GAO (General Accounting Office) in the early '90s for doing art that was labeled "obscene". Frank Moore was featured in the 1988 cult film *Mondo New York*, which chronicled the leading performance artists of that period. He is well known for long (5-48 hours) ritualistic performances with audience participation, nudity, and eroticism. But he had also become well known for his influential writings on performance, art, life, and cultural subversion, for his historic influence on the San Francisco Bay Area music and performance scene, and, more recently, for his performance/video archive on Vimeo.com that has been viewed by over 7 million people worldwide.

Moore coined the word, "eroplay" to describe physical play between adults released from the linear goals of sex and orgasm. He explored this, and similar concepts in performance and ritual as a way for people to connect on a deep human level with each other beyond the social and cultural expectations and limitations, and as a way to melt isolation between people.

Moore was an underground counter-culture hero and artistic inspiration for decades. He was born with cerebral palsy, could not walk or talk, and wrote books, directed plays, directed, acted in and edited films, regularly gave poetry readings, played piano, sang in ensemble music jams, and continued to lead bands in hard-core punk clubs up and down the West Coast until his death.

He also produced a large collection of original oil and digital paintings that have been shown across the United States and in Canada. Moore communicated using a laser-pointer and a board of letters, numbers, and commonly used words.

Performance artist Annie Sprinkle considers Moore one of her teachers, and Moore performed with a host of performance and punk figures of the underground since the 1970s like Barbara Smith, Linda Sibio, The Feederz, and Dirk Dirksen – The Pope of Punk.

Moore first came to be known in the 1970s as the creator of the popular cabaret show, the Outrageous Beauty Revue. In the 1980s he became one of the United States' foremost performance artists. In 1992 he was voted Best Performance Artist by the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*. In the early 1990s he was targeted by Senator Jesse Helms. From 1991 to 1999 Moore published and edited the acclaimed underground zine, *The Cherotic r(E)volutionary*.

In addition to his books, *Cherotic Magic*, *Art of a Shaman*, *Chapped Lap*, *Skin Passion* and numerous other self-published pieces, Moore was widely published in various art and other periodicals. In artist Pamela Kay Walker's book, *Moving Over the Edge*, Moore is one of the artists featured as having "greatly impacted me and many people through their artistic expression and their lives."

Moore's award-winning video works have shown throughout the U.S. and Canada, and since 2001 Moore had been producing shows for Berkeley's public access channel, Berkeley Community Media, Channel 28. His shows continue to play weekly, throughout the week.

In 2011, Moore launched his online performance and video retrospective on Vimeo. At the same time he created the EROART group featuring videos by eroart artists from all over the world.

Moore's Web of All Possibilities features a growing archive of his audio, video, visual and written work, as well as the work of other artists. He founded Love Underground Visionary Revolution (LUVeR) in 1999, a webstation combining live streaming and on-demand libraries of audio and video programming, described by Moore as a "non-corporate, d.i.y., totally uncensored, noncommercial, nonprofit internet-only communal collective with 24-hour 'live' programming (by amazing people) with 'no-limits' content." LUVeR ran until 2012.

In 2006, Moore announced his candidacy for the 2008 election for President of the United States. He became a qualified write-in candidate in 25 states. His campaign was responsible for reforming the write-in candidate qualifications and procedures in many states. His platform videos are available on YouTube.

Moore also hosted his regular internet show, "Frank Moore's Shaman's Den." Moore described it as a show that "will arouse, inspire, move, threaten you, not with sound bites, but with a two-hour (usually longer) feast of live streaming video. You might get an in-studio concert of bands from around the world…or poetry reading…or an in-depth conversation about politics, art, music, and LIFE with extremely dangerous people! But then you may see beautiful women naked dancing erotically. You never know, because you are in The Shaman's Den with Frank Moore." Video and audio archives of all of these Shaman's Den shows are available online.

Frank Moore performed regularly in the San Francisco Bay Area up until his death. His students and the people influenced by his life/work continue his vision.

[Editor's Note: Frank Moore's partner, Linda Mac, shared this obituary with Berkeleyside. It was written by Corey Nicholl, a student of Moore's. A similar version appears on Wikipedia.]

- **8 comments**

bgal4
Moore is perhaps most well known as one of the NEA-funded artists targeted by Jesse Helms and the GAO (General Accounting Office) in the early '90s for doing art that was labeled "obscene".

Easy to blame Helms but the city of Berkeley also tried to block Moore from public access tv due to obscene content.

Joe
It always brightened my day to see his flyers around town. I'll miss him.

aperson
I met Frank several times and even interviewed him once. Yes, he was most definitely a "pervert," but even a vanilla person like me found it impossible to dislike him. One of the worst decisions in my life was to attend one of his "cherotic" performance-art shows -- it scarred me forever -- but even so I still had a fond feeling for him because unlike so many other poseurs and fakers and dishonest politicians and dilettante hipsters and shallow trend-followers, Frank Moore was THE REAL THING, a completely unique human being who not only defied categorization but created his own category of what a life could contain.

What all the phony hippies and pseudo-punks and postmodern poseurs pretend to be, Frank Moore really is. He was the ultimate individualist -- and despite being kooky and perverted and a little scary -- he is someone we should all admire for exploring the boundaries of what freedom really means.

EarlyMorningCoffee
I never could make it through more than 3 minutes of his public access show. That being said, I liked to brag to folks where I came from that I lived in town that had a public access show such as his.

Jesse Townley
Oh Frank. He was the real deal. Unique in a sea of wanna-bes. We'll miss you and we'll be the worse off for your death.

Corey
This is Corey. I was/am a student of Frank's. After reading through the obituary again, we realized that we wanted to add the circumstances of Frank's death ... Frank made dying look easy. Linda wrote this on Monday:

"Frank Moore passed away on Monday morning (10/14/13).
Frank was very sick with pneumonia and told us he was at peace with dying and, although he told us that he wanted to die at home, after three very difficult nights he said he was willing to go to the hospital for us when we proposed going just for stronger IV antibiotics and non invasive pulmonary treatments that we could not do at home. Once admitted to the hospital when it was clear that the only ways to keep him alive were the kinds of procedures that he definitely did not want, we put him on Comfort Care and Mikee and I and Corey, Alexi and Erika sat around the bed loving Frank for several hours. Although he couldn't talk, he made little sounds and responded to us the whole time. He was very present with us. He died at 6:24am with all of us and with no pain."

Shoshana
Berkeley is over. Rest in peace Frank!

Linda
To read Frank's writings, articles and interviews, photos, paintings and his performance archive, you can go to his SHAMAN'S CAVE section of his website at:
http://www.eroplay.com/Cave/shaman.html

East Bay

Frank Moore, June 25, 1946 – October 14, 2013

by Corey Nicholl (fmoore [at] eroplay.com)

Wednesday Oct 16th, 2013 1:09 PM

Frank Moore, shaman, performance artist, teacher, poet, essayist, painter, musician and internet/television personality, who experimented in art, performance, ritual, and shamanistic teaching since the late 1960s, died on Monday, October 14, 2013 in Berkeley, California.

800_comm_room2.jpg
original image (1488x1004)

Frank Moore

June 25, 1946 – October 14, 2013

Berkeley, California

Frank Moore, shaman, performance artist, teacher, poet, essayist, painter, musician and internet/television personality, who experimented in art, performance, ritual, and shamanistic teaching since the late 1960s, died on Monday, October 14, 2013 in Berkeley, California.

Moore is perhaps most well known as one of the NEA-funded artists targeted by Jesse Helms and the GAO (General Accounting Office) in the early 90s for doing art that was labeled "obscene". Frank Moore was featured in the 1988 cult film Mondo New York, which chronicled the leading performance artists of that period. He is well known for long (5–48 hours) ritualistic performances with audience participation, nudity, and eroticism. But he has also become well known for his influential writings on performance, art, life, and cultural subversion, for his historic influence on the San Francisco Bay Area music and performance scene, and more recently for his performance/video archive on Vimeo.com that has been viewed by over 7 million people worldwide. (https://vimeo.com/frankmoore)

Moore coined the word, "eroplay" to describe physical play between adults released from the linear goals of sex and orgasm. He has explored this, and similar concepts in performance and ritual as a way for people to connect on a deep human level with each other beyond the social and cultural expectations and limitations, and as a way to melt isolation between people.

Moore has been an underground counter-culture hero and artistic inspiration for decades. He was born with cerebral palsy, cannot walk or talk, and wrote books, directed plays, directed, acted in and edited films, regularly gave poetry readings, played piano, sang in ensemble music jams, and continued to lead bands in hard core punk clubs up and down the west coast until his death. He also produced a large collection of original oil and digital paintings that have been shown across the United States and in Canada. (http://www.eroplay.com/Cave/painting-slideshow/paintings.html) Moore communicated using a laser-pointer and a board of letters, numbers, and commonly used words.

Performance artist Annie Sprinkle considers Moore one of her teachers, and Moore has performed with a host of performance and punk figures of the underground since the 1970s like Barbara Smith, Linda Sibio, The Feederz, and Dirk Dirksen - The Pope of Punk.

Frank Moore first came to be known in the 1970s as the creator of the popular cabaret show, the Outrageous Beauty Revue.(https://vimeo.com/24485912) In the 1980s he became one of the United States' foremost performance artists. In 1992 he was voted Best Performance Artist by the San Francisco Bay Guardian. In the early 1990s he was targeted by Senator Jesse Helms. From 1991 to 1999 Frank Moore published and edited the acclaimed underground zine, The Cherotic r(E)volutionary.(http://www.eroplay.com/contents.html)

In addition to his books, Cherotic Magic, Art of a Shaman, Chapped Lap, Skin Passion and numerous other self-published pieces, Frank Moore has been widely published in various art and other periodicals. In artist Pamela Kay Walker's book, Moving Over the Edge, Moore is one of the artists featured as having "greatly impacted me and many people through their artistic expression and their lives."

Frank Moore's award-winning video works have shown throughout the U.S. and Canada, and since 2001 Moore has been producing shows for Berkeley's public access channel, Berkeley Community Media, Channel 28. His shows continue to play weekly, throughout the week.

In 2011, Frank launched his online performance and video retrospective on Vimeo.(https://vimeo.com/frankmoore) At the same time he created the EROART group featuring videos by eroart artists from all over the world.(https://vimeo.com/groups/eroart)

Frank Moore's Web of All Possibilities (http://www.eroplay.com) features a growing archive of his audio, video, visual and written work, as well as the work of other artists. He founded Love Underground Visionary Revolution (LUVeR) in 1999, a webstation combining live streaming and on-demand libraries of audio and video programming, described by Moore as a "non-corporate, d.i.y., totally uncensored, noncommercial, nonprofit internet-only communal collective with 24-hour 'live' programming (by amazing people) with 'no-limits' content." LUVeR ran until 2012.

In 2006, Moore announced his candidacy for the 2008 election for President of the United States (http://www.frankmooreforpresident08.com/). He became a qualified write-in candidate in 25 states. His campaign was responsible for reforming the write-in candidate qualifications and procedures in many states. His platform videos are available on YouTube (http://www.youtube.com/user/frankmooreforprez08/videos).

Moore also hosted his regular internet show, "Frank Moore's Shaman's Den". Moore described it as a show that "will arouse, inspire, move, threaten you, not with sound bites, but with a two-hour (usually longer) feast of live streaming video. You might get an in-studio concert of bands from around the world...or poetry reading...or an in-depth conversation about politics, art, music, and LIFE with extremely dangerous people! But then you may see beautiful women naked dancing erotically. You never know, because you are in The Shaman's Den with Frank Moore." Video and audio archives of all of these Shaman's Den shows are available online. (http://eroplay.com/underground/shamansden.html)

Frank Moore performed regularly in the San Francisco Bay Area up until his death.

His students and the people influenced by his life/work continue his vision.

http://www.eroplay.com
§Frank Moore in front of the Art Institute of Chicago 1991 where he was a Visiting Artist.
by Corey Nicholl *Wednesday Oct 16th, 2013 1:09 PM*

800_frank_moore_-_chicago...

http://www.eroplay.com

https://www.indybay.org/newsitems/2013/10/16/18744976.php

SF Examiner

Iconic Bay Area performance artist Frank Moore dies; tribute planned in Oakland

by Vince Echavaria

- Courtesy photo
- Frank Moore, seen in 1991, was born with cerebral palsy. The artist's work was called "obscene" by U.S. Sen. Jesse Helms.

Frank Moore, a Bay Area performance artist, shaman, poet, writer, painter and musician who became known for ritualistic performances with audience participation and eroticism, died Oct. 14 in Berkeley. He was 67.

Moore, who experimented in performance art and shamanistic teaching since the late 1960s, passed away surrounded by family and friends after battling pneumonia, said Linda Mac, his partner of 38 years.

"Frank was a risk taker, a player. He was very smart. Frank enjoyed life," Mac said. "I feel so lucky to have spent my life with Frank."

In addition to his various forms of performance art, Moore was recognized for an online presence with the Web station LUVeR (Love Underground Visionary Revolution), and a

performance and video archive on Vimeo.com. He was credited with coining the term "eroplay" to describe "physical play between adults released from the linear goals of sex and orgasm."

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Moore was considered by some to be an underground counterculture icon and artistic inspiration. But others were not as quick to offer praise of his work.

Moore attracted attention in the early 1990s as one of the National Endowment for the Arts-funded artists who were targeted by then- U.S. Sen. Jesse Helms, R-N.C., and the Government Accounting Office for performing art they considered "obscene."

Moore also made headlines when, in 2006, he announced his candidacy for the 2008 presidential election. Dr. Susan Block, Moore's running mate, expressed fond memories of the artist in her blog, saying he conquered his disabilities to become "one of the world's foremost performance artists."

"Frank was, without a doubt, one of the most marvelous people with whom I have ever had the honor and pleasure to work and play," Block wrote.

Moore authored such books as "Cherotic Magic," "Art of a Shaman," "Chapped Lap" and "Skin Passion," along with other self-published pieces. He performed regularly in the Bay Area until his death.

A musical dance jam celebration of Moore's is scheduled for 8 p.m. Nov. 2 at the Temescal Art Center in Oakland. Admission is free.

Frank Moore

Posted on October 15, 2013 By Kelly Knox, M.A. Kelly Knox, Obituary, Performance Art

~Artist, Philosopher, Shaman [Adult Content]

[Performance Artist, Poet, Painter and Shaman Frank Moore died Monday morning October 14, 2013, of double pneumonia. He was surrounded by his wife Linda Mac, his family, his friends and fellow artists. I first began corresponding with Frank in 1999 as I was researching my Master's thesis on Performance Art. I found Frank to be a very thoughtful and generous mentor, an insightful and inspirational artist. I devoted a chapter of my thesis to (my understanding of) his work. I have re-published it here as a small token in tribute to and in celebration of a man whom I believe will one-day be more widely recognized for the outstanding artist he was. Ed.]

CHAPTER 5:

IMAGINATION

You have to remain a child your

whole life long and yet be a man

who draws energy from the things

of the world.

~Henri Matisse

Imagine that in another time and place, Frank Moore is huddled by the firelight, wrapped in animal hides and carefully protected by his tribe. On ceremonial occasions he is carried to various sacred sites for the purpose of ensuring the well-being of the people who care for him and for whom he provides spiritual and emotional guidance. Moore dances, chants, moans and utters incomprehensible sounds that only a few trusted helpers can interpret for the rest.

As he grows older, he is more revered and respected by the ever-younger members of his clan. These latter know of him by reputation, and they travel great distances to benefit from his wisdom. They know that he is chosen, marked by the gods for a special purpose. He is wounded, but has somehow survived. When he mounts his spirit-horse, the drum, he flies great distances, he talks with gods and ancestors and then returns to tell his visions.

In performance, Frank Moore is a "shaman"; in "real life," Moore is confined to a wheel chair and ninety-percent disabled. Moore paints, writes, and communicates with a pointer attached to his head by a leather strap. On stage he "sings," "dances" and "performs." Moore enjoys a large Internet presence that helps him to obscure the line separating his "real life" from performance. He has a twenty-four hour per day (Internet) radio station, a web site with many galleries and a vast network of correspondence that he calls his "E-Salon."

Moore has cerebral palsy. A strobe light and the projected images he culls from his thirty years of performance art light his shaman rituals, not a fire. The only skins he is wrapped in are those of the various nude dancers that dance with, around or on him. Moore Has a Bachelor's degree in English, A Master's degree in Psychology, and a Master's degree in Fine Arts (Performance and Video) (*Resume*). Moore sees his work as ancillary to that of Ann Halprin and Antonin Artaud. Moore is a rolling enigma.

Frank Moore bases his theory of performance on his idea of public and private rituals. Public rituals, for Moore, originate in private rituals. Private rituals are "only experienced within the mind and/or body of the person. Or between the bodies of two people" (*Private Rituals*). Moore's performances often take place in "caves" or "tents" or other symbolic, created spaces that separate participants from the everyday world.

Participants in both the private and public performances are forbidden to reveal what happens within the performance space during the ritual. Moore writes, "one of the reasons to use secrecy is to draw a circle around the magic work that protects it from the prevailing taboos, morals, and judgments" (*Private Rituals*). Some of Moore's rituals last for several hours, some

for days. The outcomes or results of these rituals are difficult to assess because of the secrecy Moore imposes on the participants.

Moore wrote about his "Shamanistic Art" as

"an art that acts for nonlinear change… [that] by bringing new dreams, new myths, new visions into society from the universal underworld, it will radically change society".(*Private Rituals*)

Moore concluded that the "job" of the artist as shaman was "to carry the new visionary myths from the gods into the world through [his] body"(*Private Rituals*).

The designation of a "sacred" space or "shrine" by a shaman is a common practice among "traditional people" like the Dagara in West Africa. Malidoma Some describes two Dagara funeral rituals in his *Ritual: Power, Healing and Community* (76-91, 100-102). The first account he gives, is of the ritual as it is practiced by the Dagara; the second is a "Dagara-style funeral" as enacted by those attending a "men's conference" of Viet Nam War Veterans (99).

The participants at the men's conference were divided into three groups: "mourners," "containers" and "singers" (100). The "containers" built a shrine that represented the "border" between this world and the "Otherworld." Later they would, as their designation suggested, "contain" the grieving mourners. Near the shrine there was a "line separating the tribe of men from the Otherworld"(100). A second space was designated as the "village," the men were to return to the village after having expressed their grief. The distance between the village and the shrine (about twenty feet) was called the "road of grief"(100).

Some's account related how the mourners became "fascinated by the sight of the Otherworld" and "were unwilling to return to the village"(101). Some of the mourners attempted to "throw themselves into [the Otherworld] as if in a serious need to join the dead"(101). When the dejected mourners were compelled (some by force) to return to the village, they effectively turned the village into a shrine, by carrying their grief with them. The formal structure of the ritual had broken down. The mourner's seemed to turn the ritual space upside down. Apparently they confused the Otherworld with a goal to be achieved, not a space to be venerated. Some's carefully reconstructed Dagara grief ritual was transformed into "ritual—period"(101):

People leapt out of the village in single line and danced their way to the shrine, turned around and came back home to the village. It was beautiful to see. The space between the village and the shrine was busy. The cleansing was happening. So much grief surfaced that the shrine was jam-packed with a crowd of men who did not quite register that they were only supposed to go to the shrine and drop their grief and return to the village where the drumming and the chanting was [sic] going on .(101-102)

Despite the misunderstandings, Some declared that the ritual was "a small success"(102). Perhaps among the group of men, the need for catharsis was so strong, that even when they misunderstood the stipulations of the ritual, they were still ecstatically displaced, and experienced catharsis.

Carr described Moore's shamanic performance at Franklin Furnace in an article from 1987, included in her anthology cited above. She wrote, "Moore's piece felt to me like five real hours from the Summer of Love, complete with group grope"(139). Carr was there as a journalist,

and was not moved to join the ritual. She described the ritual as "a love-in"(140). Participants were first led to a specific place by "mid-priests," they were offered "a drug" [i] to lower their "inhibitions" and they had their feet washed by their guide (138).

The designation of space, cleansing and communal drinking were all ritual elements. Here they helped Moore establish the unity of the group and the separateness or "special-ness" of the place he transformed into a ritual space. From the beginning, as theatergoers entered, Moore sat in his "cave"[ii] "naked in his wheelchair" and "howling"(138). The outward signs of ritual, pointed to the possibility for the inward journey Moore and his "audience" would take.

Moore then made himself "vulnerable" to his audience by having two of his attendants place him on "a mat on the floor"(139). His audience was invited to "explore Frank's body," as Carr reported only "one woman did" (139). As the performance continued, the audience was asked to participate in what Moore called "eroplay"(139). Moore's wife, Linda Mac explained to the group that eroplay was " 'an intense physical playing or touching of oneself or others'"(qtd. in Carr 139). Mac then read a series of suggestive instructions that directed the participants as they performed with and around Moore. The ritual was concluded as "helpers wrapped everyone in a giant circle of cellophane, ribbon, toilet paper, and aluminum foil"(140).

The ritual binding of the group made *communitas* an explicit statement, complete with an undercurrent of physical restriction. [See Figure 1: Rocking and Wrapping.] This restriction was perhaps a warning from the shaman to the rest of the participants in the ritual[iii]. Or, perhaps the act of "unwrapping" or "releasing" themselves from their restraints was symbolic of the cathartic release they should have felt from the rest of the ritual.

Some's well-defined "road of grief" has been reinterpreted in cellophane and toilet paper. The linearity of the cellophane and toilet paper was suggestive of a road and its suggested circularity, expressive of life's cycles in which all were enmeshed. To cast off one's "wrapping"[iv] was freedom for the participant and catharsis for the performer; to cast off one's cycle of death and rebirth, for the "dead"[v] was enlightenment. Moore perhaps educed a similar interpretation when he wrote:

[Performance] art can have a more heavy-duty magical side to it that shocks, offends, and breaks new ground. This side is what is locked in, the subconscious, the womb, the underground, hell/heaven, pleasure/torture, the coffin, the grave, birth/death/rebirth, dream/nightmare, the hidden world of taboos. (*Reshaping Reality*)

In Some's account of the grief ritual, a pervasive sense of ecstatic displacement and cathartic relief was evident. In Frank Moore's "Rocking and Wrapping" elements of ritual and communion were enacted by the participants, as witnessed by Carr. Evidence of the experience of ecstasy or catharsis, beyond what was symbolically portrayed in Moore's ritual, remained hidden.

Frank Moore in "Wrapping and Rocking," Berkeley California. 1990. Moore is seated in his wheel chair; Linda Mac is standing in the center of the group; and "Leigh" is reclining on Moore's lap. [Photograph by Kevin Rice, 1990; provided by the artist and used with permission. Ed.]

[Frank Moore was born on June 25, 1946 and died on October 14, 2013; dates are a terrible way to commemorate his life. And wherever he is, he's probably dancing.]

From: http://marsocial.com/2013/10/frank-moore/

SF Examiner

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THE CITY

Iconic figure

Counterculture artist Moore dies at 67

PAGE 6

FRANK MOORE: 1946-2013

Pioneer performance artist explored sex, shamanism

By Vince Echavaria
S.F. Examiner Staff Writer

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COURTESY PHOTO

Frank Moore, seen in 1991, was born with cerebral palsy. The artist's work was called "obscene" by U.S. Sen. Jesse Helms.

Moore also made headlines when, in 2006, he announced his candidacy for the 2008 presidential election. Dr. Susan Block, Moore's running mate, expressed fond memories of the artist in her blog, saying he conquered his disabilities to become "one of the world's foremost performance artists."

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vechavaria@sfexaminer.com

Deaths in 2013

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

This is a chronology of notable **deaths in 2013**. Names are reported under the date of death. Names under each date are reported in alphabetical order by family name or pseudonym. Deaths of notable animals and other biological life forms are also reported here if they first have their own page. A typical entry reports information in the following sequence:

- Name, age, country of citizenship and reason for notability, established cause of death and reference.

October 2013

14

- Wally Bell, 48, American baseball umpire, heart attack.[120]
- José Borello, 83, Argentine footballer.[121]
- Toni Catany, 71, Spanish photographer, cardiac arrest.[122]
- James Joseph Daly, 92, American Roman Catholic prelate, Auxiliary Bishop of Rockville Centre (1977–1996).[123]
- Alvin Gottlieb, 86, American pinball entrepreneur (Gottlieb) and inventor.[124]
- Kōichi Iijima, 83, Japanese poet, malabsorption syndrome.[125]
- Pauke Meijers, 79, Dutch footballer (Feyenoord), Alzheimer's disease.[126]
- Bruno Metsu, 59, French football player and coach (Senegal, United Arab Emirates), cancer.[127]
- Käty van der Mije-Nicolau, 73, Romanian-born Dutch chess grandmaster, cardiac arrest.[128]
- Frank Moore, 67, American performance artist, double pneumonia.[129]
- Ryōzō Nagashima, 77, Japanese editor and translator, heart failure.[130]
- Maxine Powell, 98, American etiquette instructor (Motown).[131]
- Juan Ventura, 21, Peruvian football player (Juan Aurich), traffic collision.[132]

Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center shared a link.
October 16 near Buffalo, NY

Hallwalls mourns the passing of performance artist Frank Moore, whose 5-hour performance entitled JOURNEY TO LILA we presented in The Vault at Hallwalls' 700 Main Street location on June 2, 1989.

R.I.P. Frank Moore June 25th 1946 - October 14th 2013: Great American Hero and Revolutionary Artist
bloggamy.com

The world just lost one of its greatest artists. Frank Moore passed away this morning from the effects of double pneumonia. Frank was, without a doubt, one of the most marvelous people with

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Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center
http://www.hallwalls.org/perflit/1805.html

FRANK MOORE PERFORMANCE - 6/2/89 - Hallwalls
www.hallwalls.org

Frank Moore presents a five-hour performance titled JOURNEY TO LILA

October 16 at 10:07am · Like

Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center Screen shot of PDF of May-June-July 1989 printed Hallwalls calendar. Copy by Ron Ehmke.

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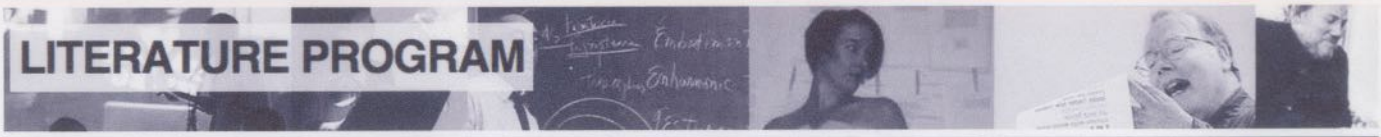
Dennis Maher
A House's Eye

The multi-faceted practice of Buffalo artist **Dennis Maher** has included large and small sculptures, immersive installations, reliefs, photo collages, and drawings. At the center of his work over the past several years has been an ongoing process of recombining and hybridizing structural forms and architectural details into new assembles and configurations. Old detritus moved toward new possibilities.



Friday, June 2, 1989

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FRANK MOORE PERFORMANCE

Presented at:
Hallwalls

Frank Moore presents a five-hour performance titled JOURNEY TO LILA

Some publications related to this event:

May, June and July, 1989. - 1989

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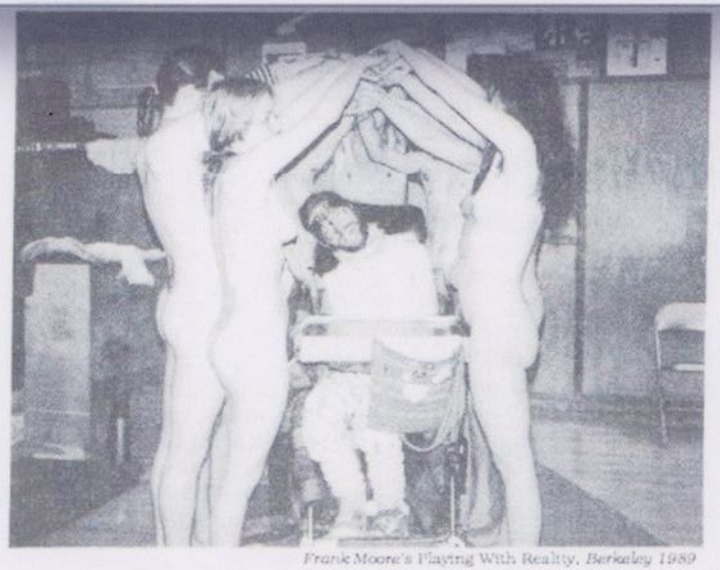
FRANK MOORE

presents JOURNEY TO LILA - a five-hour performance
Saturday, June 2 8 p.m. $5/$3 members

"MY FIRST STROKE OF GOOD LUCK WAS THAT I WAS BORN SPASTIC, UNABLE TO WALK OR TALK. ADD TO THIS GOOD FORTUNE THE FACT THAT MY FORMATIVE YEARS WERE IN THE 60s — MY FATE WAS ASSURED! YES, I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN LUCKY. I HAVE A BODY THAT IS IDEAL FOR A PERFORMANCE ARTIST. . . . I WAS NEVER UNDER PRESSURE TO BE GOOD AT ANYTHING, TO MAKE MONEY, TO MAKE IT IN 'THE REAL WORLD,' TO BE POLISHED — OR THE OTHER DISTRACTIONS THAT MODERN ARTISTS THINK THEY HAVE TO DEAL WITH. SO I COULD FOCUS ON HAVING FUN, ON GOING INTO TABOO AREAS WHERE MAGICAL CHANGE CAN BE EVOKED. IN FACT, A MAJOR REASON WHY I AM WRITING THIS IS TO ENCOURAGE ARTISTS WHO HAVE NOT BEEN SO BLESSED WITH BODIES THAT MARK THEM AS MISFITS TO ASPIRE TO BE MISFITS ANYWAY, TO DO MISFIT ART ANYWAY —EVEN IF YOU ARE HANDICAPPED BY YOUR NORMAL BODY. YOUR ROAD IS DEFINITELY HARDER THAN MY ROAD. BUT THAT'S LIFE." (Frank Moore, "Eroplay")

Frank Moore began doing private, erotic performances and "nonfilms" in the early 70s. His performance group began doing long ritualistic pieces (lasting, in some cases, up to 48 hours), then public events and experimental theater. This period peaked in the late 70's and early 80's with the *Outrageous Beauty Revue*, which Moore says "tried to shortcircuit the cabaret limits of time and stage." Since then he has run a bimonthly series at the University of California, Berkeley, developing intimate rituals for clubs, galleries, and other sites. Moore also had a featured role in the film *Mondo New York*.



Frank Moore's Playing With Reality, Berkeley 1989

The artist describes the five-hour-long JOURNEY TO LILA as a voyage "through inner space and inner time to Lila, the island of play and illusion in the sea of how-things-should-be. Traveling on strange music, this pleasure cruise will dare to go through the uncharted waters of death, rebirth, and childhood. The guests and crew will lose their old personalities, fears, inhibitions, and isolation."

Hallwalls Contemporary Arts Center
Like This Page · October 16

Screen shot of PDF of May-June-July 1989 printed Hallwalls calendar. Copy by Ron Ehmke.

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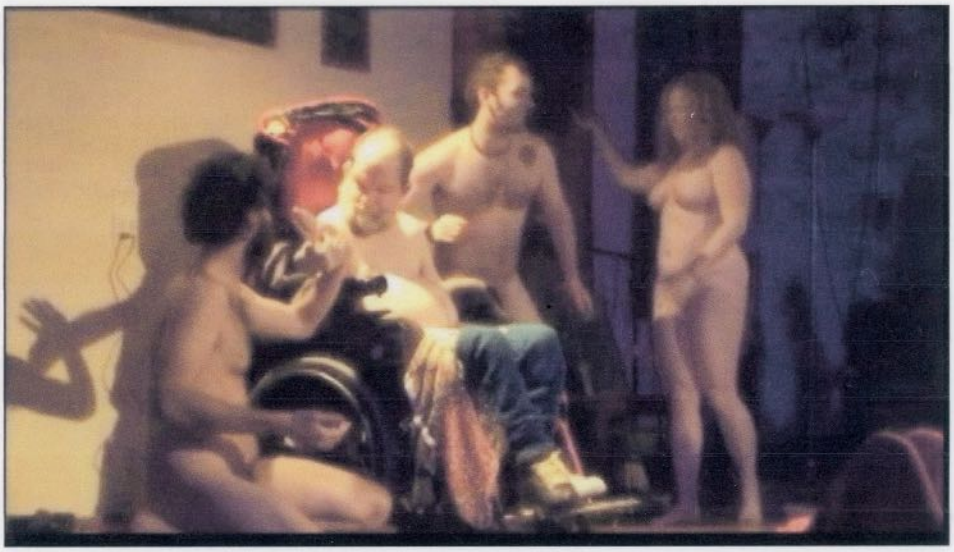
Splosh.it

Dead, Frank Moore – Poet, Shaman



4 novembre 2013
By: splosh

He died October 14 in Berkeley, at the age of 67 years, American performance artist Frank Moore, shaman, poet, writer, painter and musician. Moore was born with cerebral palsy, he could not walk nor talk, but was able to give life to many works. He has directed and acted in film, written books, poems and songs. Frank Moore has been considered by some as an icon of the counterculture underground and an endless source of artistic inspiration. Others, such as Senator Jesse Helms have defined his works simply as "obscene."

You foolish idiot!
You want to make
everything,
everyone
normal!
You want to cure
prevent
all crips,
freaks,
crazies,
oddballs,
slow ones
misfits,
bums,
artists,
poets,
and all other impractical
different looking

strange mutations
you fool!

How to condemn the human species
to extinction!

Look…
the game of evolution is
change by experimentation.

We freaks are the experimenters

the name of the game
is flexibly adapting
coping
leaping
risking into the unknown newness
of uncontrolled future
we crips,
we misfits have always been the adapters,
the leapers

hell,
I'm not wasting my time
talking to you about magic and such
just about evolution

well,
if you don't need us crips,
us misfits
if you don't need us no more…
our advice is
don't breathe deep
in your air-tight coffin
of normalcy
and move very slowly
very carefully
in your thin-skinned world
of ever increasing fragility

oh yeah…
good luck!

Mutation is Evolution by Frank Moore

To learn more, please visit the Frank Moore retrospective of his performance:
http://frankmooreretrospective.blogspot.it/

http://splosh.it/e-mortofrank-moore-il-poeta-sciamano/

E' morto Frank Moore – Il poeta sciamano

4 novembre 2013
By: splosh

E' morto il 14 ottobre a Berkley, all'età di 67 anni, Frank Moore performance artist , sciamano , poeta, scrittore , pittore e musicista americano. Moore nato con una paralisi celebrale non poteva ne camminare ne parlare, ma è riuscito a dare vita a molte opere.Ha diretto e recitato film, scritto libri, poesie e brani musicali.
Frank Moore è stato considerato da alcuni un icona della controcultura underground e una fonte inesauribile di ispirazione artistica. Altri come la senatrice Jesse Helms hanno definito le sue opere semplicemente "oscene".

You foolish idiot!
You want to make
everything,
everyone
normal!
You want to cure
prevent
all crips,
freaks,
crazies,
oddballs,
slow ones
misfits,
bums,
artists,
poets,
and all other impractical
different looking
strange mutations
you fool!

How to condemn the human species
to extinction!

Look…
the game of evolution is
change by experimentation.

We freaks are the experimenters

the name of the game
is flexibly adapting
coping
leaping
risking into the unknown newness
of uncontrolled future

we crips,
we misfits have always been the adapters,
the leapers

hell,
I'm not wasting my time
talking to you about magic and such
just about evolution

well,
if you don't need us crips,
us misfits
if you don't need us no more…
our advice is
don't breathe deep
in your air-tight coffin
of normalcy
and move very slowly
very carefully
in your thin-skinned world
of ever increasing fragility

oh yeah…
good luck!

Mutation is Evolution by Frank Moore

Per conoscere meglio Frank Moore potete visitare la retrospettiva delle sue performance.

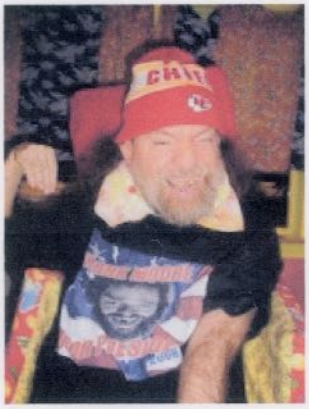
ENSAMBLES 1966T

Por. Tito Aillón Tovar

TITO AILLON TOVAR
Bogota, Colombia
Santa Marta, 10/12/1966 Plastic Artist, Cultural Manager.

Saturday, November 23, 2013
ARTISTS WE LEAVE IN 2013

FRANK MOORE



The North American artist died at 67 years old on October 14, 2013 in Berkeley, California. He was a performance artist, painter and a few more things. He was born June 25, 1946 in Columbus, Ohio, United States.

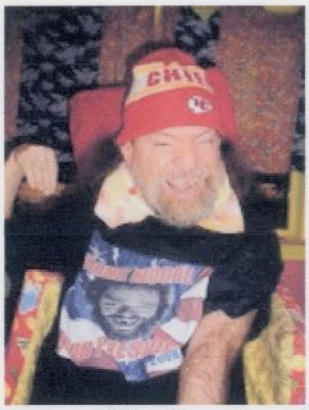
Moore is perhaps most well known as one of the NEA-funded artists targeted by Jesse Helms and the GAO (General Accounting Office) in the '90s to make art that was labeled as "obscene". Frank Moore appeared in the 1988 cult film Mondo New York, a chronicle of the most important artists of the period of performance. He is well known for long (5-48 hours) ritual involving the public participation, nudity and eroticism.

http://ensambles1966t.blogspot.com/

sábado, 23 de noviembre de 2013

ARTISTAS QUE NOS DEJAN EN EL 2013

FRANK MOORE



El artista norte americano fallece a sus 67 años de edad el 14 de agosto del 2013 en Berkeley,california, fue artista de performance, pintor y algunas cosas mas,nacido el 25 de junio de 1946, Columbus, Ohio, Estados Unidos.
Moore es quizás el más bien conocido como uno de los artistas NEA financiados dirigidos por Jesse Helms y de la GAO (General Accounting Office) en los años 90 para hacer arte que fue etiquetado como "obsceno". Frank Moore apareció en la película de culto de 1988 Mondo New York , una crónica de los artistas más importantes de rendimiento de ese período. Es muy conocido por largos (5-48 horas) ejecuciones rituales con la participación del público, la desnudez y el erotismo.

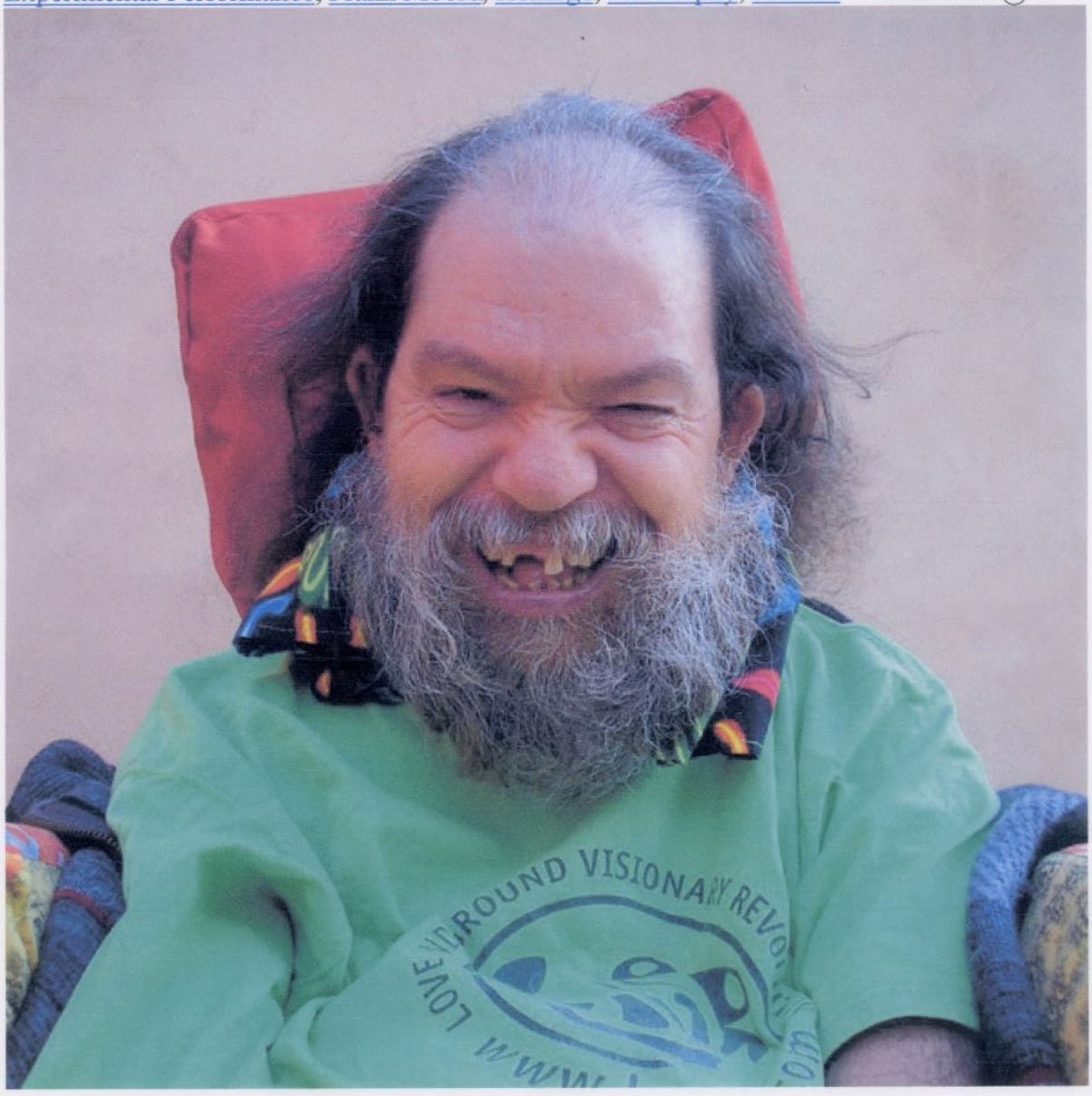
http://ensambles1966t.blogspot.com/

DRAWING LIFE by fred hatt

2014/02/23

Creating a Masterpiece: Frank Moore

Filed under: New work,Others' work,Painting,Philosophy,Writing — Tags: Art and Society, Experimental Performance, Frank Moore, Homage, Philosophy, Process — Fred Hatt @ 17:33



Frank Moore, 2011 photo by Michael LaBash, cropped

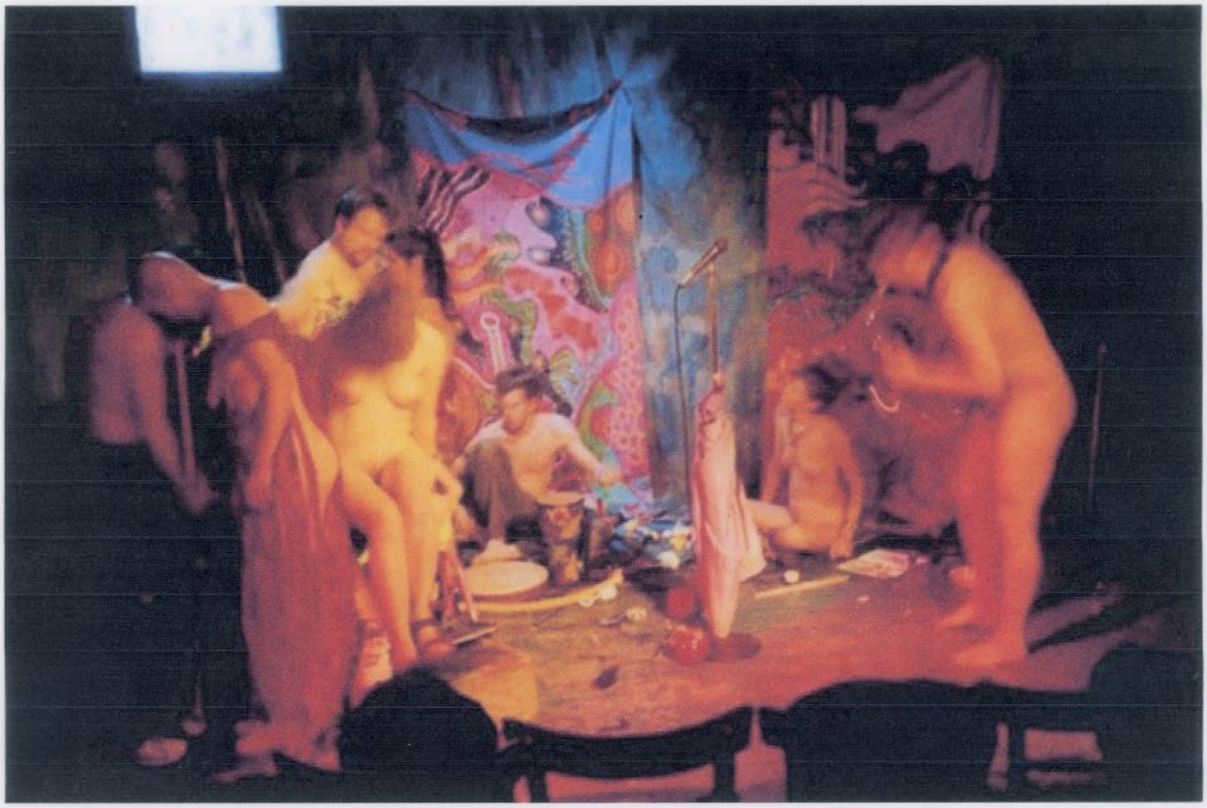
One of my mentors, the California-based writer and performance artist Frank Moore, died last October at the age of 67. Frank was born with cerebral palsy and was unable to walk or talk, but he was determined to break out of his own isolation. Once he had done that, he kept on going in that direction, which led him to create a kind of initiatory performance art aimed at dissolving the artificial barriers between people, and between individuals and their own creative power. (Frank tells his own story in the classic autobiography *Art of a Shaman*.) I first encountered Frank's writings in the MIT-published journal of performance studies *TDR: The Drama Review*, and in 1989 was privileged to experience "Journey to Lila", one of his all-night participatory shamanic erotic ritual performances at Franklin Furnace in New York.

Frank Moore and his Chero Company at Franklin Furnace, NYC, 1989, photo by Eric Kroll

"Journey to Lila" was an eight-hour series of experiences, by turns silly, sexy, disconcerting, frightening, ridiculous, liberating, playful, warm, and bonding. By the end of it most of the audience was undressed and playing with each other like naked children. While some moments of it could be challenging, I never felt that I or anyone was unsafe or coerced or being exploited or laughed at.

When the World Wide Web came along in the mid-1990's, I discovered that Frank Moore was a pioneer in using that new communication medium, with his extensive "Web of All Possibilities".

I was able to reconnect with him and his tribal extended family, got to know Frank personally, and participated in several other Frank Moore performance events over the years (I'm in the left background in the photo below). The first artwork I ever put on the web was on the Featured Artists section of Frank's website. I consider Frank a mentor and one of the few genuine geniuses I have been privileged to know.



Frank Moore's "Free Tribal Hot Skin Passion Music/Dance Jam",
Surf Reality, New York City, 2002, photo by Michael LaBash

I've seen a lot of great performances and experienced many immersive theatrical events over the years, but nothing has had such an enduring transformative effect on me as Frank Moore's "Journey to Lila". It came along at a pivotal moment in my life, and it opened my mind. I had recently moved to New York and was trying to figure out how to live my life as an artist. I was fascinated by magic and was reading about things like Tantra and alchemy, but magic remained a sort of abstraction for me. I had thought of it more as a subject matter for art, as symbolism or as fantasy, only pointing towards mystical truth. Frank showed me that magic can be the operational technique of art, that it is a completely practical approach to transforming reality or creating freedom, and that its materials can be utterly humble (a cup of water, a roll of aluminum foil, a Sonny and Cher song) and its actions very simple.

Frank Moore and dancers in the "Outrageous Beauty Revue", Mabuhay Gardens, San Francisco, 1987, photographer unknown

Ever since, I have understood that people deeply desire freedom, that they want to live in a world of love and joy, and that if you invite people to play with you in such a world, many of them will. It has nothing to do with the harsh things our society uses to drive and motivate people – fear, envy, guilt, competition. The magical way is the way of a pure heart – which, in Frank's case, provides the perfect complement to a dirty mind. Frank showed me a wild but gentle way of freedom, and I still try to follow it in my own artistic career and in my own life.

Americans always talk about Freedom and Liberty as our great values, but everybody has different ideas about what these words mean. I grew up in the American West, where the icon of freedom is the lone gunslinger, and where a common notion of personal liberty understands it as autonomy, or as having your own turf where no one else can meddle, protecting yourself and your family or community with fences and guns, and if you're rich, with dollars and lawyers. Of course, everyone needs a place to feel at home, and fiercely defending that is important, but to really *feel* free, to have the kind of freedom you need to make art, to make love, to nurture people, requires trust and connection, not autonomy but interdependence. That is the kind of freedom Frank Moore wanted to foster.

For a person like Frank, it's impossible to believe in the delusion of autonomy. Frank had to gather around him a supportive community, and he would never have been able to do all he did without the support of his larger community and his intimate tribal group, which, at the end included Mikee, Linda, Erika, Alex and Corey. Any tribute to Frank is also a tribute to Frank's people.

Frank was a rebel of the underground, and his use of sexuality and messiness and a deliberately crude aesthetic helped to keep him in that place below the radar where magic can be safe. I am sure that many people were transformed by his work as I was, and that the seeds he sowed will be producing nourishing fruit far into the future.

Frank Moore communicating with his head pointer, U. C. Berkeley, 1984, photo by Mary Sullivan

Frank Moore's publishing company, Inter-Relations, just put out a posthumous collection of Frank's writings called *Frankly Speaking*. It's full of great stuff, but I'd like to share here a brief piece that gets at something profound about the creative process, wisdom that is often neglected by teachers. Since many of my readers are artists or art students, this should serve as a good introduction to Frank Moore's way. I've interspersed the text with some of my own doodle-like abstract watercolor sketches, not as illustrations of Frank's essay but just as my tribute to Frank Moore, examples of my own attempts to work with the kind of freedom Frank is talking about here.

Pedestrian Surge, 2014, by Fred Hatt

CREATING A MASTERPIECE, by Frank Moore, published in *Lummox Journal*, March 2000, included in *Frankly Speaking: A Collection of Essays, Writings & Rants* by Frank Moore, 2014, published by Inter-Relations

An artist starts, let's say, a painting with a set idea of what he is going to paint. Sooner or later he makes a "mistake" – a color or a line which doesn't fit in the original idea – which "ruins" the painting. When this happens most people give up, thinking that they are not cut out to be artists, and withdraw back into the common existence. Others try to pretend that they didn't make the mistake, that the color or line isn't there on the canvas. They go on painting as before. When they are done, they have painted the shadow of what they wanted. Morevoer, this shadow is covered with a haze. Others keep starting over whenever they make mistakes, not accepting any mistakes. They are rewarded for their endurance with the perfect copy of the thought form which they had held for all this time. They are rewarded by what they think they want to create. Their thought form has been brought down into the material plane. The creation is perfect. But it is not a masterpiece. It is perfect within the limitations placed around it by the rigidness of the artist. The work is perfect, but not free.

Wetlands, 2014, by Fred Hatt

A masterpiece is perfect and free. The master artist paints an adventure in color, words, or notes. What others see as mistakes, he sees as challenges, boxes out of which he has worked as the basis on which he creates a totally new, fresh pattern. These challenges, boxes, keystones, keep appearing as he works, demanding the artist's flexibility. If the artist looks back, trying to hold on to what he thought the painting was or would be, he gets trapped in a box out of which he must battle or be turned into a rigid, bitter pillar of salt. The artist has to keep his whole attention on the swirling colors in front of him in order to be the creator.

Burning Bush, 2014, by Fred Hatt

To create a masterpiece, the artist has to use and risk every bit of himself. But he also has to create with God, for God is the one who creates what most people call mistakes, and that the master artists sees as his tools and materials. God does not create for the artist. God just provides the tools, the guiding bumps. It is up to the artist's free will whether he creates or gets dragged down by the weight of the tools. When the artist is creating, he feels no weight.

Growth Spurt, 2014, by Fred Hatt

The most important masterpiece is a lifetime. This is a statement of hard fact. Creating a masterpiece in every day living is governed by the same rules as creating a masterpiece in paint, but much harder because the artist is also the canvas. In every period of time, in every land, there are a few masterpieces of art and writing. But a masterpiece lifetime is much rarer.

Orb, 2014, by Fred Hatt

"Creating a Masterpiece" is on pages 64-65 of *Frankly Speaking: A Collection of Essays, Writings & Rants* by Frank Moore.

Photos of Frank Moore and his performances were found on the web. Clicking on the photos will take you to the sites where I found the photos.

KOTORI

A Beautiful Madman

18/03/2014 16:11
Jake McGee

An excerpt from the upcoming biography on the legendary artist, Frank Moore, titled WHAT A LIFE!

The first time I received a note from Frank Moore, I assumed it was spam or a ruse.

I had just produced my first music video, for Chris Hatton's "Facebook Licks My Balls." As editor-in-chief of an underground arts and culture magazine called *Kotori*, and a wannabe filmmaker, this was a big deal, even if the production was about as low-budget as one could get. The video was shot entirely on a point & shoot Panasonic Lumix; all the locations were either rooms in my house, friends' homes, or bars we had sweet-

talked the owners into letting us use; all actors were friends; I had no clue how to edit video.

But it was a creative project I had finished, and dammit, the world needed to see it! Slapping the Kotori Films moniker on it, I sent out a newsletter to *Kotori*'s 30,000 subscribers.

2/22/11, 4:10pm, the virtual beacon went out to our mailing list. A mere 35 minutes later, I got this reply, from somebody claiming to be Frank Moore.

HEY! I will play this sick video on my Berkeley community public access show! Send more! And get sicker!

I knew very little about Frank Moore at that time, but I knew of him well enough to recognize him as a true luminary. Which, of course, kept me skeptical of such a quick, enthusiastic response to an admittedly silly video.

Right, I thought, *Frank Moore is personally replying to me about this smartass video, and wants to play it on his show.*

It took me a full 12 hours to decide that I'd humor the note, and see where it took me.

"Haha," I replied, "are you serious?"

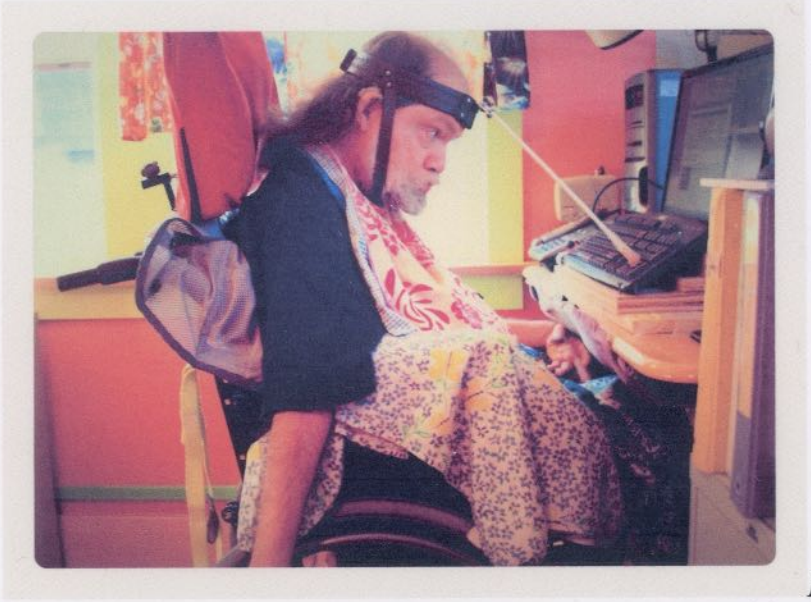
His response came later that afternoon...and sure enough, it truly was Frank Moore, digging our little video! He played it on his show several times, and while the video didn't necessarily boost us into stardom, the fact that Frank Moore championed the project boosted my ego like I had never felt before.

From then on, Frank welcomed our videos and other work with open arms. Every time we sent him a trailer or new movie/video, he'd add it to his broadcast. He encouraged me to keep being weird and beautiful, to keep digging deep into my soul to find what I really wanted to say to the world. All the while, he maintained a sneaky, depraved sense of humor, occasionally teasing me about each new clip or article I'd sent his way. Nonetheless, he embraced what I was doing, because he could see that it came from the heart.

Fake was perversion in his eyes, and I knew that only the realest of the real would get him engaged.

It was because of Frank Moore that my first movie as an actor and producer- Bob Freville's jarringly warped yet tender *Of Bitches & Hounds*- found the audience it truly deserved, as Frank gladly shared it with his widespread followers. He praised our performances and treated the movie like it was a solid masterpiece. He was totally genuine about this; you knew there was no lying from Frank, so when he claimed to dig something, it had to be great.

But who was this generous, inspiring man on the other side of my computer? As any half-assed journalist would do, I somehow conned Frank into doing an interview for *Kotori*, in an effort to exploit him for my gain...I mean, get to know him better.



As I was doing my research for the questions, I noticed a peculiar feature on Frank's website: a constant video feed, from at least one camera, pointed at Frank's desk. 24-7, Frank let the world into his life, a constant performance of many different shades.

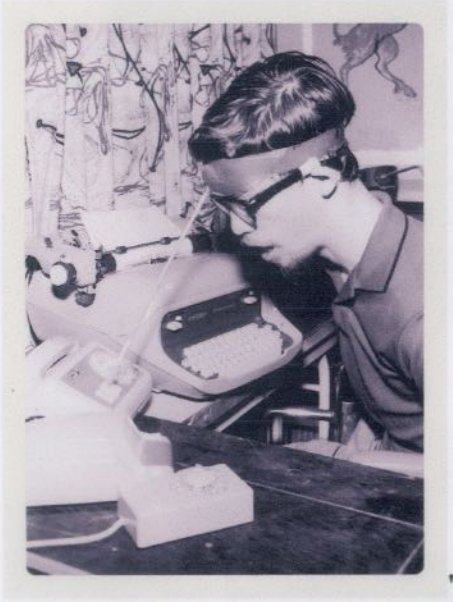
I sent him my questions, then for the next week, I kept a window with his live stream open on my computer. I watched him laugh at things on screen, and hoped that was him reading my notes. I even occasionally dropped him random emails while watching him, to see if I could trigger a reaction.

Sure, this may be obsessive and a little creepy- but Frank Moore was that fascinating. Here was this brilliant human spirit, nestled within the confines of a man with cerebral palsy, and even that wasn't enough to hold him back from conquering the world in his own way. He had total confidence; he was the master of many domains, and I felt honored to be connected with him, even in such a detached way.

He toyed with me a bit throughout the course of our interview, and that made it all the more fun. He deflated any ego I might have about journalism while in the next breath he encouraged me as a writer and artist.

At the end of the day, Frank was an unstoppable force of pure art. He didn't just create art, he WAS an evolving piece of art. It was as if the roar of artistic creativity coming from his soul was so powerful, it made him spastic and bound to a wheelchair. Naturally, he treated his physical state as an advantage, a superpower that let him get away with all sorts of things that nobody else could pull off.

As he put it, "My body gives me a tool that other artists spend years to create. Most artists are not as lucky as me. They do not have the built-in advantages and shields that I have. They need to resist the real world, the normal world, more than I do...



"I am or have been a dancer, writer, poet, performance artist, painter, composer, promoter, director, actor, activist, producer, father, film/video editor, singer, piano player, television talk show host, publisher, critic, philosopher, dj, manager [of bands, singers, a night club (THE BLIND LEMON), etc.], presidential candidate, shaman, relationship counselor, business counselor, clothes designer, interior decorator, journalist, teacher, lecturer, hole digger, distributor of music and publications, founder and general manager of LUVER, minister, among other things!"

He was an untamed powerhouse of any and everything creative. He reminded us to embrace the unique beings inside each of us, and celebrate that individuality in every

flavorpill

March 2014

Books

Written works by the late counter-culture icon and performance artist Frank Moore

Editor Pick

Until his passing at age 67 last year, Frank Moore had consistently proven himself to be one of most innovative, provocative and inspiring performance artists for decades running. Stricken with cerebral palsy since birth, Moore nonetheless fronted punk bands, organized underground cabarets and happenings, and otherwise played an integral role in shaping the counter-culture of the Bay Area. Modern Times Bookstore celebrates the posthumous publication of Frankly Speaking, a collection of Moore's essays, rants, tirades, poetry and more.

Cooper Berkmoyer Editor

http://flavorpill.com/events/frankly-speaking-release-party

Disability art and artistic expression
From: Encyclopedia of American Disability History

http://www.fofweb.com/History/MainPrintPage.asp?iPin=EADH0202&DataType=AmericanHistory&WinType=Free

Throughout American history, artistic expression has been a powerful vehicle for communicating ideas about disability. Artistic expression includes any form of creative representation intended for an audience, including the performing, literary, visual, and musical arts. From what is considered the high arts, such as theater and sculpture, to what is considered the low arts, such as circus sideshows and stand-up comedy, the arts across media both reflect and contribute to the understanding of disability in American culture. Historically, artists have used representations of disability in ways that have contradicted the lived experience, feelings, and concerns of disabled people themselves. Primarily, artists have used disability to symbolize the grotesque and evil, or paradoxically, the inspirational and innocent. These representations have generally failed to capture the complexity of life lived with a disability.

Innovation in Art

...

Frank Moore (1946–) became infamous in the 1970s in the underground art community for his subversive, ritualistic performances that incorporate elements of theater or dance, but are neither. As a person with cerebral palsy who uses a laser pointer and a board with the alphabet, words, and numbers to communicate, he sought out means of connecting with others nonverbally. He coined the term "eroplay" in the 1980s to describe his nude performance events in which participants explored each other's bodies in nonsexual, but sensual and joyful ways. While Moore typically avoids being labeled as a disability artist, he is considered an influential pioneer and an ongoing contributor through his writing, Internet, and performance projects to the alternative art scene in general and Disability Art movement in particular.

Frank Moore

June 25, 1946 – October 14, 2013

Frank panhandling in front of Altman's department store, New York, USA early 1970s PHOTO unknown

I [...] encourage artists who have not been so blessed with bodies that mark them as mis fits to aspire to be mis fits anyway, to do mis fit art anyway — even if you are handicapped by your normal body. Your road is de nitely harder than my road. But that's life.
(FRANK MOORE from Art of a Shaman)

Frank Moore was way ahead of his time — which is to say that he made his own time and made time his own.

Frank was born with a form of cerebral palsy that left him unable to walk or even speak. Luckily, magically, he was a fearless adventurer who managed to achieve what most radical and uncompromising artists only dream of: respect, notoriety, a loving tribe of family, colleagues and friends, and a profound and enduring body of work that encompasses performance, video, web media and writing. For Frank, luck and magic were qualities that could be nurtured: luck, by learning to bypass or reshape personal expectations that corresponded to limitations; magic, by delving into the power of human intimacy to transform reality.

Spending time with Frank felt a bit like taking a psychedelic drug: heightened intensity, an altered sense of awareness and bodily sensation, and a tendency for everyday tasks to take an eternity while being absurdly engaging. Eating together — which meant having to feed Frank, since he couldn't hold a utensil — could take hours, and was a messy, boisterous a air that sometimes shocked onlookers (especially restaurant owners and patrons) but was a sensual, libidinal celebration for those doing it. Talking with Frank meant speaking his words for him as he spelled things out using a head pointer to identify letters on a tablet that was a bit like a Ouija board. It took time and a lot of attention and lling in the blanks and careful veri cation to communicate this way, but all of that e ort contributed to a sense of the signi cance of what was being said. Sometimes being with Frank meant dropping words altogether, diving

into a universe of touch punctuated by Frank's raucous cooing and frequent muscle spasms, and guided by a trust in the warmth, intelligence and mischievousness that seemed to pour out from his pores.

Frank actively promoted an image of himself as a wounded healer, a shaman who used performance art as a way to create a sense of intimacy and community and connectedness. He revelled in facing taboos and exploring the power of erotic play. Yet colourful and exuberant as he could be, Frank was also never afraid of boring his audiences, because he understood boredom as being a doorway to a different state of consciousness. Things always got way more interesting once the impatient ones left.

If Frank was a pioneer of intimate, body-to-body performance, he was also a champion of the way new technologies can amplify individual expression and creativity. He was an early and prolific DIY publisher. Rather than focusing on a limiting image of his spastic body as isolating, he realized his body as a node of myriad connections and endless extension. So much so that even though Frank is dead, one might just as soon say that there is something prescient in his words still posted on the Shaman's Cave page of his website: "I am always here!" He is here, in the bodies he touched and invited to touch him, in the circle of caregivers who carry on his work, and in the vast archive of materials that his collaborators continue to upload to his website and Vimeo channel.

—PAUL COUILLARD

www.eroplay.com | vimeo.com/frankmoore

Playing With Reality.
Berkeley, USA 1988
PHOTO Linda Mac

Based in Berkeley, California, Frank Moore's remarkable output of work included countless intimate ritualistic works for individuals and groups, an ever-changing popular cabaret show called The Outrageous Beauty Revue that ran for three years in the Bay area (San Francisco), numerous videos, publication projects (including a regular 'zine called The Cherotic [r]Evolutionary, personal manifestos such as Art of a Shaman, and his extensive website The Web of All Possibilities), even a web radio station (LUVeR) and a Vimeo channel. Along the way he attracted a community of creative collaborators, including his wife Linda Mac, colleague and former student Michael LaBash, as well as Corey Nicholl, Alexi Malenky and Erika Shaver-Nelson, who were with him when he died.

Frank Moore appeared in the first 7a*11d festival (1997) as part of a series called Five Holes: Touched, curated under the auspices of FADO. Frank's promotional text for The Cave of the Metasensual Beast, his performance with Michael LaBash and Linda Mac, asked audience members, "Will you let yourself be guided into the cave of passion, imagination, healing human exploring touch, and the unlimited erotic possibilities of blindness? The Beast is waiting for you!" Staged in the basement of Symptom Hall as one of eight simultaneous performance installations, the piece took place in a fabric cave where, unbeknownst to the audience, Frank lay naked on a mattress. Participants were required to drink a small cup of "somala" (ordinary tap water infused with thousands of years of mythological imaginary around the ability of magical elixirs to invoke altered states, provide protection, and bestow magical powers) and then allow themselves to be blindfolded before entering the cave. Only a few audience members were permitted in the cave at any one time. What happened inside the cave was determined by — and remains the secret of — the individual participants. This was Frank's second trip to Toronto; the first was in 1995, when Pleasure Dome presented his work The Passion Cave at CineCycle. Frank returned to Toronto once more in 1999 as part of FADO'S TIME TIME TIME series, orchestrating Dying is Sexy, a 48-hour erotic, musical, ritualistic, intimate, personal experience that featured a cast of friends, artists, musicians and co-conspirators from Toronto and the United States.

THE OBIT PATROL

A compilation of interesting and significant obituaries, as they happen, emphasizing the achievements of those who have died.

"By writing or reading obituaries, we can discover ways to make our time on earth more worthwhile, more productive, more meaningful to others."
Alana Baranick, "Life on the Death Beat"

"'I always read the obituaries in *The Times*,' I explained to her. 'They make me bloody glad to be alive.'"
John Mortimer, "Rumpole's Return"

Frank Moore

Shaman, artist, performance artist, teacher, writer, and musician -- via Berkeleyside.

Frank Moore's Cabinet Of Dreams - L.A.C.E. from Frank Moore on Vimeo.

http://obitpatrol.blogspot.com/2013/10/frank-moore.html

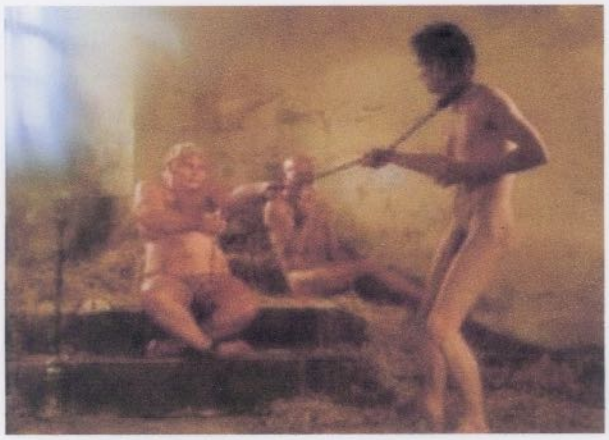
Scoop.it!

Experimental Cinema

April 1, 2014

Experimental Narrative: Sex, Nude Cinema and Jarman

In order to truly experiment with film, a knowledge of existing experimental texts is essential to the development of my piece. The concept of an experimental film has always divided opinion amongst film critics, with many arguing the flaws in its definition. To me, experimental film is about challenging yourself as a viewer, and a film-maker. With this in mind, I have chosen to use nudity in my film not only as an exploration of human form, but also as a method to provoke reaction, something that experimental film has done throughout its history. In this post, I am going to explore the themes of sex and nudity in the work of Derek Jarman and Frank Moore, commenting on their influence on both film and my own piece.



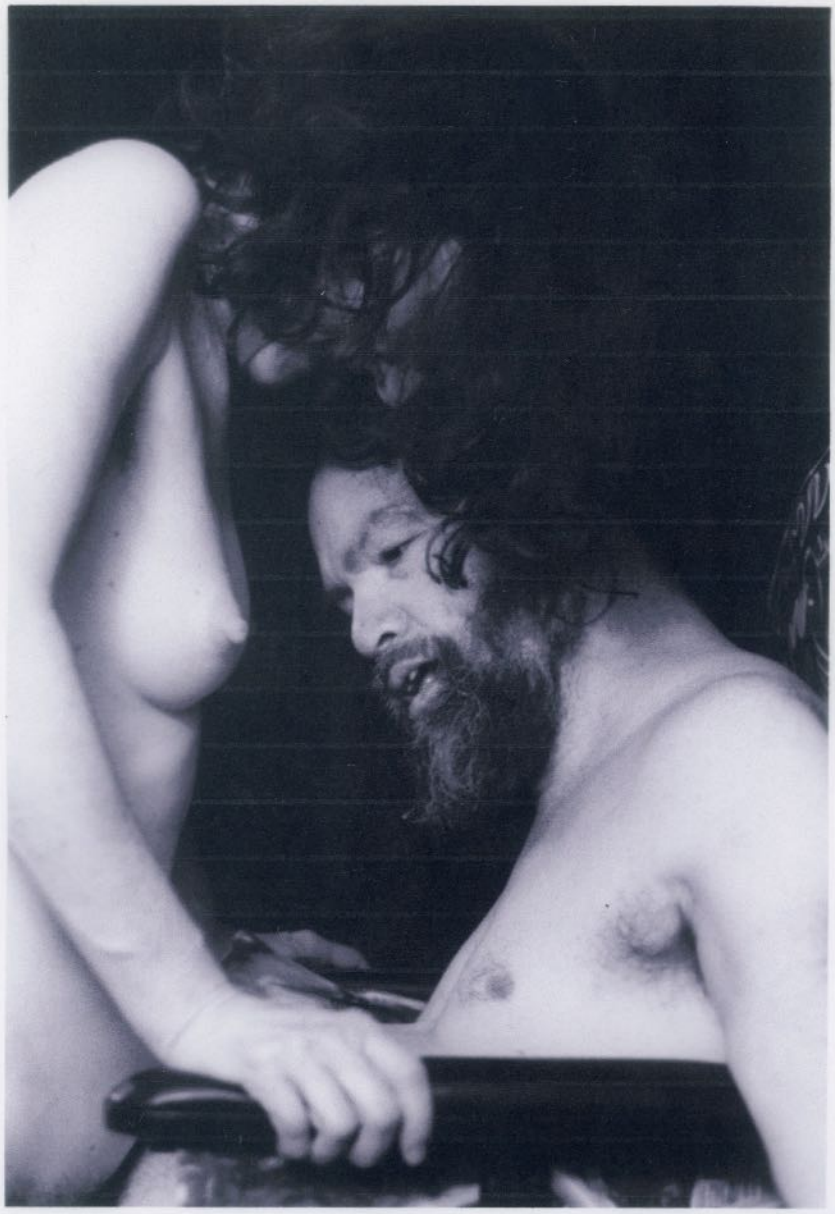
Derek Jarman

The Tempest (1979)

Derek Jarman's film 'The Tempest' is an experimental adaptation of the Shakespeare play, using unconventional casting and extreme visuals to tell the otherwise familiar story. The key to his storytelling here is the use of both visual and narrative juxtaposition. Although one of his more mainstream ventures, Jarman's direction approaches the tale in an arguably post-modern manner, shifting in time-scale. In terms of the human body, Jarman often uses male nudity to provoke reactions from the sector of society attempting to silence him. His film *'Sebastiane'* – a film some argue was made for his homosexual audience – challenges the viewer's prejudices about sexuality in its blasé nature. When looking at Jarman's work, I am inspired to create a piece that is provocative, and can cause reaction amongst my peers and a wider audience. I will do this through a similar exploration of the human body, particularly the male body.

Frank Moore

Frank Moore was a performance artist and film-maker whose career focused entirely around the relationship between sex and the human body. He coined the term 'Eroplay' to describe the exploration of sexuality in his work, often focusing on the ever-changing concept of the human orgasm. Although fascinating, Moore's artwork is both provocative and uncomfortable in equal measure, his portrayals of sexuality can range from being a beautiful artwork to simply grotesque. When viewing some this work – having discovered it after the vimeo account of the late Moore liked my own video – I found parts of it difficult to watch, as the representations of sex can be borderline pornographic and sadistic.



From: https://joeldavidsonyr2.wordpress.com/2014/04/01/experimental-narrative-sex-nude-cinema-and-jarman/ and http://www.scoop.it/t/experimental-cinema/p/4019038631/2014/04/05/experimental-narrative-sex-nude-cinema-and-jarman

Plats de Résistance

mets indélicats pour fins gourmets et oenologs avertis...

Feederz - Teachers In Space

Flaming Banker Records 1986 LP. Broken Rekids 2002 Remastered Reissue CD

A reissue of the classic Teachers In Space album from notorious punk rock terrorists **FEEDERZ**. A delicious blend of savage drums, gut-wrenching guitars and biting vocals that celebrate the joys of sabotage, theft, looting, refusal and revolt. Includes a fold-out subversive comic poster, and multimedia footage of the entire forty minutes of mayhem from their infamous performance with Frank Moore (RIP) at Gilman Street Project, July 19 1987, where vocalist *FRANK DISCUSSION* wore a dead dog and a dead cat (both from the humane society) as well as a few cockroaches glued to his head, and the audience stopped the act and stormed the stage! (watch entire video down below)

This album just has so many things going for it! Unlike the **Feederz** first album, which was pretty straight-out punk rock, this album is loaded with blues scales, flamenco guitar, classical music interludes, and riffs lifted directly from "The Sound of Music." There's even a musical interpretation of a *Lewis Carroll* poem (here called, "Lobster Quadrille", but I don't remember if the poem even had a title when it was printed in Alice in Wonderland).The wonderfully honest antisocial attitude of The **Feederz** is still here-beginning with the cover photo of the Challenger spacecraft exploding (hence the album title) to the songs about riot, rape, pillage, and vandalism and even possibly ending with the music itself, as its repeated deviations from the punk rock form no doubt alienated a lot of hard-core 80's audiences. (*Holly Day* @ MusicDish)

2002 performance with longtime friend *Frank Moore*, a disabled artist who collaborated with the group in their prime. - -
See more at: http://deathburger.doodlekit.com/blog/page/2#sthash.cUQ6l4Mb.dpuf

PUNK GLOBE
FOUNDED IN 1977 - PUNKGLOBE.COM - ONLINE MUSIC ZINE AUGUST 2014

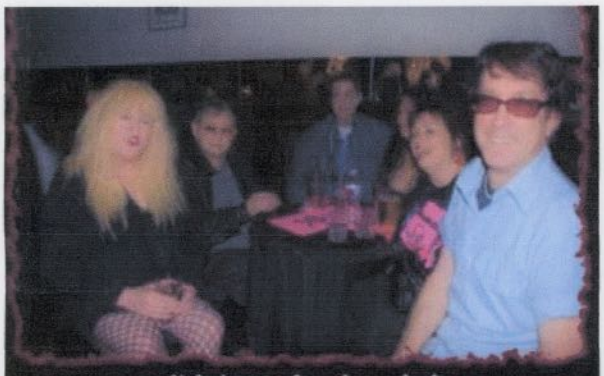
http://punkglobe.com/nessaquinotribute0814.php

A Tribute To Ness Aquino

Punk Globe would like to pay respect to Ness Aquino, who recently passed away in his sleep in San Francisco. California... Ness owned and operated a thriving Filipino Restaurant called The Mabuhay Gardens at 433 Broadway. The restaurant had various cabaret acts along with Drag Performances playing there. Ness also co-hosted along with Amapola Cabase a weekly television program called "Amapola" on the now legendary TV 20... In 1976 Ness was approached by Jerry Paulsen of Psyclone Magazine about doing shows at The Mabuhay Gardens... Ness then entered an agreement with promoter and former TV producer Dirk Dirksen to book punk and new wave bands.. Early performers included Rick and Ruby, Leila and The Snakes, Robin Williams and Whoopi Goldberg. Dirk was approached by Mary Monday about doing a show.. So she was the clubs' first introduction to punk. Crime was one of the other punk bands to play the Mabuhay Gardens and they aimed to shock.. The Nuns were another band who graced the stage.. At first Ness only gave Dirk a few nights to produce shows but soon it evolved in 6 to 7 nights a week.. Punk was officially alive and happening in San Francisco... The Mabuhay Gardens was the only club in the city to book punk on a regular basis.. There were lines down the block... Soon club took on a new name The Fab Mab.... Dirk eventually took over the lease on The On Broadway to get bigger touring acts... For quite some The On Broadway and The

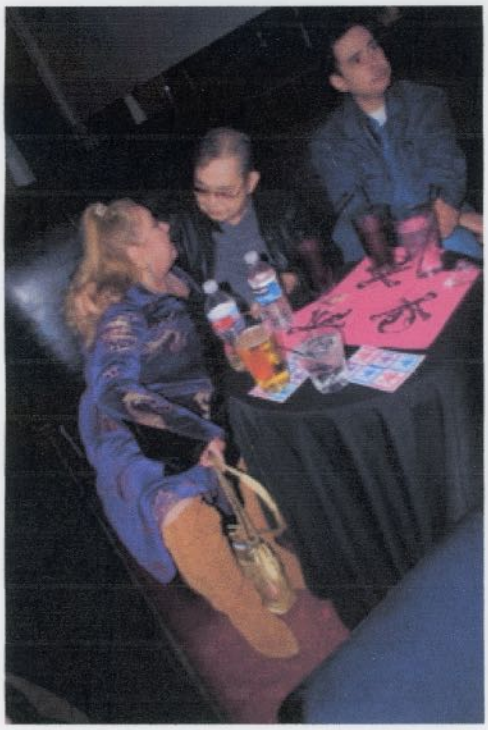
Fab Mab ruled Broadway playing hosts to all kinds of bands... Sadly, The On Broadway felt the pressure of the Police and ABC and closed it's doors.. Ness was able to stay open until 1986... Both Ness and Dirk were our extended family. We loved them.. Dirk passed away in 2006 and we showed our respect.. Now it is 2014 and Ness has left us... It indeed is an end of a fabulous era in our life. and San Francisco history..

We love you Ness Aquino!
~ Ginger Coyote



click image for closer look

Ginger Coyote of the White Trash Debutantes and Punk Globe, Ness Aquino the former owner of the Mabuhay Gardens Super Club and partner with the late Dirk Dirksen's Fab Mab - SF Punk Palace, Troy, Olivia, Kathy Peck of H.E.A.R., East Bay Ray



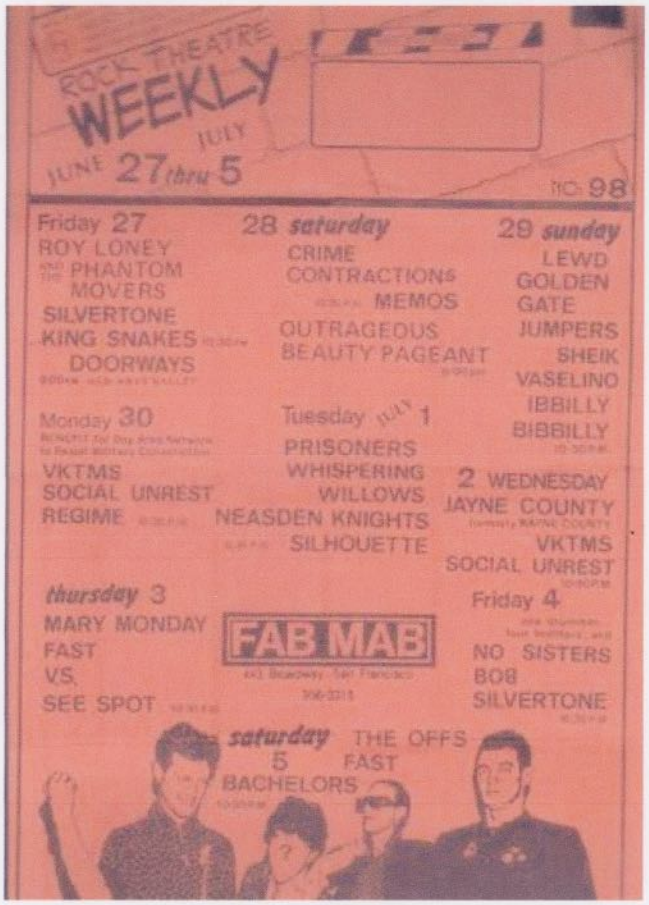
Ness Aquino's sense of humor and willingness to take a chance on all of us, how can we ever forget you. Ness and Dirk booked up to 7 bands, 7 nights a week at the Mabuhay Gardens. Ness and Dirk fed us spaghetti dinners, insulted us form the stage and gave many of us our first chance for our music to be heard.

Dirk Dirksen
SHUT UP, YOU ANIMALS
Dirk Dirksen (1937 - 2006), ringmaster of the circus of the creatively inspired and the willfully deranged, presided as Pope of Punk over nightly excursions into living theater on the premises 1974 - 1984 at Ness Aquino's Mabuhay Gardens, previously a Filipino supper club. He opened the lid on society's garbage can of new talent, to look for truth and beauty that gave rise to San Francisco's counter-culture music scene.

Ness Aquino club owner of the Mabuhay Gardens and Fab Mab ringmaster and promoter Dirk Dirksen "The Pope of Punk" helped to launch so many careers in Punk Rock and beyond like The Dead Kennedy's, The Offs, Negative Trend, Avengers, The Dils, The Mutants, Mary Monday, Nickelettes, Crime, Faith No More, The Contractions, Vktms, Ginger Coyote, Punk Globe, Jayne County, The Readymades, The Jars, The Sleepers, Blowdryers, Nyna Crawford, Tuxedo Moon, Impatient Youth, Alley Cats, UXA, The Flesh Eaters, Verbal Abuse, Wall of Voodoo, Razz Band, The Circle Jerks, The Angry Samoans, Mentors, The Nuns, The Lewd, Flipper, Target Video, The Minute Men, The Housecoat Project, Zasu Pitts Memorial Orchestra, Jim Carroll Band, Fillmore Struts, Polkicide, Animal Things, Baby Buddha, Bad Religion, Beans, Berlin, The Pillage People, Toxic Reasons, Noh Mercy, The Dead Boys, Nico, 45 Grave, Catholic Discipline, Tex and the Horseheads, The Impostors, KGB, The Go Gos, The Dickies, The Units, Crucifix, Das Block, 84 Rooms, Naked Lady Wrestlers, Times 5, Voice Farm, Screamers, Social Unrest, Pearl Harbour And The Explosions, Varve, VS, Wilma, Pink Section, Rox, The Germs, Zev, Mark Pauline, The Outrageous Beauty Pageant with Frank, Regime, Laura Lorda, Psychotic Pineapples, Minus One, Inflatable Boy Clams, Ivy and the Eaters, Joe Allen and The Shapes, JJ180, Kid Courage, Lady Larue, Lelia and The Snakes, Levi and the Rockats, Lloyds, Los Illegales, SVT, Tim Yohannanm, Feederz, The Puds, DOG, The Plugz, The Black Dolls, The Invertebrates, Ultra Sheen, Bob, The Wasp Women, Vauxhall, Richard Mars, M.D.C., The Mau-Maus, The Mummers and The Poppers, MX80, Neutrinos, The Nubs, Nuclear Valdez, Nu Models, Oingo Boingo, Peter Bilt, Plimsouls, Snakefinger, Red Asphalt, The Residents, The Yanks, Seizure, Los Microwaves, GezaX, Exploding Pintos, The Hostages, The Dammed, Christian Death, Fibonaccis, Phranc, The Blasters, The Flesapoids, Jane Doe, Whoremones, Tom Ammiano, Whoopi Goldberg, Suburban Lawns, The Punts, No Sisters, Blondie, Romeo Void, Redd Kross, Nervous Gender, Fuck Ups, KUSF, X, TSOL, Rank and File, The Ghouls, Gun Club, Half Church, Toiling Midgets, The Urge, Fried Abortions, The Cramps, B People, Black Flag, The Buzzcocks, Pointed Sticks, The Dicks, The Cowboys, Cosmo Topper, The Bags, Magister Ludi, The Liars, Beat Farmers, EGO, The Weirdos, No Alternative, Black Randy, The Plugz, Zeros, Los Olvidados, The Sea Hags, The Symptoms, Eye Protections, Chris Isaac, Silvertone, Mondellos, The Anti Bodies, Free Beer, The Fuckettes, Translator, NOFX, The White Trash Debutantes, DOA, The Ramones, The Brotherhood Of Light, Devo, The Tubes, Sub Humans, Winston Smith, Psyclone Magazine, Jerry Paulsen, Suicidal Tendencies, The Dead Boys, Johnny Thunders, Richard Hell, Damage, The Sheets, Flamin Groovies, Roy Loney, Soul Rebels, The Dictators, Search and Destroy Magazine, Metallica and in the early years of Ness's Filipino Super Club acts like Eddie Mesa to name a few... San Francisco Counter Culture owes so much to Ness and Dirk.

~Kathy Peck

The Mabuhay Gardens, a supper club operated by Ness Aquino in the Caballeros Dimas Alang building, featured many Filipino celebrities from the Philippines, including Eddie Mesa (above), the "Filipino Elvis Presley," and Amapola Cabase, with whom Aquino cohosted a weekly television program called *The Amapola Presents Show* on KEMO-TV, Channel 20. In 1976, Ness Aquino agreed to have rock promoter and television producer Dirk Dirksen book punk and new wave bands there. The Mabuhay Gardens Restaurant by day, The "Fab Mab" became a main venue for punk rock in San Francisco through the early 1980s. Virtually every early Bay Area punk and new wave band performed here, and it was an important touring stop for bands from outside the San Francisco Bay Area. (Above left, San Francisco History Center, San Francisco Public Library; above right, Dalisay Balunsat; right, the Manilatown Archives.)



MABUHAY
GARDENS

QUI TACET CONSENTIT
(HE WHO IS SILENT, GIVES CONSENT)
BIAFRA FOR MAYOR
Campaign Fund Raiser
and
SPAGHETTI FEAST
with: PINK SECTION SYMPTOMS VS. CONTRACTIONS, DEAD KENNEDYS, EYE PROTECTION, ANTI-BODIES, the JARS, (S.F. DEBUT) & MORE!!
at MABUHAY GARDENS
443 BROADWAY
SAN FRANCISCO
(415) 956-3335
labor day
2.00 PER PLATE
september 3

L'AMORE A NUDO

50 sfumature di Amore.
Esperienze, testimonianze e immagini
della Love Revolution.

Terra Nuova eBOOK

jan 2015

Excerpt From: Ilaria Farulli, Alfredo Meschi. "Love Laid Bare." IBooks.

"47 And our memory Oscar goes to ...
"Mike Bongiorno and Fabio Fazio, Emilio Fede and Bruno Vespa, Paolo Bonolis and Carlo Conti, even Fabrizio Corona ..."

Who does not know them raise your hand! In the largest cultural world container, Wikipedia, both in Italian and in English, they all have their good page. Game shows from the '60s to the scandals of the 2000s, we find ourselves from generation to generation, to have memory cells filled by characters (no one is offended) that we could safely ignore. But how much and how many of you, friends and friends know Frank Moore? And why on Wikipedia in Italian you cannot find even a paragraph? "

"From the '60s to 2000, we said. Well Frank Moore in all these years was an artist, a poet, a painter, a shaman, a writer, a musician, a television personality and a presence on the Internet.

Born with cerebral palsy, he could neither speak nor walk and wrote books, directed art performances, starred in and produced films, played piano and was a member of musical groups, his paintings have been exhibited in the United States and Canada and he has a video archive viewed by more than seven million people around the world. "

"In the 90's he was voted" best performance artist" by the San Francisco Bay Guardian, and at the same time, has come under fire from the ultra conservative Senator Jesse Helms who regarded his art obscene. Considered obscene "art that you create in people the desire to go out and play with other people, to enjoy life." As usual, obscene is only our ignoring the revolutionary impact of this great man. Take some time to visit his site, to watch his videos and you will find a deep contact between the work and the life of Frank and most of the experiences that we have so far reported.

Frank Moore died a few months ago, continuing to express himself through his art to the last. To him, go our Oscar and our admiration. "

"See, learn, read more at:
http://www.eroplay.com/index2.html

Special thanks and a great encouragement to Michael La Bash who continues to carry on the work of Frank Moore along with other students and people who were close to him. "

http://www.terranuovalibri.it/ebook/dettaglio/alfredo-meschi-ilaria-farulli/lamore-a-nudo-9788866810773-235797.html

Love bare

Words, ideas and images of the Love Revolution

AUTHOR

Alfredo Meschi , Ilaria Farulli

A journey through practices and images that offer a positive vision of sexuality, beyond commodification, for the re-appropriation of pleasure, desire and freedom.

We enshrined, finally, the death of God, religions, superstitions, beliefs, ideologies ... but still something inside us makes us ashamed to be born naked. It seems incredible that in the XXI century, people continue to be afraid of their bodies, their sexuality.

We are ashamed of having a body that is energized in the encounter with the other, in contact with another person. We have no decency to talk about money, speculation, competition but we are terrified of speaking in public about masturbation, pleasure, orgasms.

We continue to behave like crazy aggressors, intimately desperate, against those who have sexual tastes different from ours, and we continue to label the other based on ridiculous and idiotic clichés and stereotypes.

We confined our nakedness to zoos nudist campsite and voyeurism media, continuing to take on a heavy and unnecessary burden from the past: the body as sin.

Simultaneously spreading both porn, amateur first, professional now, but always illegal, outrageous, within communities of secret followers of false names.

This project was created to rid our bodies and our sexuality is a past obscurantist and a bigot who falsely present uninhibited pornographic.
This project was created to give back to each and every one of us the naturalness, the beauty, the joy of living in that reality is unique and wonderful that our being-human.
This project was created to allow us to finally look into the face of our being-sexual.

We eat, we run, we play, we create and produce, we dance, we laugh, we hug and we make love. Beautiful as beautiful are bellied hippos among the water lilies and the slender gazelles in the grasslands. Beautiful as beautiful can be the old men playing bocce, mothers with the belly, a cook who enjoys her creativity, an opera singer who has of his own voice. What is the true beauty of every creature that inhabits this planet and there is nothing more beautiful than human beings who live, play and enjoy together.

Customer Review on Amazon.com

★★★★★ **The Ultimate Wounded Healer**, July 1, 2015

By
Dr. Susan Block

This review is from: Frankly Speaking: A Collection of Essays, Writings and Rants (Paperback)

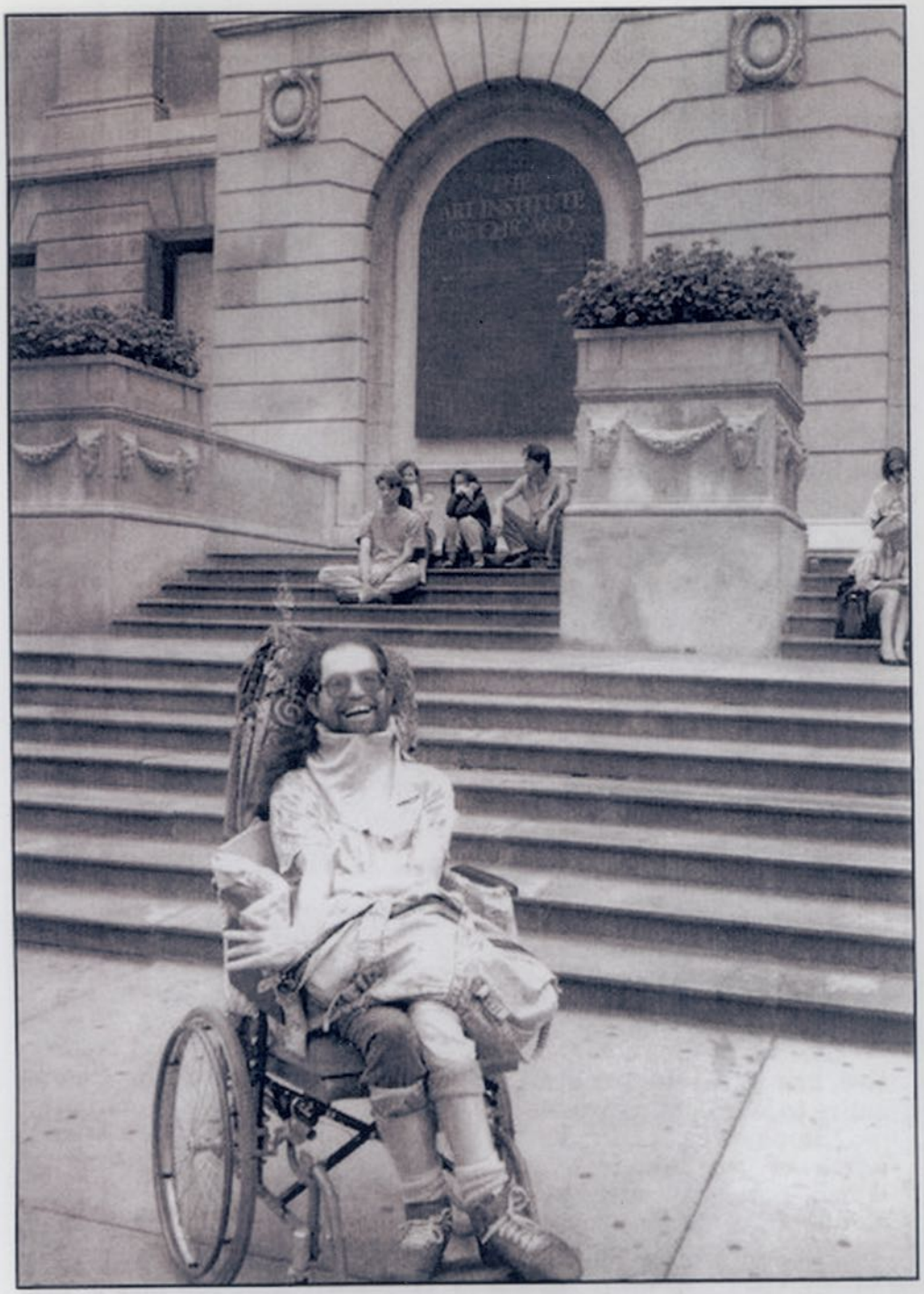
Frank Moore was a man of breathtaking accomplishment, a true counter-culture hero, poet, artist, philosopher, rock star, talk show host, comedian, U.S. Presidential candidate and filmmaker, as well as a devoted "family man," if you accept his definition of family (which I do). Yet the first thing many people noticed when they saw Frank was his physical "condition." That is, in addition to being all of the above and so much more, Frank was quadriplegic.

Born with severe cerebral palsy that rendered him unable to walk, talk or control the movement of his limbs, Frank conquered what some might call his extreme "disabilities" to become one of the world's foremost performance artists, deep thinkers, political leaders and inspirational teachers. The Steven Hawking of Erotic Theater, Frank coined the term "chero," combining "chi" and "eros" to express the physical energy of life. He also created the word "eroplay" to describe the physical interaction between adults released from the linear goals of typical sexual intercourse, often in the context of long, 5-48 hour ritualistic performances. These performances were transformative experiences (full disclosure—I was privileged to participate when he and his wonderful family were guests on my show) that melted the barriers between participants, performers and audience.

As such, Frank Moore was the ultimate wounded healer, a differently-shaped medicine man, a spastic magician, a wild shaman and a trickster lover that inspired so many people, from performance artist Annie Sprinkle to Berkeley councilman Kriss Worthington. Of course, some folks feared his tremendous power, especially certain old-guard Republicans. In the early 90s, he rose to national fame as one of the NEA-funded artists targeted by then U.S. Congressman Jesse Helms for doing art that was labeled "obscene."

Whether orchestrating an outercourse orgy or running for President (where—more disclosure—I was his running mate), Frank always said he had the perfect body for doing performance art. It was true; you couldn't take your eyes off him. And then there was that wild mind of his—steeped in the ethos of the swinging 70s and the living theater of Antonin Artaud, Jerzy Grotowski and Richard Schechner. He was also a painter who painted with a brush attached to his head before he started digital painting on the computer. But what moved me most about Frank was his poetry.
Which brings me to this brilliant, bonoboësque, galvanizing, poetry-packed book of his, "Frankly Speaking: A Collection of Essays, Writings and Rants." What a masterpiece of freedom of speech! Even more disclosure: I quote him heavily in my own book "The Bonobo Way."

Since Frank passed away a couple years ago, I've missed him terribly. But reading "Frankly Speaking," it's like he's right here with me, hollering with infectious glee as his life-partner Linda (who helped organize this magnificent collection) patiently translates his astounding, inspirational wisdom, a gateway to truth and deep joy.



FRANK MOORE / Chicago Art Institute. In October of 2013, the world lost a true genius, and free speech hero – Frank Moore. Public access TV was never the same once he was allowed to bring his love tent, "eroplay," and poetry to the small screen. RIP Frank, you will be missed. I've had my tough days, and Frank was always there to point the way.

From Stoney Burke's book "Weapon: Mouth Adventures in the Free Speech Zone"

EAST BAY EXPRESS

OAKLAND, BERKELEY, AND EAST BAY NEWS, EVENTS, RESTAURANTS, MUSIC, & ARTS

The Infamous Interviews of Frank Moore

Interviews conducted by the controversial late Berkeley performance artist are now being published in a series of enlightening anthologies.

By Sarah Burke @sarahlubyburke

Frank Moore liked to push buttons. The Berkeley-based performance artist, who died in 2013 at the age of 67, was born with severe cerebral palsy that rendered him unable to walk or speak. He also only had limited use of his hands. As a child, he couldn't communicate with anyone other than his immediate family and instructors. At age seventeen, he devised a communication board with letters and basic words that allowed him to spell out sentences by pointing a stick that was strapped to his forehead at the board. That was the beginning of when Moore began to break out, not only of personal isolation, but also of oppressive societal norms and expectations.

Frank Moore photo by Eric Kroll

Moore went on to enjoy a prolific artistic career (which the *Express* wrote about extensively in the January 29, 2003 feature, "Touching Our Private Parts"). He is most often remembered for his live performances, which usually involved a group of naked people — including himself — touching each other's bodies on stage erotically. These performances were not so much about sex, disability, or shock value as they were about transcending one's mindset in order to form visceral connections and celebrate life. Moore staged these performances in the East Bay and across the country throughout his career and aired recordings of them on his controversial Berkeley cable-access television show.

But Moore had a number of other projects too, including his online talk show *Shaman's Den*, which he streamed for more than two hours every Sunday night for fourteen years, starting in 1998. Throughout its run, the show featured interviews with artists, writers, politicians, professors, and just about anyone who Moore deemed interesting enough to be invited into the den. Performances of music, poetry, and nude erotic expression (of course) were also recurrent.

Moore was repeatedly praised for his ability to stir insightful conversation. His style was entirely improvisational, in a way that wasn't so much wacky as it was simply without need for notes. The pacing was slow, even with Moore's partner Linda Mac acting as a communication liaison, often guessing the end of Moore's sentences as he spelled them out on his board. The result was a test of patience, like an exercise in deeply considerate conversation. And they read that way as well.

Recently, Linda Mac and Michael LaBash (Moore's other partner) chose some of their favorite interviews from the show to be transcribed and included in the first of a series of books called *Deep Conversations in the Shaman's Den*. The first volume was independently published last month and is available on Moore's website (EroPlay.com). In it, author and Merry Prankster's member Paul Krassner talks about politics; LA Black Panther Party founding member Elder Freeman discusses revolution; Penny Arcade reflects on her life as a subversive artist; and anti-globalization activist Kevin Danaher speaks about international issues.

The book also includes a bonus at the end: the radical platform that Moore proposed when he ran for president in 2008. Yes, he did that, too.

June 24, 2015

EAST BAY EXPRESS

2 JUNE 24-30, 2015

ARTS&CULTURE

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32 Theater & Dance
32 Theater Review Stereotypo: Rants and Rumblings at the DMV at the Marsh.
34 Books Deep Conversations in the Shaman's Den.

BOOKS

Words With a Shaman

Infamous interviews done by late Berkeley artist Frank Moore are now being published.

By Sarah Burke

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Frank Moore. Eric Kroll

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Sarah.Burke@EastBayExpress.com

THE DAILY CALIFORNIAN

City

Monday, October 12, 2015

City Council to discuss 'Internet for all,' hate-crime-prevention response at Tuesday meeting

By Amelia Mineiro, Michelle Leung and Emma Soldon

The council will also further discuss the constitutionality of Downtown Berkeley Association ambassadors' removal of fliers that appear to comply with city rules. Corey Nicholl, a Berkeley resident, said he and other community members have fliered in the area at issue for more than 20 years to promote public access TV shows and book events. The group has raised concerns as to whether the DBA ambassadors are violating Berkeley municipal code and constitutional rights by removing legal fliers.

"The Berkeley city law says it's legal to put up noncommercial fliers, and people should have the right to do that, especially if it is written in the law," Nicholl said. "They should be able to do it freely without being harassed or (having their) fliers torn down by folks who are not actually part of the government but act as if they are."

Worthington said he hopes the city attorney and the city manager will tell DBA to cease the practice.

From: http://www.dailycal.org/2015/10/11/city-council-to-discuss-internet-for-all-hate-crime-prevention-response-at-tuesday-meeting/

BERKELEY TIMES
berkeleyx.org
a paper for the people of Berkeley

BERKELEY TIMES
a paper for the people of Berkeley
berkeleyx.org

October 22, 2015

City News

City Council Update, page 3

For a regular meeting and special session in Council Chambers on Tuesday, October 13, Mayor Tom Bates was absent. Consequently, Vice Mayor Linda Maio (District 1) led both sessions.

...

The most dramatic sequence of the regular session related to a referral item initially described as "Constitutional Questions raised about DBA Ambassadors taking down fliers that appear to comply with Berkeley Municipal Code."

During Public Comments, Linda Mac presented to Council flyers promoting an event featuring the artwork of the late Frank Moore and described how misinformed DBA Ambassadors removed them insisting the Mayor's Office had instructed them to. Then she read an excerpt of an essay by Moore (see related story).

There were other testimonies too, including one from DBA Executive Director John Caner, who turned to Corey Nicholl, who described himself as one of "Moore's flyerists," and earnestly apologized. Then Caner addressed the Council and apologized again.

"This is the first that I've heard of it," he said. Later he elaborated how Ambassadors had been instructed to remove "corporate clutter."

These words by Caner seemed to light a fuse among other citizens in the queue.

300, a familiar street person and not a stranger to Council Chambers, was incensed by Caner's remarks. Addressing the dais, 300 shouted obscenities as he banged on the

podium. He concluded by describing the DBA Ambassador program as "Caner's campaign of terror."

After a short discussion, Council voted unanimously in favor of a revised version of the item that Councilmember Laurie Capitelli (District 5) had word-smithed in collaboration with Councilmember Kriss Worthington (District 7), the item's original author.

Speech excerpt "Cultural Subversion" page 3
by Frank Moore, Deceased

Editor's note: *The following text, an excerpt from an essay titled "Cultural Subversion" written in 1991 by the late Frank Moore, was presented by Linda Mac to the Council during its regular session on October 13. To read Moore's entire essay, go to eroplay.com/cultsub.html*

... when I was trying to get established in New York City (NYC) in the early 70's I could not find out about art events until after the fact when I read about them in *The Village Voice*. So I couldn't go to them. So I couldn't meet people with whom I could have gotten something going. One reason for this was there was very little flyering. In NYC, organized crime has a monopoly on putting up posters. I did not realize how much no flyering isolated people until I moved to Berkeley where on every telephone pole, there were 10, 20, 30 flyers. Anyone who has an event, a group, a cause, something to say, can go to a xerox place, run off hundreds, or even thousands of flyers and staple them up all over town. This direct two-way form of the press plugged me immediately into the community where I could do my work.

We have to start seeing flyering, be it on telephone poles or on computer bulletin boards, as a form of personal press, and as such is protected under the freedom of press. Big Brother comes in many forms from the mafia to government (down to the anti-flyer laws as part of a city's "beautification" campaign) to corporations such as A.T.&T and Blockbuster Videos.

Just recently I saw the power of this direct personal press. For years I have not been able to be booked in the "alternative" performance galleries in the Bay Area for various reasons...so I put 500 "too controversial for the Bay Area" flyers up asking for leads to spaces in which to perform. From the very first flyer we put up came three good leads into the true alternative art scene. Moreover, the flyer directly exposed the true condition of the established "alternative" art world.'

City News

City Council update

For a regular meeting and special session in Council Chambers on Tuesday, October 13, Mayor Tom Bates was absent. Consequently, Vice Mayor Linda Maio (District 1) led both sessions.

The special session was brief but involved an exciting demonstration of a new technology launched recently by Berkeley Community Media (BCM), the City's public access television station. According to BCM Executive Director Brian Scott, who began his demonstration by screening a video, the new "crowd source app and website" is called mediaphile. He described it as an easy-to-use, downloadable application (to check it out, go to mediaphile.bcmtv.org) that allows users to upload video content to a special website hosted by BCM – almost instantly. Scott suggested that the app would be most useful for covering or promoting events. He also said that it would be interesting to Berkeley citizens, because the content would be all about Berkeley, and in this way "more local than Facebook."

"Now even I can be a journalist," he told Council at the end of his demo.

After Council congratulated Scott on the accomplishment of a successful product launch, they asked questions about the new technology, how it compared to Berkeleyside – especially it's Calendar function. They were also curious about the number of users (now more than 3,000), and how the station would handle objectionable content.

"If users report it [objectionable content], we can remove it from the site," Scott assured Council. "But we haven't had to do it yet."

The regular session featured one of the shortest agendas of the year, but still provided to generate some amount of drama in the not-so-crowded Chamber.

The first meaty discussion of the evening involved an Appeal of a recent Zoning Adjustment Board (ZAB) decision to deny Acme Bar & Company, located in the 2100 block of San Pablo Avenue, a Use Permit (No. 2013-0047) allowing for alcoholic beverage service on the bar's back patio.

After testimonies given by bar owner Jennifer Seidman, a variety of neighbors for and against the Use Permit, as well as a number of other representatives of the "spirits industry," and after a lengthy discussion, Council voted 6-2 to overturn the ZAB decision and to issue a Use Permit with at least six separate conditions – most related to noise mitigation. Councilmembers Maio (District 1) and Max Anderson (District 3) dissented.

It was Councilmember Jesse Arreguín (District 4), who articulated how the patio, just 240 square feet and surrounded by walls of neighboring structures on all four sides, could be improved to mitigate the problem of too much noise on the patio. As part of his argument, he referenced a noise study prepared by Meyer Sound that Seidman had commissioned.

Some neighbors compared the noise to "a frat party." Even so, no neighbor spoke out against Acme Bar & Company. In fact, several of them stated that it was a positive addition to the neighborhood – except for the noise originating from the patio.

Just before the final vote, Seidman promised Council that the patio would be supervised, that there would be no amplified music, and never more than 20 customers.

The most dramatic sequence of the regular session related to a referral item initially described as "Constitutional Questions raised about DBA Ambassadors taking down fliers that appear to comply with Berkeley Municipal Code."

During Public Comments, Linda Mac presented to Council flyers promoting an event featuring the artwork of the late Frank Moore and described how misinformed DBA Ambassadors removed them insisting the Mayor's Office had instructed them to. Then she read an excerpt of an essay by Moore (see related story).

There were other testimonies too, including one from DBA Executive Director John Caner, who turned to Corey Nicholl, who described himself as one of "Moore's flyerists," and earnestly apologized. Then Caner addressed the Council and apologized again.

"This is the first that I've heard of it," he said. Later he elaborated how Ambassadors had been instructed to remove "corporate clutter."

These words by Caner seemed to light a fuse among other citizens in the queue.

300, a familiar street person and not a stranger to Council Chambers, was incensed by Caner's remarks. Addressing the dais, 300 shouted obscenities as he banged on the podium. He concluded by describing the DBA Ambassador program as "Caner's campaign of terror."

After a short discussion, Council voted unanimously in favor of a revised version of the item that Councilmember Laurie Capitelli (District 5) had word-smithed in collaboration with Councilmember Kriss Worthington (District 7), the item's original author.

Speech excerpt "Cultural Subversion"

BY FRANK MOORE, DECEASED

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